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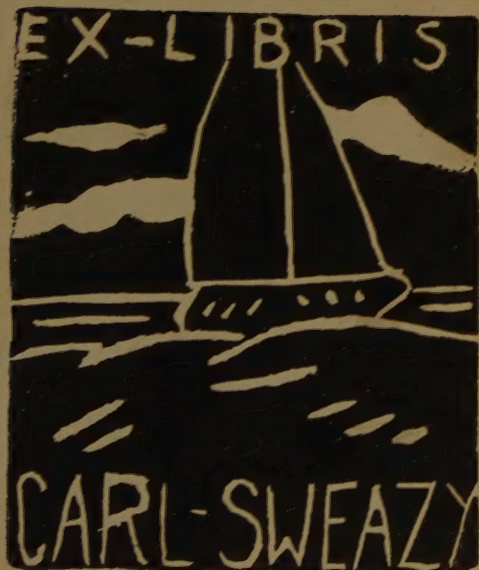
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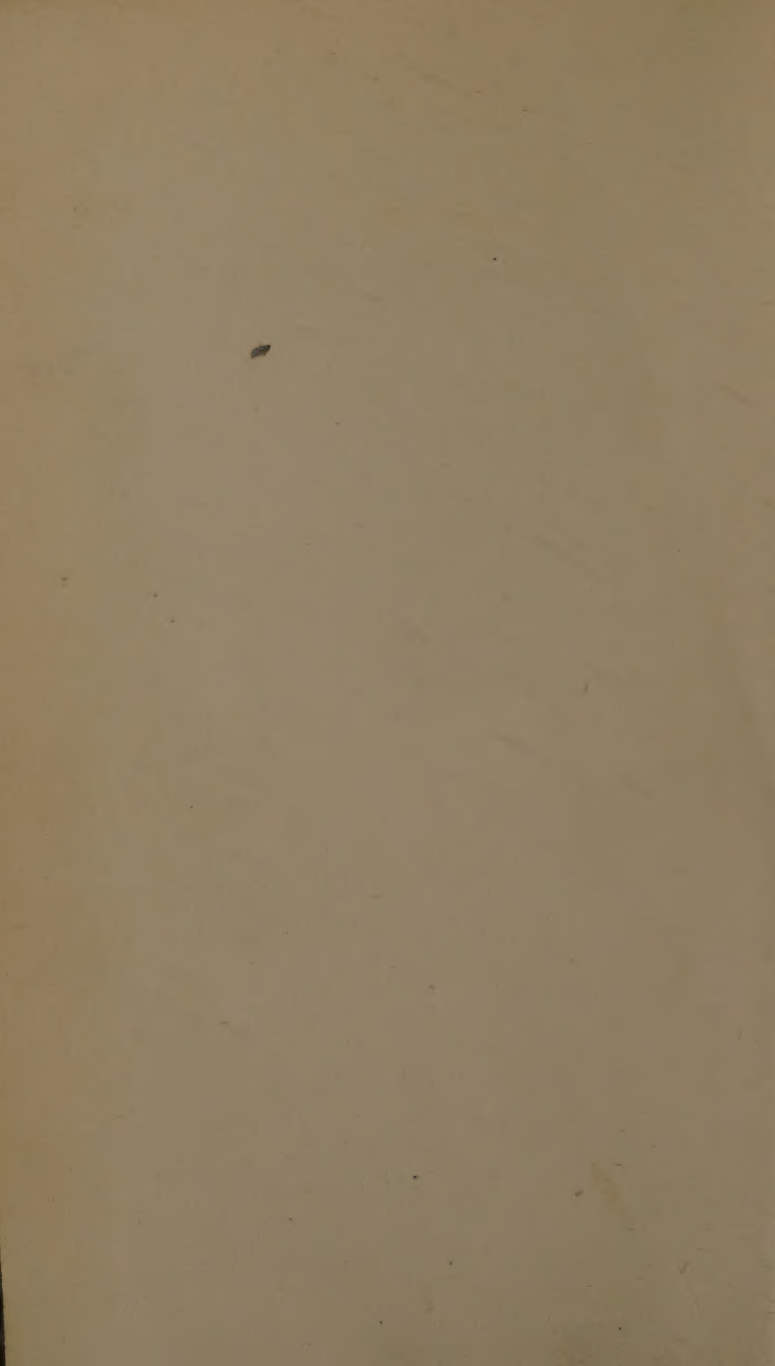
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GEORGE B. KULP

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NUGGETS OF GOLD,

FOR THE USE OF PREACHERS, TEACHERS,
AND ALL WORKERS.

GATHERED HERE AND THERE, THROUGH
OVER THIRTY YEARS OF AC-
TIVE MINISTRY.



By GEORGE B. KULP,
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BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

~~LOS ANGELES DISTRICT THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY~~

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY REV. M. G. STANDLEY,
OF "GOD'S REVIVALIST."

GOD'S REVIVALIST OFFICE,
"MOUNT OF BLESSINGS,"
CINCINNATI, O.

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INTRODUCTION.

A physician having been called to wait upon a member of our family, he went to much trouble in arranging details which, to us, seemed utterly unnecessary. Asked the reason, he replied, "I owe much of my success as a physician and surgeon to hard work and attention to details. I always prepare for any emergency that may arise. I cannot afford to imperil the life of any of my patients by neglect."

Why did Jesus say, "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light"? The reason is obvious. Take for example the scientists, bankers, lawyers, physicians, merchants, and even the farmers. They realize that, in order to successfully meet and overcome opposing forces, they must equip themselves.

The author of this book, after years of toiling and gleaning in many fields, has put into our hands that which will enable us, not only as ministers and laymen, but as children of God and co-workers with Him, to become more efficient in soul winning.

INTRODUCTION.

Those who have heard Brother Kulp preach, realize that, like the Savior, he makes use of many incidents from life to illustrate and fasten the truth he is preaching on the hearts of his hearers. Through years of successful soul winning, the Holy Spirit has wonderfully used these illustrations to help awaken and persuade the impenitent to seek God; the believer to know what the will of the Lord is, and be "filled with the Holy Spirit;" and the saint to realize his privilege and enlarge the place of his habitation.

"He that winneth souls is wise." "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." Therefore, we send this book on its mission for His glory, that, as followers of the lowly Nazarene, we may become more effective soul winners.

M. G. STANDLEY.

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NUGGETS OF GOLD.

CHAPTER I.

GOD'S CARE.

"THE FATHER'S HOUSEKEEPER."

I know one of God's children who has been shut in for ten long years or more, and in these years has learned such lessons of perfect trust that Heaven is very near all the time. Some time ago she needed a housekeeper, and finding some difficulty in securing one, she appealed to the ministers she knew, to her many friends, and finally, remembering her husband when living had been a Free Mason, she wrote to the lodge, requesting the members to interest themselves in the case of one who needed their help very much. But ministers, friends, and Masons had failed to secure the housekeeper needed.

While lying all alone one evening, the thought came, "Why don't you ask your Father?" and then she remembered her thoughtlessness in appealing to so many others and forgetting Him who had said, "casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." Lifting her heart to God, while tears of penitence rested upon her cheeks, she prayed, "Father, forgive me for my thoughtlessness,

and send me a housekeeper, just such an one as I ought to have; and when she comes, if I don't think she is just the one I ought to have, *make me take her, Father, for I want your housekeeper.*" And then she rested, leaving it all with the Father.

As the angel was commanded to "fly swiftly" and answer Daniel's prayer, so I think the Father at once began to answer.

The next morning a little boy, son of the woman who did the washing for our sister, brought home the clothes, and this "shut-in" said to him, "Tell your mamma I want to see her." In a few hours she made her appearance, anxious to know why she had been sent for. Upon being informed it was to receive some clothing, etc., which our sister, being an almoner of mercy, had received for distribution, she replied, "Oh, I don't need them, thank you. We get along nicely, my boy and I. Just as much obliged, but there are others who are needy; let them have them."

Conversation on various subjects then began, and finally drifted to "housekeepers," and our sister told of her dilemma, when the good woman said, "Why can't I keep house for you?"

You see the Father was all ready with a housekeeper, and had sent her one, but she didn't see just then that this was the Father's answer, and she said,

"But you have a boy."

And then, what was worse for an invalid who needed and must have perfect quiet, she found upon inquiry, "the boy had a dog," and she didn't want a dog.

But she had prayed, "Father, send me a housekeeper," and, "If I think she is not the right one when she comes,

Father, *make me take her.*" Remembering this, she did not dare to interfere with the Father's answer, but finally said, "Leave it for this evening and come round in the morning." Then saying to herself, "If this is the Father's answer, it must be all right," she went to sleep.

Bright and early the next morning the washerwoman made her appearance and said, "I can come, and at once." And she moved in, and the boy moved in, and the dog moved in, and that woman has proved every day since that she is the "Father's housekeeper." She prepares the daintiest dishes and her attentions are proffered in the most delicate manner to our invalid, who regards her as sent in answer to prayer, and selected by the Father Himself. Moreover, "that boy" is a perfect little gentleman. He treads so noiselessly. He bangs no doors. He whistles in an undertone. And the dog? Well, our invalid wrote a letter to a friend a few weeks ago, and describing her happiness in her surroundings, she said, "Our dog is a treasure."

The Father heard her prayer indeed, sent the housekeeper she needed, *made her take her*, as she requested, and then gave double measure of blessing by adding a "boy who is a gentleman," and a "dog that is a treasure." Friends, ministers, Masons, all failed her, but the Father who said, "In all things let your requests be made known unto God in supplication and in prayer," secured a housekeeper just as soon as He was asked for one. The Father knows all our needs, praise His name. He is more willing to give good things to them that ask Him than we are to give to our children.—*Geo. B. Kulp.*

Battle Creek, Michigan, March 15, 1893.

HOW TO LOOK AT THINGS.

I once went to see a lady who was in deep trouble and darkness on account of the great afflictions of the Lord. When I went in she was working on a bit of embroidery, and as I talked with her she dropped the wrong side of it, and there it lay, a mass of crude work, tangled, everything seemed to be out of order.

"Well," said I "what is this you are engaged at?"

"O," she replied, "it is a pillow for a lounge. I'm making it for a Christmas gift."

"I should not think you would waste your time on that," I said. "It looks tangled, without design and meaning," and I went on abusing the whole bit of handiwork, and belittling the combination of colors, and so on.

"Why, Mr. Pentecost," she said, surprised at the sudden and abrupt change of the subject on which we had before been talking, and at the persistency with which I opposed her work. "Why, Mr. Pentecost, you are looking at the wrong side. Turn it over."

Then I said :

"That's just what you are doing; you are looking at the wrong side of God's workings with you. Down here we are looking at the tangled side of God's providence; but He has a plan—here a stitch, there a movement of the shuttle; and in the end a beautiful work. Be not afraid; only be believing. Believe Him in the darkness, believe Him in the mysteries. Let him that walketh in the darkness and seeth not the light, yet trust in the Lord God."—*Dr. Pentecost.*

"GOD KNOWS ME, ANYHOW."

Frank had beautiful, long hair, hanging over his shoulders and his parents were very fond of his appearance. One day he got his mother's scissors, went to a looking-glass, and cut off all his fair locks. His father and mother were much displeased with him for so doing, and resolved to punish him in this way: When they were seated at the dinner table his father, pointing to him, said to his mother: "What little boy is that?" "I'm your little Franky, papa," he at once said, not giving his mother time to reply. "Nonsense," was the father's answer, "my little Franky has beautiful, long hair; I would not give my Franky for a dozen boys such as you." Franky now turned to his mother, and said: "Ain't I your little Franky?" But mamma only shook her head. Matters were now looking serious, and Franky, becoming alarmed, could not make any progress with his dinner. He now appealed to his brother, and asked if he was not little Franky; but his brother only shook his head. He was becoming very unhappy at the thought that father, mother and brother no longer recognized him, and at last he burst into tears, saying as he did so: "Well, it don't matter much, for God knows me, anyhow." Tears were now in other eyes as well as Franky's.

THE MUSIC OF THE SOUL.

[Report of John B. Gough's Lecture.]

Mr. Gough then passed to another form of blunder.

He was once in a church in a strange city, and the sexton showed into the same pew another person, whose looks impressed Mr. Gough unfavorably. The stranger

had a face like mottled soap, which twitched as if a sheet of lightning had run over it, and ever now and then his lips would twist and give utterance to a strange, spasmodic sound. "I got as far away from him as I could. Presently the hymn was given out, and the congregation rose to sing—

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me.'

I saw that the man knew the hymn, and said to myself, 'He can't be so disagreeable after all.' I got nearer. He would sing. It was awful, positively awful. I never heard anything like it, and occasionally he would make that strange noise with his lips. Then he'd commence again, and sing faster to catch up with the other singers, and perhaps he'd run ahead. They came to the next verse. He'd forgotten the first line, and while the organist was performing the interlude he leaned toward me and whispered, 'Would you be kind enough to give me the first line of the next verse?' I did so—

'Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind.'

'That's me,' said he; 'I am blind—God help me'—and the tears came running down his face, and the eyelids quivered, 'and I am wretched—and I am paralytic.' And then he tried to sing—

'Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind.'

At that moment it seemed to me that I never heard a Beethoven symphony in my life with as much music in it as in that hymn, sung by that poor man, whom Christianity had made happy in his lot."

GOD KNOWS.

"Through all my little daily cares there is
One thought that comfort brings whene'er it comes.
'Tis this: 'God knows.' He knows indeed full well
Each struggle that my hard heart makes to bring
My will to His. Often, when night-time comes,
My heart is full of tears, because the good
That seems at morn so easy to be done
Has proved so hard; but, then, remembering
That a kind Father is my Judge, I say,
'He knows,' and so I lay me down, with trust
That His good hand will give me needed strength
To better do His work in coming days."

ONLY ONE DAY AT A TIME.

A certain lady had met with a serious accident, which necessitated a very painful surgical operation, and many months confinement to her bed. When the physician had finished his work and was about taking leave, the patient asked, "Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here helpless?" "Oh, only one day at a time," was the cheery answer, and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times during the succeeding weary weeks did the thought, "Only one day at a time," come back with its quiet influence. I think it was Sidney Smith who recommended taking "short views" as a good safeguard against needless worry, and One, far wiser than he, said, "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—*Trust.*

HIS CARE.

The following beautiful poem, part of which appeared in the *Christian Advocate* of June 9th, has been widely published and erroneously credited. The Rev. John Parker, of the New York East Conference, wrote it several years ago to comfort a friend in trouble:

God holds the key of the unknown,
And I am glad;
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here
Without its rest?
I had rather He unlock the day,
And as the hours swing open say,
"My will is best."

The very dimness of my sight
Makes me secure,
For groping in my misty way,
I feel His hand—I hear Him say,
"My help is sure."

I cannot read His future plan,
But this I know:
I have the smiling of His face,
And all the refuge of His grace,
While here below.

Enough; this covers all my want,
And so I rest;
For what I cannot He can see,
And in His care I sure shall be
Forever blest.

GOD WILL KNOW YOU.

One evening last Christmas time, a gentleman was strolling along a street in Toronto, with apparently no object in view but to pass the time. His attention was attracted by the remark of a little girl to a companion in front of a fruit stand: "I wish I had an orange for ma." The gentleman saw that the children, though poorly dressed, were clean and neat, and calling them into the store he loaded them with fruit and candies. "What's your name?" asked one of the girls. "Why do you want to know?" queried the gentleman. "I want to pray for you," was the reply. The gentleman turned to leave, scarcely daring to speak, when the little one added, "Well, it don't matter, I suppose. God will know you, anyhow."

Insects inhabiting islands have either very short wings of very little use in flying, or no wings at all.

CHAPTER II.

PRAYER.

NO SIZE IN PRAYER.

I remember hearing it said of a godly man, "Mr. So-and-so is a gracious man, but he is very strange; for the other day he prayed to God about a key he had lost." The person who told it to me regarded with astonishment the idea of praying to God about a lost key; and he seemed altogether surprised when I assured him that I prayed in like manner. What! pray about a key? Yes. Please tell me how big a thing must be before you can pray about it? If a certain size is appointed, we should like to have it marked down in the Bible, that we might learn the mathematics of prayer. Would you have it recorded that, if a thing is so many inches long, we may pray about it; but if it happens to be a quarter of an inch too short, we must let it alone? If we might not pray about little things, it would be a fearful calamity; for little things cause us great worry, and they are harder to deal with than great things. If we might not pray about minor matters, it would be a terrible loss of comfort.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

PRAYER ANSWERED IN A LUMP.

The Rev. Dr. Kidd, of Aberdeen, had a hearer—a good and converted man, as everybody but himself judged—though troubled with doubt as to his own salvation. The Doctor said to him one day:

“Well, Thomas, how long have you been praying?”

“For forty years.”

“And what have you got?”

“I canna say I ha’e gotten ony thing.”

“I wonder you are not tired, then, and don’t give up that kind of hopeless work.”

“Nay, sir, we mauna dee that.”

Well, when Thomas lay dying—was very near his end—Dr. Kidd called, and asked, as he always did when he was going to pray:

“What shall I pray for?”

“Give thanks,” said Thomas, “give thanks, for my forty years’ prayer answered *in a lump*.”

✓ TELEGRAPH TO JESUS.

Several years ago I was traveling on a train in the West. Among the passengers in our car was a young mother traveling alone with her first baby. There was also a fashionably dressed lady with two children, the elder a boy of about twelve years, and the younger a rollicking little chap of four. The latter was so cute and merry and restless, that he attracted universal attention.

At noon our train stopped at a station for dinner, and all the passengers left the car except those of us who had lunch with us.

A few minutes later the conductor came through and ordered us to move to the car forward, as the train was to be broken into sections. After some switching about, our train was made up, and the bell began to ring as a signal to the absent passengers.

All at once we were startled by a loud scream, and turned to see the young mother rushing frantically through the car, followed by the conductor and brakeman. She had left her sleeping baby and her luggage in the car we had formerly occupied, and had foolishly gone away to dinner without asking anyone to watch over the child. Consequently, in the hurried change of cars, it had been unnoticed, and now the car and baby had gone.

Our train was held while the trainmen and passengers hurried about searching for the lost child. Several trains had pulled out of the station, and the chances were that the missing car had been attached to one of them.

All of us were much excited—none more so than the little four-year-old boy, who had danced about and asked innumerable questions of everyone.

He was standing up in one of the foremost seats of the car, his cheeks flushed, his eyes shining with excitement. In an interval of silence his clear baby voice floated down the car:

"Why don't they telegraph to Jesus? That's what I'd do if that was my baby."

Tears started from my eyes at these words of childish wisdom. His face had turned to the sure Source of help and deliverance; and I do not doubt that many "telegrams" went up at once from that crowded car.

In a few minutes the baby was found and delivered to

its mother, the trainmen returned to their posts, and our journey was resumed. But the "seed sown by the way-side" by a baby's hand, had surely "sprung up and brought forth fruit" in more than one heart.—*Mary McCrae Culter.*

IS GOD DEAD?

✓ In Mariposa, Cal., there lived a large-eyed, beautiful little prattler—Mary Cannon. One evening, when all was silent, she looked up anxiously into the face of her back-slidden father, who had ceased to pray in his family, and said:

"Pa, is God dead?"

"No, my child. Why do you ask such a foolish question as that?"

"Why, pa, you never talk to Him as you used to do."

These words haunted him till he was reclaimed.

POWER FOR THE PULPIT.

Mr. Galloway, in speaking of the power of prayer, said: "We are told that Livingstone, before he preached the great sermon at Shotts, when five hundred sinners were converted to Christ, spent the whole previous night in prayer. William Burns, who was perhaps one of the most successful ministers Scotland has ever seen, never entered the pulpit without wrestling for an hour on his knees with the Lord. The saintly Robert Murray McCheyne's experience was the same; he waited at the Throne of Grace before he ascended the pulpit, and there was shed upon him the invincible power of God."

A NEGRO'S PRAYER.

A teacher in one of the colored schools at the South was about to go away for a season, and an old negro poured out for her the following fervent petitions: "Go afore her as a leadin' light, an' behind her as a protectin' angel. Roughshod her feet wid de preparation ob de Gospel o' peace. Nail her ear to de Gospel pole. Gib her de eye ob de eagle dat she spy out sin far off. Wax her hand to de Gospel plow. Tie her tongue to de line ob truf. Keep her feet in de narrow way and her soul in de channel ob faith. Bow her head low beneaf her knees, an' her knees way down in some lonesome valley where prayer and supplication is much wanted to be made. Hedge and ditch 'bout her, good Lord, an' keep her in de straight and narrer way dat leads to Heaben." —*Exchange.*

LUTHER'S PRAYER AT THE DIET OF WORMS.

"Almighty, eternal God! what a strange thing is this world! How doth it open wide the mouths of the people! How small and poor is the confidence of men toward God! How is the flesh so tender and weak, and the devil so mighty and so busy through his apostles and the wise of this world! How soon do they withdraw the hand and whirl away and run the common path and the broad way to Hell, where the godless belong. They look only upon that which is splendid and powerful, great and mighty, and which hath consideration. If I turn my eyes thither also, it is all over with me; the spell is cast and judgment is pronounced. Ah God! Ah God! O Thou my

God! Thou my God, stand Thou by me against the reason and wisdom of all the world. Do Thou so! Thou must do it. Thou alone. Behold, it is not my cause but Thine. For my own person I have nothing to do here before these great lords of the world. Gladly would I, too, have good, quiet days and be unperplexed. But Thine is the cause, my Lord; it is just and eternal. Stand Thou by me, Thou true, eternal God! I confide in no man. It is to no purpose and in vain. Everything halteth that is fleshy, or that savoreth of flesh. O God! O God! Hearest Thou not, my God? Art Thou dead? No, Thou canst not die. Thou only hidest Thyself. Hast Thou chosen me for this end? I ask Thee? But I know for a surety that Thou hast chosen me. Ha! then may God direct it. For never did I think, in all my life, to be opposed to such great lords; neither have I intended it. Ha! God, then stand by me in the name of Jesus Christ, who shall be my shelter and my shield, yea, my firm tower, through the might and strengthening of Thy Holy Spirit. Lord! where stayest Thou? Thou my God! where art Thou? Come, come! I am ready, even to lay down my life for this cause, patient as a little lamb. For just is the cause and Thine. So will I not separate myself from Thee forever. Be it determined in Thy name. The world shall not be able to face me against my conscience, though it were full of devils. And though my body, originally the work and creature of Thy hands, though it be shattered in pieces—Thy word and Thy Spirit they are good to me still! It concerneth only the body. The soul is Thine, and belongs to Thee, and shall also remain with Thee forever. Amen. God help me. Amen.

—Hedge's *"Prose Writers of Germany."*

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

The royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, "Sir Fool!
Kneel now and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Beneath the patient grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose, "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool—
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from Heaven away.

"These clumsy feet still in the mire
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening rod must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh! in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king and sought his garden cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

MOTHER'S LAST LESSON.

A mother lay dying. Her little son, not knowing of the sorrow coming to him, went, as was his custom, to her chamber door, saying:

"Please to teach me my verse, mamma, and then kiss me and bid me good-night! I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."

"Hush!" said a lady who was watching beside her, "your dear mother is too ill to hear your prayers to-night," and coming forward, she sought gently to lead him from the room. Roger began to sob as if his heart would break.

"I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—indeed I cannot."

The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been insensible to everything around her, the sob of her darling aroused her from her stupor, and turning to her friend, she desired her to bring her

little son to her. Her request was granted, and the child's golden hair and rosy cheeks nestled beside the cold face of his dying mother.

"My son," she whispered, "repeat this verse after me, and never forget it: 'When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.'" The child repeated it two or three times, and said his little prayer. Then he kissed the cold face, and went quietly to his bed.

In the morning he came as usual to his mother, but found her still and cold.

This was her last lesson. He has never forgotten it, and probably never will as long as he lives.—*The Christian Woman.*

COMMUNICATING WITH HEAVEN.

How a Little Girl Utilized a Telephone.

A mother living not very far from the Post Office in this city, tired with watching over a sick baby, came downstairs for a short while the other day for a few moments' rest. She heard the voice of her four-year-old girl in the hall by herself, and, curious to know to whom she was talking, stopped a moment at the half-open door. She saw that the little thing had pulled a chair up in front of the telephone and stood upon it, with the piece pressed against the side of her head. The earnestness of the child showed that she was in no playful mood, and this was the conversation the mother heard while the tears stood thick in her eyes, the little one carrying on both sides as if she were repeating the answers:

"Hello!"

"Well, who's there?"

"Is God there?"

"Yes."

"Is Jesus there?"

"Yes."

"Tell Jesus I want to speak to Him."

"Well?"

"Is that you, Jesus?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Our baby is sick and we want you to let it get well. Won't you, now?"

No answer, and statement and question again repeated, finally answered by a "Yes."

The little one put the ear-piece back on its hook, clambered down from her chair, and with a radiant face went for mother, who caught her in her arms.

The baby, whose life had been despaired of, began to mend that day and got well.

A quaint writer tells of a very good prayer which was once offered. "A brother was praying with much noise for faith—soul-saving faith, sin-killing faith, devil-driving faith. There was a quiet friend near him, to whom the noisy brother owed a large bill. 'Amen,' said the quiet friend; 'Amen, and give us debt-paying faith, too.' My friends, we need that faith now-a-days. People do not believe in religion that does not do that. And they might well not believe in it, for he that does not do his duty to his brother, whom he has seen, how will he do his duty to his God, whom he has not seen?"—*Zion's Watchman*.

STRIKER STOWE'S WAY.

For years Striker Stowe, a tall, powerful Scotchman, held the position of "boss striker" at the steel works. Nearly all of the men in his department were hard drinkers, and he was no exception to the rule.

But one day it was announced among the workmen that he had become religious, and sure enough, when pressed to take a drink with them, he said:

"I shall never drink mair, lads. Na drunkard can inherit the kingdom o' God."

The knowing ones smiled and said, "Wait a bit; wait until hot weather—until July. When he gets as dry as a gravel-pit. He can't help it then."

But right through the hottest months he toiled, the sweat pouring off in streams; yet he seemed never to be tempted to drink.

Finally, as I was taking the men's time one evening, I stopped and spoke to him.

"Stowe," I said, "you used to take considerable liquor. Don't you miss it?"

"Yes," said he emphatically.

"How do you manage to keep away from it?"

"Weel, just this way. It is now tan o'clock, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, to-day is the twentieth o' the month. From seven till eight I asked that the Lord would help me. He did so, and I put down a dot on the calendar, right near the twenty.

"From eight till nine He kep' me, and I put down another dot. From nine till tan He kep' me, and noo I gie Him the glory as I put down the third ditto.

"Just as I mark these, I pray, 'O Lord, halp me—halp me to fight it off for another hour.'"

"How long shall you keep this up?" I inquired.

"All o' my life," was the earnest reply. "It keeps me sae full o' peace and happiness that I wouldn't gie it up for anything. It was just as if He took me by the hand and said, 'Wark awa, Striker Stowe, I'm wi' ye. Dinna be fearful. You teck care o' yeer regular wark, and they shall na troble ye.'"—*H. C. Pearson, in the Contributor.*

A MOMENTOUS SUNDAY EVENING WALK.

At a recent meeting in the East End of London, the Earl of Shaftesbury related the following incident, illustrating the value of Sunday-schools and the influence of little children. "A gentleman visited a man whom he had known as a very godless, bad fellow, but who had recently displayed a blessed change of mind, and had with his wife, also notorious as a reckless, wicked character, appeared at religious services. He asked how this had happened, and the man replied, 'I will tell you; my wife and I were *out walking one Sunday evening*, and were passing by Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle.' They turned in out of curiosity, and Mr. Spurgeon, who was preaching, spoke forcibly of the consequences of a careless, sinful life, and entreated the unconverted to pray to God for pardon. The man and his wife went home very much affected. He said to his wife, 'Sukie, did you like what the preacher said?' 'No, Jack,' she replied, 'I didn't like it at all.' 'Do you remember what he told us to do?' 'Yes, he told us to pray, but I hardly know what it is. *I have never prayed*, have you?' 'Never at all,' said the man, 'but

I'll tell you what we'll do; there's our little Mary upstairs, she knows.' They awakened the little girl, a scholar in a Sunday-school only *nine years old*, and she prayed with much fervor, and the father says, 'From that time I was a new man.' "

AN EVENING HYMN OF THE FIFTH CENTURY.

"The day is past and over:
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
 I pray Thee now that sinless
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesus! keep me in Thy sight,
 And save me through the coming night.

"The joys of day are over:
 I lift my heart to Thee,
 And ask Thee that offenseless
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesus! make their darkness light,
 And save us through the coming night.

"The toils of day are over:
 I raise this hymn to Thee;
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesus! keep me in Thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.

* * * * *

"Be Thou my soul's preserver,
 O God! for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go.
 Lover of men! O hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all."

—Anatolius.

REASONABLENESS OF PRAYER.

A renowned man of scientific attainments thus writes:

A naturalist should be the last man in the world to object to the efficacy of prayer, since prayer itself is one of the most potent of natural forces. The cry of the young raven brings its food from afar without any exertion on its part, for that cry has power to move the emotion and the muscles of the parent bird, and to overcome her own selfish appetite. The bleat of the lamb not only brings its dam to its side, but causes the secretion of milk in the udder. The cry of distress nerves men to all exertions, and to brave all dangers, and to struggle against all or any of the laws of nature that may be causing suffering or death. Nor, in the case of prayer, are the objects attained at all mechanically commensurate with the activities set in motion. We have seen how the prayer of a few captives, wrongfully held in durance by some barbarous potentate, may move mighty nations, and cause them to pour out millions of their treasure to send men and material of war over land and sea, to sacrifice hundreds of lives, in order that a just and proper demand may be answered. In such a case we see how a higher law overrides the lower, and may cause even frightful suffering and loss of life, in order that a moral or spiritual end may be gained. Are we to suppose, then, that the only Being in the universe who cannot answer prayer, is that One who alone has all power at His command? The weak theology which professes to believe that prayer has merely a subjective benefit, is infinitely less scientific than the action of a child who confidently appeals to its Father in Heaven.

PRAYER OF A NEGRO IN A COLORED CHURCH.

(No fiction.)

"O, thou bressed Jesus, who has met wid dy c-hil'n so m-a-n-y times befo', come dis way jus' one time mo',—jus' o-n-e time mo'. Pull away de cuhtains ob dy majesty, an' fol' back de doahs ob dy g-r-e-a-t glory, an' come down dis way jus' one time; jus' one time mo'. You knows de poor peniten's is tremblin' in de sto'm. You know how deys a cryin' an' a weepin' in de dark midnight ob dare gloom; you knows de moon turn into blackness an' de stahs all blowin' out in de breff of de tempes' sweepin' round de sky ob sin. O thou great light ob de worl', po' in de floods of de mohnin' upon dare trouble' souls. You see de backslidah trippin' an' a stumb-
lin' on his way to Hell. O, M-a-s-t-a-h, come one time mo'; put on dy beautiful gahments, an' come a-tramp-in' down on de clouds of dy majesty, an' stan' one time more upon de waves, as you done gone an' stan' on old G-a-l-i-l-e-e long time ago. Come an' put dat han' where de nail was driv' an' bleedin' an' hurtin' soah—o-h! come an' put dat han' on de backslidah's shouldah now, an' stop dat man dis night. Didn't you say you'd save de m-o-u-n-a-h? You hears de mounah's cry, you see his drippin' tears. O turn r-o-u-n' Zion's wheel jus' one time mo', an' open a little wi-dah de Heaven's do', an let down de glory! When de poor mounah call to-night—when he come a creepin' and a weepin' to de altah, s-a-v-e,—O-h-m-m-m-m [a wailing chant by all], s-a-v-e, by de blood ob de Lamb. [The people respond, 'S-a-v-e by de blood.'] Turn de wicked cl'ar roun'. Tell him where to go wid his trouble' soul; show him what to do wid his

pore, broken heart. Comfort de weepin' Rachels; let de weary Johns rest on dy breas'; hush de stohmy seas of sin; b-l-o-c-k-a-d-e de road to Hell; s-a-v-e, Mastah, o-h s-a-v-e by de blood ob de Lamb. When you hears de wailin' Marys tell dem dere dead brudders shall come out'n de grave an' live; tell de pore chil'n dare sins is all forgiven; tell de angels to take up de harps an' de trumpets ob glory; fro w-i-d-e open de mansions ob de New Jerusalem for de jubil-e-e over de one sinnah who turns to de Load to-night."

A CHILD'S TESTIMONY.

A little child's prayer furnished decisive evidence in a suit in a court at Fresno, Cal., on June 7th. A man had deserted his wife and two children, and had been found in Fresno. His wife and her brother had an interview with him and endeavored to induce him to return. He refused and when the law was invoked he defended his conduct in court. He testified that his wife was a wicked woman, with whom he could not live, and that by word and example she corrupted her children. "Don't believe him, judge," said the wife; "I have done my best with my home and my children, and I have reared them as they should be." The man still persisted, and between so much cross swearing the judge was puzzled. At last he asked if the children were in court. A little girl three years old came forward, and the judge questioned her. One or two questions were answered intelligently, and then the judge said, "Could you say your prayers?" Without a moment's hesitation the little girl knelt in the court room, closed her eyes, clasped her hands, and in

a reverential voice began, "Our Father, who art in Heaven." Before she reached the end of the prayer, tears stood in the eyes of the judge, and the deep silence of the court-room was broken by sobs from more than one rough fellow to whom the words recalled childhood's memories. There was no doubt in the minds of anyone as to the justice in the case, when the girl added to the Lord's prayer an earnest petition for her father, which she had evidently been in the habit of putting up night and morning during his shameful absence from his family. The judge would hear no more evidence, and in a voice broken with emotion, he gave his decision against the father. The mother could have had no idea, when she so trained her child, that the result would be so valuable to her in the crisis of her life, but she did her duty, and her child enabled her "to answer him that reproached her." (Prov. xxvii, 11.)—*The Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times*

PRAYING IN HALF A ROOM.

In a large and respectable school near Boston, two boys—from different states, and strangers to each other—were compelled by circumstances to room together. It was the beginning of the term, and the two students spent the first day in arranging their room, and getting acquainted. When night came, the younger of the boys asked the other if he did not think it would be a good idea to close the day with a short reading from the Bible and a prayer. The request was modestly made, without whining or cant of any kind. The other boy, however, bluntly refused to listen to the proposal.

"Then you will have no objection if I pray by myself, I suppose?" said the younger. "It has been my custom, and I wish to keep it up."

"I don't want any praying in this room, and won't have it!" retorted his companion.

The younger boy rose slowly, walked to the middle of the room, and standing upon a seam in the carpet which divided the room nearly equally, said quietly:

"Half of this room is mine. I pay for it. You may choose which half you will have. I will take the other, and I will pray in that half or get another room. But pray I must and will, whether you consent or refuse."

The older boy was instantly conquered. To this day he admires the sturdy independence which claimed as a right what he had boorishly denied as a privilege. A Christian might as well ask leave to breathe as to ask permission to pray. There is a false sentiment connected with Christian actions which interferes with their free exercise. If there is anything to be admired, it is the manliness that knows the right and dares to do it without asking any one's permission.—*Youth's Companion*.

A DEACON'S PRAYER.

A deacon living in a Berkshire town was requested to give his prayers in behalf of a poor man with a large family who had broken his leg. "I can't stop now to pray," said the deacon (who was picking apples for the city market), "but you can go down into my cellar and get some corned beef, salt pork, potatoes and butter—that's the best I can do."

PRAYING TO THE POINT.

A new church in the West was recently dedicated. After the beautiful temple had been formally set apart, the pastor supplemented the service with a consecration meeting—a meeting for the promotion of holiness. At this meeting a good sister presented herself at the altar, and being called on to pray, supplicated as follows:

“O Lord, we have been taught in this meeting that we must ask for just what we really need. Now, Lord, Thou knowest if I should ask for just such things as I want, the congregation would be astonished. O Lord, I want Thee to help Brother C—— to quit selling tobacco. Thou knowest that it is a filthy weed, that it is polluting the house of God in a most insulting manner. I do want Thee to give him grace to abandon the traffic. O Lord, my husband uses tobacco. Thou knowest that I love him and respect him above all other men, but I hate this filthy habit. Thou knowest that if he had saved the money he has wasted on tobacco in the past year, he could have paid twenty-five dollars more in this new church. O Lord, help him to quit the use of tobacco. There is another thing, Lord, which I desire greatly—some of our church members attend circus shows. Now, Lord, Thou knowest that it is wrong for a Christian to go to circuses. Thou knowest that I never attended but one of these miserable places in my life, and then I came near fainting. And Thou knowest it was not altogether from the heat; my conscience oppressed me more than the heat. Lord, help these church members to keep away from these shows. Now, O Lord, I want Thee to bless and save my boys. I have prayed and wept over

them in secret for years, and still they resist the Spirit. O Lord, if there is mercy for them, save them speedily. And now, O Lord, remember me. I am not as good as I want to be. I feel there is some filthiness still remaining. Lord, if Thou canst do anything more for me than Thou hast done, I pray Thee do it. Thou knowest that I want to be all that Thou wouldst have me to be. Now, Lord, I have told Thee just what I want; grant me all for Jesus' sake. Amen."

"SOMETHING GIVES WAY."

A Christian woman in a town in New York desired to obtain a school-house for the purpose of starting a Sabbath-school, but was refused by a skeptical trustee. Still she persevered, and asked him again and again.

"I tell you, Aunt Polly, it is of no use. Once for all I say you cannot have the school-house for any such purpose."

"I think I am going to get it," said Aunt Polly.

"I should like to know how, if I do not give you the key."

"I think that the Lord is going to unlock it."

"Maybe He will," said the infidel; "but I can tell you this, He will not get the key from me."

"Well, I am going to pray over it, and I have found out from experience that when I keep on praying something always gives way."

And the next time she came the hard heart of the infidel gave way, and she received the key. More than this, when others opposed the school he sustained it, and great good was done for perishing souls.

"Something gives way." Sometimes it is a man's will, and sometimes it is the man himself. Sometimes there is a revolution, and sometimes there is a funeral. When God's Spirit inspires a prayer in a believing Christian's heart, Omnipotence stands ready to answer it. "Something gives way."

FATHER'S KNEELING-PLACE.

The children were playing "Hide the handkerchief." I sat and watched them a long while, and heard no unkind word, and saw scarcely a rough movement; but after a little while Jack, whose turn it was to hide the handkerchief, went to the opposite end of the room, and tried to secrete it under a big chair. Freddie immediately walked over to him, and said in a low, gentle voice, "Please, Jack, do n't hide the handkerchief there; that is father's kneeling-place."

"Father's kneeling-place!" It seemed like sacred ground to me, as it did to little Freddie; and, by and by, as the years roll on, and this place shall see the father no more forever, will not the memory of this hallowed spot leave an impression upon the young hearts that time and change can never efface, and remain as one of the most precious memories of the old home? Oh, if there were only a "father's kneeling-place" in every family! The mother kneels in her chamber, and teaches the little ones the morning and evening prayer, but the father's presence is often wanting. Business and the cares of life engross all his time, and though the mother longs for his assistance and co-operation in the religious education of the children, he thinks it is a woman's work and leaves it all to her.—*Sydney Advocate*.

ANSWER TO PRAYER.

Here is a case of prompt answer to prayer. Two little boys were arrested in Holyoke, Mass., recently for stripping the leaves from the trees in the park. Soon after they had been locked up an officer heard their voices and peeped into the cell. Both of the children were down on their knees, with their hands clasped and tears running down their cheeks. "O Lord, please let us out of this place, and we'll never do it again, never, never," prayed one sobbing culprit, while the other was repeating the Lord's prayer. "Pray harder," said one of them, "and speak your words plain, or God won't understand you." "I try to, Jimmy, but I'm crying so I can't," said the other, and then both redoubled their prayers. The officer slipped away, got the keys, and compounded their felony.

THE FATHER'S LOVE.

It is fairly pathetic what a stranger God is in His own world. He comes to His own, and they who are His own kinsfolk keep Him standing outside the door while they peer suspiciously at Him through the crack at the hinges.

To know God really, truly, is the beginning of a normal life. One of the best pictures of God that I ever saw came to me in a simple story. It was of a man, a minister, who lived in a New England town, who had a son, about fourteen years of age, going to school. One afternoon the boy's teacher called at the home and asked for the father, and said:

"Is your boy sick?"

"No. Why?"

"He was not at school to-day."

"Is that so?"

"Nor yesterday."

"You do n't mean it!"

"Nor the day before."

"Well!"

"And I supposed he was sick."

"No, he's not been sick."

"Well, I thought I should tell you."

And the father said, "Thank you," and the teacher left.

And the father sat thinking. By and by he heard a click at the gate, and he knew the boy was coming, so he went to open the door. And the boy knew as he looked up that his father knew about those three days. And the father said:

"Come into the library, Phil." And Phil went, and the door was shut. And the father said: "Phil, your teacher was here this afternoon. He tells me you were not at school to-day,—nor yesterday,—nor the day before. And we supposed you were. I have always trusted you. I have always said, 'I can trust my boy Phil.' And you have been a living lie for three whole days. And I can't tell you how badly I feel about it."

Well, that was hard on Phil to be talked to quietly like that. If his father had spoken to him roughly, or had asked him out to the woodshed for a confidential interview, it would not have been nearly so hard. Then, after a moment's pause, the father said: "Phil, we'll get down and pray." And this thing was getting harder for Phil all the time. He didn't want to pray just then. And they

got down. And the father poured out his heart in prayer. And the boy knew as he listened how badly his father felt over his conduct. Somehow he saw himself in the mirror on his knees as he had not before. It's queer about the mirror of the knee-joints. It does show up so many things. Many folks don't like it.

And they got up. And the father's eyes were wet. And Phil's eyes were not dry. Then the father said:

"My boy, there's a law of life that where there is sin, there is suffering. You can't detach these two things. Where there is suffering there has been sin somewhere. And where there is sin there will be suffering. You can't get these two things apart. Now," he went on, "you have done wrong. And I am in this home like God in the world. So we will do this. You go up to the attic. I'll make a pallet for you there. We'll take your meals up to you at the regular times, and you stay there as long as you have been a living lie—three days and three nights."

And Phil didn't say a word. They went upstairs, the pallet was made, and the father kissed his son and left him alone with his thoughts. Supper time came, and the father and mother sat down to eat. But they couldn't eat for thinking about the boy. The longer they chewed the food, the bigger and drier it got in their mouths. And swallowing it was clear out of the question. Then they went into the sitting-room for the evening. He picked up the evening paper to read, and she sat down to sew. Well, his eyes weren't very good. He wore glasses. And this evening he couldn't seem to see distinctly—the glasses seemed blurred. It must have been the glasses of course. So he took them off and cleaned them very de-

liberately and found that he had been holding the paper upside down. And she tried to sew. But the thread broke, and she couldn't seem to get the needle threaded again. How we do reveal ourselves in the details.

By and by the clock struck nine, and then ten, their usual hour for retiring. She said, "Aren't you going to bed?" And he said, "I think I'll not go yet a bit; you go." "No, I guess I'll wait a bit, too." And the clock struck eleven and the hands worked around toward twelve. Then they arose, and looked up, and went to bed, but—not to sleep, and each one knew the other was not asleep. By and by she said, (women are always the keener), "Why don't you sleep?" And he said gently, "Well, I just can't for thinking of the boy up in the attic." "That's the bother with me," she replied. And the clock in the hall struck twelve, and one, and two. Still no sleep came.

At last he said: "Mother, I can't stand this any longer; I am going upstairs with Phil." And he took his pillow and went softly out of the room and up the attic stairs and pressed the latch-key softly, so as not to wake the boy if he were asleep, and tiptoed across the attic floor to the corner by the window, and looked. There Phil lay awake, with something glistening in his eyes, and what looked like stains on his cheeks. And the father got down in between the sheets with his boy, and they got their arms around each other's necks, for they had always been the best of friends, father and boy, and their tears got mixed up on each other's cheeks. Then they slept. And the next night when bedtime came the father said, "Good-night, mother. I'm going upstairs with Phil." And the third night again he said, "Mother, good-night. I'm going up with the boy again." And the

third night he slept in the place of punishment with his son.

You are not surprised to know that to-day that boy, a man grown, is telling the story of Jesus with tongue and life of flame in the heart of China.

Do you know, I think that father is the best picture of God I ever saw. God could not take away sin. It's here. He could not take away suffering out of kindness to man. For suffering is sin's index-finger, saying, "There's something wrong here." So He came down in the person of His Son, and laid Jesus alongside of man for three days and three nights. That's God—our God. And beyond that He comes and puts His life alongside of yours, and mine, and makes us hate the bad, and long to be pure. To be on intimate terms with Him, to live in the atmosphere of His presence, to spend the day with Him—that is the true, normal life.—*Selected.*

CHAPTER III.

WITNESSES FOR GOD.

BEING TRUE TO GOD WON.

An eminent preacher relates the following: "There was once a young man who had begun to pray, and his father knew it. He said to him, 'John, you know I am an enemy to religion, and prayer is a thing that never shall be offered in my house.' Still the young man continued in earnest supplication. 'Well,' said the father one day, in a hot passion, 'you must give up either God or me. I solemnly swear that you shall never darken the threshold of my door again unless you decide that you will give up praying. I give you till to-morrow morning to choose.' The night was spent in prayer by the young disciple. He arose in the morning, sad to be cast away by his friends, but resolved in spirit that, come what might, he would serve his God. The father abruptly accosted him: 'Well, what is the answer?' 'Father,' he said, 'I cannot violate my conscience, I cannot forsake my God.' 'Leave immediately!' said he. And the mother stood there; the father's hard spirit had made her's hard, too, and though she might have wept, she concealed her

tears. 'Leave immediately,' said he. Stepping outside the threshold, the young man said, 'I wish you would grant me one request before I go; and if you grant me that I will never trouble you again.' 'Well,' said the father, 'you shall have anything you like, but mark me, you go after you have done that; you shall never have anything again.' 'It is,' said the son, 'that you and mother would kneel down and let me pray for you before I go.' Well, they could hardly object to it; the young man was on his knees in a moment, and began to pray with such unction and power, with such evident love for their souls, with such true and saving earnestness, that they both fell flat on the ground, and when the sun rose, there they were, and the father, filled with mercy from on high, said, 'You need not go: come and stop, come and stop,' and it was not long before not only he, but the whole of them, began to pray, and they were united to a Christian church."—*Sel.*

The "Christian Index" utters this wise saying: "A wise man when he is doing his duty never knows how much he is doing. And when a man is doing wrong he never knows how much he is doing." This truth is illustrated by the experience of every thoughtful Christian—and every sobered sinner. Apparent failures are often monumental successes. Livingstone, dying in a negro's hut; Bunyan, lying in Bedford jail; Elijah, fainting under the juniper tree; Christ stretched on the cross of Calvary—were efficiently carrying out the work of God and glorifying Him in the very "hour and power of darkness" when God seemed to have forsaken them.

"I AM A CHRISTIAN."

The following poem on the death of Mrs. C. C. Van Deusen, who was burned to death in a recent railroad wreck, was written for the Chicago Inter-Ocean, by Elisa Allison Park. It was read by Rev. Geo. B. Kulp in his memorial sermon yesterday morning, and we republish the same at the request of many who wish to peruse it:

"I am a Christian"—words more strong, of deeper, grander weight,
 Ne'er were uttered, since the world was made, in face of stubborn fate.
 Sublimest sort of comfort, gathered in the midst of woe—
 Let human need take heart of faith and speak them low—
"I am a Christian."

Unfaltering faith, unwavering trust stood guard in that dread hour,
 Gave strength and courage—filled her soul with Heaven's majestic power;
 Men stood appalled, and wept that they could not avert her doom;
 She spoke, as if to comfort them, from out her very tomb—
"I am a Christian."

Man's inhumanity, borne in on man, doth direst forfeit take—
 Doth mar, alas! God's noble plan, and keenest suffering make;
 God's angels hovering round about to give comfort and relief—
 Give faith, strength, courage to the soul to utter its belief—
"I am a Christian."

On wings of prayer borne upward till circling the Great White Throne,
 God's listening ear, in kindness bent to catch earth's faintest tone,

Hears echoing spheres take up the cry and waft it on through space—

Immortal song on mortal lips, proclaiming all God's grace—

"I am a Christian."

Divine assurance, calm and firm, a loving message sweet—

Brave testimony uttered when Red Death stood there to greet;

Ye saints and martyrs in whose wake this sainted spirit trod,

Make way and list' her martyr-song ascending up to God—

"I am a Christian."

Suddenly a shout was borne across the waters. The "Trenton" was cheering the "Vandalia." The sound of 450 voices broke upon the air, and was heard above the roar of the tempest. "Three cheers for the 'Vandalia,'" was the cry that warmed the hearts of the dying men in the rigging. The shout died away upon the storm, and there arose from the quivering masts of the sunken ship a response so feeble that it was scarcely heard upon the shore. The men, who felt they were looking death in the face, aroused themselves to an effort and united in a faint cheer for the flagship. Those who were standing on the shore listened in silence, for that feeble cry was the saddest they had ever heard. Every heart was melted to pity. "God help them," was passed from one man to another. The sound of music came across the water. The "Trenton" band was playing the "Star Spangled Banner." The thousand men on sea and shore had never before heard the strains of music at such a time as this. An indescribable feeling came over the hundred Americans on the beach who listened to the notes of the national anthem mingled with the howl of the storm.

CONFESSING CHRIST.

For a Christian to confess his relation to Christ before men boldly is safer, as well as more becoming, than to attempt to conceal it. Dr. George F. Pentecost says that the next morning after he gave his heart to God he went to the office where he was engaged in the study of law. In the hurry and confusion of getting certain papers ready for the Court, an ink-bottle was overturned on the open pages of a Court book. His old temptation to use profane language arose, but remembering what he had done the night before he found grace to overcome. He got the papers ready, sat down and cut the ink-stained pages out of the book and rewrote them. Others in the office looked on with surprise, and one of them said, "Well, you do take that cool," while the head clerk drew his spectacles down over his nose and offered to wager that Pentecost had attended the revival meeting the night before. Then came the crisis, and the young man answered: "Yes, gentlemen, I was there, and you who know me best know what need I had to go." The old clerk, an ex-judge, said: "Young man, that is right; I wish I had had the strength to do as you have done when I was young." Such a crisis comes to everyone who becomes a Christian. The temptation to deny Christ before men will arise. He who yields in the slightest degree will sustain an incalculable loss. Happy the man who is not ashamed of Christ. Sinners will respect, even though they may oppose him, and he will secure an immense advantage for the spiritual contests yet to come.

DOING GOOD TO ENEMIES.

The horse of a pious man living in Massachusetts happening to stray to the road, a neighbor of the man who owned the horse put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done; "and if I catch him in the road again," said he, "I'll do it again." "Neighbor," replied the other, "not long since I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in my meadow, and I drove them out and shut them in your yard; and if I again find them there I'll do it again." Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound and paid the charges himself. *"A soft answer turneth away wrath."*

IF MEAT MAKE MY BROTHER TO OFFEND.

Several legal gentlemen, passing from place to place to attend court, amused themselves by playing cards on the train. Absorbed in the game, they did not notice that they were closely watched by a woman sitting near. She seemed to struggle for some time to suppress her emotions; but at last, as if unable to do so longer, she rose and approached them. Recognizing them as judge and attorneys in the court of the town they had just left, she introduced herself as the mother of the young man who had the day previous been sentenced to the State Prison for burglary. With show of deep emotion, she admitted the guilt of her son and the justice of the sentence. "But, O Judge," said she, "knowing that his ruin and my sorrow all came about through playing these"—

pointing to the cards—"it does seem too bad for you to be playing with them here." Then she proceeded to tell of her son's downward course; from the time when he first learned to play, till he began to stay out at night, and be seen in disreputable company. Then, with the excuse that he needed a little money, selling some item from the farm; finally persuading her to dispose of the farm and move to the village; then rapidly gambling away the proceeds till he brought destitution to her, and involved himself in the crime for which he was imprisoned.—*Dr. DeMotte.*

CHRISTIAN EXAMPLE.

An incident in the life of Dr. Wilbur Fisk, related to me by his widow this morning, is a fine illustration of the power of a good man's example, as well as of the Doctor's wonderful influence on all minds in the circles where he moved. He was elected Chaplain of the Middletown Artillery Company, and served some time in that capacity. On his retirement a dinner was tendered him by the Company. According to the custom of the times, there was a bottle of brandy on every plate, but not a cork was drawn during the dinner. As they arose from the table, Dr. Fisk said to the Captain, "Sir, your guns are well loaded, but not a shot has been fired." "Yes, Doctor," said the Captain, "and it is all out of respect to yourself. It is a pleasure on such an occasion to defer to your sentiments." When Dr. Fisk died, the Company begged the privilege of being pall-bearers and escort in citizen's dress at his funeral.

DRAWING AN AUDIENCE.

Awhile ago we read a fragment from the history of General Lee, the brilliant general of the Confederate Army, which affords a suggestive lesson. He was stopping at a certain watering-place over Sunday. During the day it was announced that a Methodist preacher was in the place, and would hold a preaching service at three o'clock in the dancing hall. Before the hour for service, the General, himself a devout member of the Protestant Episcopal church, passed around among the cottages and talked up a congregation. Whenever he could spy a person, he went up to him, and said: "We are going to have divine service in the hall at three; will not you be kind enough to join us?" In most cases the simple invitation was accepted, and scores were led to hear the Gospel who would never have thought of such a thing but for the General's call.

THE GREAT FOUNTAIN.

An aged gentleman was on a visit to one of the noted American watering-places. Whilst taking a draught of water one morning at the spring, a lady came up to take her usual glass at the same time. The gentleman, turning towards her in a pleasant yet thoughtful manner, asked: "Have you ever drunk at that Great Fountain?"

The lady colored and looked surprised, but turned away without a word of reply.

In the following winter the gentleman was in Rochester, when he was invited to attend a meeting for religious conference and prayer. At the close of the meeting he

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was asked to visit a lady who was dying. As he entered the sick-room, the lady fixed her eyes very intently upon the gentleman, and said with a smile: "Do you know me?"

"No; are we not strangers to each other?" was the reply.

"Do you not recollect asking a woman at the Springs last year: 'Have you ever drunk at that Great Fountain?' "

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I do remember."

"Well, sir, I am that person. I thought at the time you were very rude; but your words kept ringing in my ears. They followed me to my chamber, to my pillow. I was without peace or rest till I found Christ. I now expect shortly to die, and you, under God, were instrumentally the means of my salvation. Be as faithful to others as you have been to me. Never be afraid to talk to strangers on the subject of religion."

What a blessing was granted on this short but faithful word! Little do Christians know how God may own His Truth. Let us faithfully scatter the precious seed, and He will give the increase.

CONCEALED HIS IDENTITY.

"You'll have a hard time of it up there, John, after those lumber men find out you are a Christian. They're a hard set, and they'll make it very trying for you. You will need a good deal of grace while you're up there."

After he got home again, his friend said:

"Well, how was it, John? Didn't you find it just like I told you? What did those fellows do after they found out about your being a Christian?"

"Found out?" said John. "Found out that I was a Christian? Why, they never mistrusted that I was!"

Brethren, there is too much of that. Too much of that. Let your light shine wherever you go.

HOW FAITHFULNESS WON A SOUL.

T— was an only child, and had been reared in a Christian home. He had early accepted Christ, and had entered the Church. When he was about sixteen or seventeen, he went away from home to enter college. At the boarding-house where he was to stay, there were several other young men, most of whom were older than himself. Only two of these were Christians. As the company gathered about the tea-table, on the first day of the term, the landlady said: "Mr. T—, will you return thanks?"

T— blushed. He was a timid boy, and he was conscious that every eye was upon him. But he bent his head, and tremblingly returned thanks to God.

That night he could not sleep. "I'm in for it!" he said to himself. "I'll be called on every meal this term, and blush and stammer as I did to-night. I'm almost sure that brainy H— was disgusted. And yet, it surely would not be the manly thing to refuse. A Christian who won't stand by his colors is n't half a Christian. No, if she keeps on asking me, I'll do it every time."

The landlady did "keep on asking," and at length T— overcame his embarrassment and performed the service with no thought of those who sat by. About the middle of the term, to his utter surprise, H—, who had been regarded as either careless or skeptical, confessed Christ and was baptized.

"Do you want to know what set me thinking seriously upon the subject of religion?" asked H— of T—. "I'll tell you. The first night you were here, you were called on to give thanks. I could see that it was an awfully hard thing for you to do, and that it cost you a struggle. I said to myself that the religion that would give a shy little fellow like you pluck enough for a thing of that kind, was worth having. I've been watching you ever since, T—, and even when you did n't know it at all, you have been influencing me. Under God, I owe my conversion to you."

This little incident is a true one, and its sequel is well worth telling. H— is now an earnest preacher of the Gospel. T— is a wealthy business man, who gives his thousands to the cause of Christ. And those who have heard this story of his boyhood can understand why he is so careful, in every seemingly unimportant act of his life, to honor his divine Master.

We have been reading about a Sunday-school teacher who called on a scholar to read the third verse of the sixth chapter of Daniel, from which the lesson was taken. The verse reads: "Then this Daniel was preferred before the presidents and princes, because an excellent spirit was in him. And the king sought to set him over the whole realm." The scholar, not being the best reader in the school, gave a slightly revised version of the text as follows: "Then this Daniel was preferred before the presidents and princes, because an excellent *spine* was in him." An excellent spine was an extra good thing in the olden days, and its usefulness has by no means passed away.

"LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE."

A captain of a vessel, who was a professor of religion, once received a rebuke from a black man, which will bear repeating. The black man had long been acquainted with him, generally helping him to load his vessel. In the course of conversation one day, the captain accidentally remarked that he was a Christian! "You a Christian," said the darky in astonishment. "Lawd a mighty, massa, I'd never found it out in the world if you had n't told me!" It is to be feared that this is not a solitary case.

A GENERAL WITH TRUE COURAGE.

General Howard is an active and fearless Christian, as well as a brave and valiant soldier. During his residence in San Francisco he might be found in the church on the Sabbath and at the prayer-meetings with exemplary regularity. The writer of this heard him deliver an admirable address to a crowded congregation in Howard Street Methodist Episcopal Church, San Francisco, on the evening of Children's Day, two years ago. At the close of the address a gentleman in the audience asked permission to speak. Ascending the pulpit, he said: "The magic influence of the name of the last speaker has induced me to ask the privilege of saying a word. Twenty-four years ago the battle of Fredericksburg was fought, and twelve thousand brave boys went down. I lay on the field that night supposed to be mortally wounded. During a lucid interval I recognized one coming and kneeling down beside me and offering prayer. He then spoke words of religious counsel and instruction, and

said: 'Cheer up, my boy; I hope you will get well,' and throwing back the cape of his overcoat he tapped his empty sleeve and said: 'I have given this right arm for the old flag, and, if need be, I am ready to give my life also.' Having prayed and thus spoken, he went on to perform like Christian ministries for others who were in a similar case. I had been a wild young man; but on that awful night, when I had no hope that I should ever see the face of my mother, or hear the familiar voices of kindred again, I was conscious of a longing to have some one pray with me and counsel me. That prayer and those words of Christian counsel led me to Christ and into the Christian ministry; and since that night I have not seen the face of General Howard until this hour. Do you wonder that I say, 'God bless the general who had courage to pray?'" The speaker proved to be the Rev. T. C. Warner, a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, who the day before had been elected Chaplain of the Grand Army of the Republic.

MY MOTHER'S GOD.

At a fashionable party a young physician present spoke of one of his patients whose case he considered a very critical one. He said he was "very sorry to lose him, for he was a noble young man, but very unnecessarily concerned about his soul, and the Christians increased his agitations by talking with him and praying with him. He wished Christians would let his patients alone. Death was but an endless sleep, the religion of Christ a delusion, and its followers were not persons of the highest culture and intelligence."

A young lady sitting near, and one of the gayest of the company, said, "Pardon me, doctor, but I cannot hear you talk thus and remain silent. I am not a professor of religion; I never knew anything about it experimentally; but my mother was a Christian. Times without number she has taken me to her room, and with her hand upon my head she has prayed that God would give her grace to train me for the skies. Two years ago my precious mother died, and the religion she so loved during life sustained her in her dying hour. She called us to the bedside, and with her face shining with glory, asked us to meet her in Heaven, and I promised to do so. And now," said the young lady, displaying deep emotion, "can I believe that this is all a delusion? that my mother sleeps an eternal sleep? that she will never waken again in the morning of the resurrection, and that I shall see her no more? No, I cannot, I will not believe it." Her brother tried to quiet her, for by this time she had the attention of all present. "No," said she, "brother, let me alone; I must defend my mother's God, my mother's religion."

The physician made no reply, and soon left the room. He was found shortly afterwards pacing the floor of an adjoining room in great agitation and distress of spirits. "What is the matter?" a friend inquired. "Oh," said he, "that young lady is right. Her words have pierced my soul." And the result of the conviction thus awakened was that both the young lady and the physician were converted to Christ, and are useful and influential members of the Church of God.

Young friends, stand up for Jesus at all times and in all places wherever you hear His name reviled, or His

counsel set at nought. Rather let the language of your heart be, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

EFFECT OF A RELIGIOUS SONG.

A bridal party traveling on a railroad train annoyed their fellow-passengers by card-playing and boisterous mirthfulness. The train stopping at a station for some time, and the card-playing continuing, an elderly gentleman who had been walking to-and-fro through the car, took a small book from his pocket and commenced singing, "Nearer my God to Thee." After the singing of the hymn had progressed some time, a number of the passengers joined in the singing. It was soon noticed that the card party was becoming quite uneasy and was losing interest in the game. Soon the bride, shoving the cards aside, exclaimed, "I can't play any more—that reminds me of home," and the cards disappeared from view.

How true is it that the nearer we approach to God, the less we relish such sinful amusements.

We admire the spirit of the young lady, a member of a Baptist Church in New Jersey, who refused the offer of \$1,500 to sing in a Unitarian Church, because she would not lend assistance in that way to those who not only deny the divinity of the Lord, but are teaching others to deny it.—*Western Advocate*.

CHAPTER IV.

VICTORY.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Complaints are often made, and surprise expressed by individuals who have never found a blessing rest upon anything they have attempted to do in the service of God. "I have been a Sunday-school teacher for years," says one, "and I have never seen any of my boys or girls converted." No, and the reason most likely is, you have never been really anxious about it. You have never made up your mind that, in dependence on the power of God's Spirit, converted they should be; and that nothing should be left undone until they were. You have never been led by the Spirit to such a degree of earnestness that you have said, "I cannot live unless God blesses me. I cannot rest until I see some of those dear children saved." Had it been so, you would not have been disappointed. I give you an illustration:

A pious young lady was requested to take a class of girls in a Sunday-school. She was seen to be earnest, faithful and affectionate with her youthful charge. In a little while one scholar after another became thoughtful, serious and anxious, until every member of her class was

converted. She was then requested to take another class, and had not been long in it before similar effects were produced, and ultimately every member of this class also believed in Jesus. She was finally induced to give up this class, and take another one of children, in which again she had not labored long, when the same results followed as before, every pupil having been brought into the Shepherd's fold. Her work was now done. She fell asleep in Jesus. After her death her friends, on examining her journal, found the following resolution:

Resolved, "That I will pray once each day for each member of my class by name."

On looking further into this faithful teacher's journal, they found the same resolution rewritten and readopted with a slight addition, as follows:

Resolved, "That I will pray once each day for each member of my class by name, and agonize in prayer."

On looking still further into the journal, the same resolution is found rewritten and readopted with another slight addition, as follows:

Resolved, "That I will pray once each day for each member of my class by name, and agonize in prayer, and expect a blessing."—*New York Evangelist*.

ALWAYS "ONWARD."

In the war between France and England previous to the Revolution, an English drummer, not more than fifteen years of age, having wandered from camp too near the French lines, was seized and brought before the French commander. On being asked who he was, he answered, "A drummer in the English service." This not

gaining credit, a drum was sent for and he was asked to beat a couple of marches, which he accordingly did. The Frenchman's suspicions, however, not yet quite removed, he asked the boy to beat a retreat. "A retreat, sir?" said the boy, "I do n't know what that is." And so, long ago the word *retreat* was banished from the vocabulary of the Christian. It is a feature of military tactics about which he knows nothing. With him it is always "Onward!" It is victory through the blood of the Lamb.

COULD PRAY NO MORE.

A pastor relates this: When I was a young pastor in Brooklyn, just thirty years ago, I had in my congregation for several years a dear old saint of God, the widow of Nicholas Snethen, of blessed memory. O what a saint she was! And every week, twice almost always, on given days, I went to her upper room on Fulton Avenue, and talked with her about the kingdom just coming to her immortal vision, and the young pastor was greatly helped and confirmed in the faith every time he went. One Thursday afternoon one of her daughters in my class-meeting, said to me: "Mother is in trouble, and would like to have you call." I had not time to ask her what was the matter, so many were coming up to shake hands. But I said I would be there in a few minutes, and in twenty minutes I was by her bedside. And as I walked up the avenue I asked myself what last hold the old enemy could have got on that mature and triumphant saint. I could not make it out.

I came to her room, stepped to her bedside, and concluded at once that it was a curious sort of trouble, for her face shone as though a passing angel had dropped a

smile upon it. I took her by the hand and said, "Mother Snethen, your daughter said you were in trouble. What is it?" "Well," said she, "I would have been glad if the Lord would have permitted me to spend my remaining days on earth praying for the Church and my friends, but *I cannot pray any more.*" She had the same experience with that sainted man of God—the Rev. Charles J. Clark, D. D., of the Maine Conference—that dear brother of this General Conference, who went to his reward two weeks ago to-day. When his faithful wife knelt and said: "Shall I pray for you?" he sweetly answered, "Prayer for me is done." "I cannot pray any more," said that old saint in Brooklyn thirty years ago. Then said I, "Let me pray for you." I had just begun, but there was no more praying to be done there. I had scarcely said the first word when she said, "Hallelujah," and I said, "Hallelujah," and her daughter said, "Hallelujah," and Heaven seemed to answer back "Hallelujah." And so it lasted four days, and there was no more praying to be done there. I said, "If God pleases, Mother Snethen, to let you begin the employments of Heaven now, never mind; it is all right."

During those four days she would say, "Now, don't you hear anything in particular in this room?" "No, do you?" "Yes." "What do you hear?" "The angels of God singing my welcome home." And then she would say, "Do n't you see anything there, right there?" "No, do you?" "Yes." "What do you see?" "I see the angels of God waiting to carry me home." All imagination, some blear-eyed doubter may say! A Sanhedrin of philosophers cannot prove that it was not the dawn of the eternal vision.—*Sel.*

A DAY OF THE LORD.

It was not a day of feasting,
Nor a day of the brimming cup;
There were bitter drops in the fountain
Of life as it bubbled up,
And over the toilsome hours
Were sorrow and weakness poured,
Yet I said "Amen," when night came;
It had been a day of the Lord.

A day of His sweetest whispers,
In the hush of the tempest's whirl;
A day when the Master's blessing
Was pure in my hand as a pearl.
A day when, under orders,
I was fettered, yet was free;
A day of strife and triumph,
A day of the Lord to me.

And my head as it touched the pillow,
When the shadows gathered deep,
Was soothed at the thought of taking
The gift of child-like sleep;
For what were burdens carried,
And what was the foeman's sword,
To one who had fought and conquered
In the fearless day of the Lord?

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

"Exchanged his poverty for eternal riches, and his rags for a crown which fadeth not away—at Winchester poor-house, Nov. 6, 1864, Jas. C. Smith, aged 67. The pall-bearers were few on this side,—not so many perhaps as they that waited on the 'shining shore' and went up with the old man to his 'Father's house.'"

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

It was the summer of 1873. I was running extras on the —— railroad. A circus, traveling about the country, came into the town on our line. An order was issued for an extra train on Sunday morning. I received notice early on Tuesday. I read the order carefully. It gave the time of arrival in our city as 9 A. M. I looked again to see if it was not 9 P. M. I was a teacher in the Sabbath-school. I had a bright class of boys about sixteen years of age, just the right age to be interested in circuses, and to be wide awake when one arrived in town. My heart sank. I, a professing Christian, and withal, a Sabbath-school teacher, detailed to run a circus train on the Sabbath, and to arrive, too, in my own city, where everybody knew me, just as Christians were ready for church.

What should I do? I had worked hard nearly nine years as a brakeman, and had been promoted to conductor. Could I afford to lose all by refusal to do as ordered? Then I thought of my family dependent upon me, and I said, I cannot throw away all these years of hard toil to satisfy conscience. For I expected to be discharged if I refused to do as ordered. Then I thought of the boys in the Sabbath-school. What if some of them happened to be at the depot to see the train, or if they were just on their way to church as we arrived, and should see me, as they doubtless would? I thought of the church and the prayer-meeting. What should I do? I thought of my own influence as lost for good, and there was a desperate struggle between the evil and the good.

I had yet four days in which to decide. How strange it was! Notice did not usually reach us until the day previous. What long, dreary days they seemed! And the boys heard of the order, and were guessing what I would do. They knew what I had said in prayer-meeting about desecrating the Sabbath, for some of them were there. "Would he go, or would he quit?" "No, he would not quit, for he would not dare to refuse to go," they said.

Saturday morning came. I must notify the office what I would do. Sleepless nights and weary days had passed, and I had thought and prayed, but I was decided. Duty seemed clear, very clear, and it was that a Christian man should not run excursion trains on the Sabbath.

My father was a deacon in the orthodox church, and, just before going to my work, I went to him and told him the story, reserving my decision to myself, and asking his advice what to do. I knew well what he would say. What a look went over his face as he spoke! "But," I said, "father will you help me to get something to do? I shall lose my place. I have devoted nearly all my whole life to this business, and now I must turn to something else."

"Trust in God, my boy," he answered, promptly, "and I will help you, too."

I returned to the office, and walked up to the manager as he sat, and said in a respectful tone: "I have been detailed to run the circus train Sunday morning, and I cannot do it on the Sabbath."

Imagine my astonishment as he looked me in the face

and said: "*You!* been detailed to run *Sunday trains!* I am surprised! You go right home, and don't you worry about Sunday trains."

I have never been detailed for Sunday work since. But the men who offered to do work for extra pay upon the Sabbath have long since been discharged.—*Congregationalist*.

RELIGIOUS TRIUMPHS IN SUDDEN DEATH.

If any one should ask, "Does the religion of Jesus meet every need of man?" I want to answer, yes, and stands every test of human experience. Never was I more impressed with this blessed truth than when I stood by the side of Mr. C. C. Van Dusen, of Sprout Brook, N. Y., who was so terribly injured in the dire disaster on the Grand Trunk in this city on the morning of the 20th. I was at the scene very shortly after the collision. It was dark and raining, the light from the burning wreck, the moans from the wounded and mangled ones here and there in buildings and in cars making a scene we can never forget. I entered a caboose, and, as there were a great many wounded in it, some one accosted me saying, "Are you a surgeon?" to which I replied, "I am a Methodist minister." Instantly one wounded unto death said, "I want to see you, come here." At once I was by his side. He said: "My name is C. C. Van Dusen, of Sprout Brook, N. Y. I'm a Christian and I'm nearing home. My wife has gone, and I'll soon be with her. (His wife thirty minutes before had gone up in a chariot of fire.) She was a good woman and a teacher of the infant class in the Sabbath school." As I

enquired of him as to his personal salvation he replied: "I am in the hands of my Savior and I'll soon be with Him." A physician entering the car, I called him at once to this brother's side. After examination he calmly looked the doctor in the face and said: "How soon will I be with Jesus?" He very deliberately talked of his affairs, the disposition to be made of his property, saying, "I would like to live for my children, but I must go. In my Father's house are many mansions." When he was told that the remains of the precious Christian wife and mother were in the hands of the undertaker, he said: "Send us back together." Knowing he was among strangers, he said: "Dominie, don't leave me," and I promised he should not be left alone. We conveyed him to the Nicholas Memorial Home, a hospital of which Battle Creek may well feel proud, and arranged him as comfortably as possible under the circumstances. Soon the chill and darkness of death approached. Said he, "Dominie, is the sun shining?" "No, my brother, it is cloudy and raining." "I thought it was growing dark and I don't breathe as easily as I did." It was death. A little longer, and husband and wife were re-united, while back in the home in New York there were two children bereaved of both father and mother at once. I never saw such calmness and peaceful triumph in the presence of death in all my ministry of nearly twenty years. Frank Smith, of Fort Plains, N. Y., was also one of the party, a splendid Christian young man. Being removed to the hospital, a limb was amputated, but he sank rapidly and "was not, for God took him." A lovely father, mother and sister Nellie left behind, all injured, but each with the blessed hope, "Frank is at rest and we will all

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meet again in Heaven." It was my privilege to bow with this father at the casket of his son and commend him to the God of all comfort. The remains of Frank were sent back to Fort Plains with friends, but the parents and sister were compelled by injuries to remain. They are comforted by the Divine presence. Ah, thank God, for a religion that stands any test of human experience. Thank God for a Savior who is always with us. That caboose, on the morning of October 20, was a precious place, for He was there.—*Geo. B. Kulp.*

"I AM GOING TO HEAVEN TO-NIGHT."

Such were the words with which Arthur Dawe, of Deerfield, greeted the friends who called to see him on the day before he died. His joyful anticipation of Heaven, together with his last words, were remarkable in a boy of his age.

Five weeks ago Arthur was taken with a severe cold, which was followed by measles. This was again followed by capillary bronchitis, which brought to a close his bright little life. The skill of three physicians could not restore him to health, and to his weeping parents. He had been called by the Lord, and for several days before he passed away, he knew it was the Lord's voice calling him home. Dr. Jones wished him good-bye on Wednesday morning, and about one hour later Dr. Bliss said: "Good-bye, Arthur. You have been a patient boy, and made a brave fight." His little face lighted up as he replied: "Good-bye, doctor. I am going to Jesus." Then the doors were opened to any one who wished to see him, and from this time on his bedside was lined with the

many who came in to say farewell. He heard the school-bell, and he said, "That bell will never call me again, for I am going to school in Heaven." He asked his father to read and pray with him once more. He followed his father word for word in the prayer, and at its close added: "Not my will, but Thine be done." Then He said: "Papa, would you like to hear the prayer I prayed to Jesus last night? 'O Lord Jesus, if you want me very badly, please take me at once; but my mamma wants me very badly, and if you do not need me as badly as she does, please let me stay for her sake.'" While the Scriptures were being read to him his mother leaned over and said: "That last verse is on your grandma's tombstone." He replied: "I have chosen my text and I want it on my tombstone; 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.'" And he turned to his father and said: "I am heavy laden, and I want rest." His father said: "Arthur, what will you do when you first reach Heaven?" He replied: "I shall go right up to Jesus first." The father said: "But won't you be afraid to talk to Jesus? You know that you would not like to go up and speak to a strange gentleman, unless he first spoke to you." He replied: "But this is different, papa; Jesus is not a stranger to me—He is my Savior." When the professor of the high school came in, Arthur wished him farewell, and said: "*I am going to Heaven to-night.*" One by one he called his school companions to him and kissed them and urged them to be good boys and come to him in Heaven. He called for some of his treasures and distributed them among his most intimate companions. Every now and then he would say: "Don't cry, mamma." His mother

replied: "But it will be so long before I shall see you again." He replied: "It will not be long to me, for a thousand years are as one day in God's sight." He then wanted to know what message he should take to his grandma and grandpa (his mother's parents) in Heaven. He asked his father to get him pen, ink and paper that he might write to his grandma and grandpa, and aunt in England. When he was assured that he had not strength to write, he sent his love to them, and told his father to telegraph to them to take the first steamer and come over, saying that if he kept his body a little longer they would be able to come to the funeral. During the night one of the ladies said, as she listened to his heavy breathing: "Poor little fellow." He roused up and replied, "I am not poor; I am richer than anyone in this room, for I shall be the first to reach Heaven." He did not die that night as he expected; but next morning, Thursday, March 29, at ten minutes to ten he entered into rest.— *Sel.*

TWO WAYS OF RESISTING TEMPTATION.

A classical illustration of the two ways of resisting temptation is found among the beautiful myths that cloud the dawn of Grecian history. In the wanderings of Ulysses after the taking of Troy, the wind drove his ship near to the island of the Sirens, somewhere near the west coast of Italy. These enchantresses were fabled to have the power of charming by their songs anyone who heard them, so that he died in an ecstasy of delight. When the ship of Ulysses approached these deadly charmers, who were sitting on the lovely beach endeav-

oring to lure him and his crew to destruction, he filled the ears of his companions with wax, and with a rope tied himself to the mast, until he was so far off that he could no longer hear their song. By this painful process they escaped.

But when the Argonauts, in pursuit of the golden fleece, passed by the Sirens singing with sweetness, Jason, instead of binding himself to the mast and stuffing the ears of his men with wax, commanded Orpheus, who was on board the ship, to strike his lyre. His song so surpassed in sweetness that of the charmers, that their music seemed harsh discord. The Sirens, seeing them sail by unmoved, threw themselves into the sea and were metamorphosed into rocks. They had been conquered with their own weapons. Melody had surpassed melody.

Here is set forth the secret of Christian triumph. Joy must conquer joy. The joy of the Holy Ghost in the heart must surpass all the pleasures of sense. When all Heaven is warbling in the believer's ear, the whispers of the tempter grate upon the purified sensibilities as saw-filing rasps the nerves.

"The joy of the Lord is your strength," to resist sin as well as to endure toil. Fullness of joy is the Christian's shield. Christ has such a shield for every believer.—*Mile-Stone Papers.*

A German soldier, during the Franco-German War, was ridiculed by a French soldier, who said: "What a clumsy set of soldiers you Germans are; just look at your shoes; why, you can't run in those shoes." He answered. "Those shoes are not made to run, but to stand. We propose to stand and make you do the running."

CHAPTER V.

CONSECRATION.

TO PREVENT BIAS.

✓ Bismarck said something in a speech which has a very wide application: "There have been times when I thought it possible to hold foreign stock. But afterward I found that the possession of such stock was calculated to some extent to mislead me in my judgment of the policy of the government whose securities I held, and so I think it is now about fourteen years since I got rid, on principle, of all such bonds. I now only wish to interest myself in my own country and not in foreign securities."

God sanctifies you. He does not make something else of you, and then sanctify that. Your "peculiarity" when sanctified will be your arm of strength. If you were of a stormy, impetuous nature in sin; in holiness you will be an exhorter or be fervent in prayer. If you are naturally winning, you will be effective in persuading sinners to Christ. If you have an ardent temperament, as John had, when sanctified you will be a loving Christian. The things you unlawfully loved, you will now hate, and the things you improperly hated you will love, but your

natural bent or bias when sanctified will still be a bent or bias; this is why experiences are so unlike. It is the same Spirit, but a different individual. Satan knows this and tries to lead you to seek the identical experience of some you admire,—voice, gesture, manner and all. To be sure, God could dissolve and recast your physical and intellectual being in the same mold with that one, but it would be superfluous. He can sanctify you just as well, and so increase the variety, and add to His glory. Be natural. Be yourself. Whole armies of excellent Joneses, Smiths and Robinsons have been totally wrecked in trying to be a Wesley, an Inskip or a Taylor. Nature is made up of separate faculties. The perversion of these is sin: their right use holiness. When sinfully used it is "hid." Let it be occupied by the Holy Ghost and it will soon be heard from with "usury." In Moses, Abraham and Paul there were special adaptabilities to certain ends. So there are in your own make-up. Therefore get filled with the Spirit and turn it, or them, to account in the kingdom of our Master.—*The Highway.*

FREIGHT OR EXPRESS. ★ ★

✓ John B. Gough has gone to his reward, but I shall never forget my indebtedness to him for an illustration I heard him use the last time I listened to him. I don't even remember what he was illustrating; I do remember the use the Holy Spirit made of the illustration to my own soul. Mr. Gough said he sat once by the side of an engineer on a lightning express train, and, as the engine flew around a curve, he said to the engineer, "Do you never fear while going at this speed?"

The engineer turned to him and said: "Mr. Gough, it doesn't do for an engineer to be afraid. Sometimes they do become timid, and when it is found out that they are, they give them a *freight train*." In a moment I saw the danger of being afraid when God fires up the soul with a new truth and means it to go with speed. Alas, for those who have not been true to the truth given them, and, as Emerson says, have "struck souls to a fear," and another soul has been given the truth they were afraid to utter, and that other has taken their crown, and they have been given a "freight train" instead of a lightning express. If God made you for a freight train, take good care of your train, "here all the honor lies;" but if He fitted you up for an express train, it is humbling to find yourself on a freight train.

I well remember in the long ago sitting beside Phœbe Palmer in a morning prayer-meeting, held during the sessions of our annual conference of ministers of our Methodist church. It was the morning General Lee surrendered to General Grant. I was full of the thought of a complete surrender to Jesus Christ; she turned to me and said quietly, "*The King's business requires haste*." I sprang to my feet, and in an express sort of way gave the burning thought the Holy Ghost had given me, and in that hour a leading business man of New York surrendered to Christ.

Oh, what victories are lost by *fear*!—fear of what people will think of you, when the probability is that up to this time you have never done anything to make them think of you in any way. We want souls these days who know no fear but the fear of God. Souls that are ready to take God's dispatches at quickest notice, and in

quickest time. "Be ready for *every* good word and work." Anything short of this is not entire consecration. May many more souls be fired up by the Holy Ghost, to be like express trains for God to take truths He wishes to send.—*Margaret Bottome.*

CONSECRATION.

"For the blessed Savior's sake,
Do all the good you can,
To all the souls you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
In all the ways you can,
And just as long as you can."

CONSECRATED UMBRELLAS.

I hope you own one, my reader. It is not every Christian who does. I know a great many umbrellas that go constantly to office and store, to places of amusement and the homes of friends, which are never seen at church on Sunday or at prayer-meeting.

When we ask the Lord to take and use "all that we are, and all that we have," we do not always mean our rainy-Sunday selves and our umbrellas. Now I am sure that there is no one who believes more heartily than I in that religion which makes one "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." I cannot think very highly of that piety which is only for church use. But, on the other hand, the fervor of spirit which never carries us through disagreeable weather to the house of the Lord does not bear the name. If our Sunday umbrellas bear the inscription, "Holiness to the Lord," they will be taken

out in Sunday sprinkles as well as in Monday showers. If the Lord has given us umbrellas, waterproof cloaks, and overshoes (and what have we that we have not received?) then it is neither right nor grateful on our part to use these things for our own running to and fro.

What would you think of your pastor if his umbrella were not at the service of the Lord? What has your pastor a right to think of you? You need not be afraid of rain—the light which shines from under a consecrated umbrella cannot be quenched by rain-drops. Indeed, we sometimes get the richest and most abundant oil in our lamps on rainy Sundays, and our lights burn the brighter through all the coming week.

I am sure that Satan must know that consecrated umbrellas in consecrated hands are weapons hard to be withstood, so He makes us think (if we think of it at all) that our umbrellas are not worthy the oil of consecration. We know better. In future let us have the courage of our convictions.

A boy, much moved by the appeal at a religious service for contributions and for personal dedication to God's work, met a collector with a plate, at the close of the service. "Put the plate lower—lower yet—lower still," said the lad; till the collector, amused, put the plate on the floor. Then the lad sat down in the plate and said: "I have no money to give to God and to this good work, and so I give myself." If that offering were made with right motives, we doubt not it was most acceptable to God. Many are willing to give money, or other things they can easily spare, to good objects; too few are ready to consecrate themselves, and to make personal sacrifices, in God's service.

"WHAT MUST I GIVE UP?"

"But where," is asked, "does this common ground end, and the realm of the world begin?" We may be helped to an answer if we look first at the opposite boundary, and ask where the common ground ends and the domain of the Church begins. What is the gate through which everyone passes who enters the Church? Is it not the confession of subjection to Christ? Within that inclosure Christ is recognized as supreme. His word is law. His authority is paramount. His sovereignty is undisputed. The man who enters there pledges himself to honor Christ everywhere; and so long as he is where he can be recognized and understood as being loyal to Christ, everything is well. Now with that thought in mind, pass to the other side, and where now do you find the world begins? It commences at the point where another than Christ is recognized and acknowledged as ruler. Call it fashion, or pleasure, or whatever else. The moment you pass into a place where, not Jesus, but another is recognized and reputed as the sovereign, you are guilty of conforming to the world. Wherever the world is acknowledged as ruler, there, even though in the abstract he might think the place indifferent, the Christian should not enter. Gesler's cap in the abstract was nothing at all—a mere thing of cloth and feathers; and, in the abstract, it was a small matter to bow to it; but bowing to that cap meant acknowledging allegiance to Austria, and William Tell showed his patriotism by refusing so to honor it. The question, therefore, is not whether in other circumstances the things done in the world's inclosure might not be done by the Christian

without sin, but whether he should do them there, where his doing of them is recognized as homage to the world. Whose flag is over a place of amusement? Whose image and superscription are on a custom or practice?

HE GAVE TEN CENTS ON EVERY DOLLAR.

All of you have heard of Colgate's soap; many of you use it. Here is a story about its manufacturer, William Colgate.

Many years ago a lad of sixteen years left home to seek his fortune. All his worldly possessions were tied up in a bundle, which he carried in his hand. As he trudged along, he met an old neighbor, the captain of a canal boat, and the following conversation took place, which changed the whole current of the boy's life:

"Well, William, where are you going?"

"I don't know," he answered. "Father is too poor to keep me any longer, and says I must now make a living for myself."

"There's no trouble about that," said the captain. "Be sure you start right and you'll get along finely."

William told his friend that the only trade he knew anything about was soap and candle making, at which he had helped his father while at home.

"Well," said the old man, "let me pray with you once more, and give you a little advice, and then I will let you go."

They both kneeled down upon the tow-path (the path along which the horses which drew the canal boat walked); the dear old man prayed earnestly for William, and then gave this advice: "Some one will be the leading soap-maker in New York. It may be you as well as any-

body else. I hope it may be. Be a good man; give your heart to Christ; give the Lord all that belongs to Him of every dollar you earn; make an honest soap; give a full pound, and I am certain you will yet be a prosperous and rich man."

When the boy arrived in the city he found it hard to get work. Lonesome and far away from home, he remembered his mother's last words, and the last words of the canal-boat captain. He was then led to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and united with the Church. He remembered his promise to the old captain, and the first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. In the Bible he found that the Jews were commanded to give one-tenth; so he said, "If the Lord will take one-tenth, I will give that." And so he did, and ten cents of every dollar were sacred to the Lord.

Having regular employment, he soon became a partner; and after a few years his partner died, and William became sole owner of the business.

He now resolved to keep his promise to the old captain. He made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his bookkeeper to open an account with the Lord, and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He prospered; his business grew; his family was blessed; his soap sold, and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped. He then gave the Lord two-tenths, and prospered more than ever; then he gave three-tenths, then four-tenths, then five-tenths.

He educated his family, settled his plans for life, and gave all his income to the Lord. He prospered more than ever.—*Selected.*

CONSECRATION.

It is reported of Charles XII. of Sweden that, when he ascended the throne, he wrote on a map of Sweden, "God has given me this kingdom, and the devil shall not take it away from me."

The Christian should say of his body, "God has given me this body, and (in God's name) the devil shall not rule over it."

"We are to take care of the casket for the sake of the jewel." The body is to be well used for the sake of the soul it contains. Both body and soul should be given to the Lord, and in a solemn act of consecration we should write in our uttermost soul, "Holiness to the Lord."

CHAPTER VI.

SALVATION.

"IS GOD HERE ?"

A young man had been extremely profane and thought little of the matter. After his marriage to a high-minded, lovely wife, the habit appeared to him in a different light, and he made spasmodic efforts to conquer it. But not until a few months ago did he become victor, when the glowing evil was set before him, by a little incident, in its real and shocking sinfulness.

One morning, while standing before the mirror shaving, the razor slipped, inflicting a slight wound. True to his fixed habit he ejaculated the single word "God!" and was not a little amazed and chagrined to see reflected in the mirror the pretty face of his three-year-old daughter, as, laying her dolly hastily down, she sprang from her seat on the floor, exclaiming, as she looked eagerly and expectantly about the room, "Is Dod here?"

Pale and ashamed and at a loss for a better answer, he simply said, "Why?"

"'Cause I thought He was when I heard you speak to Him."

Then noticing the sober look on his face, and the tears

of shame in his eyes as he gazed down into the innocent, radiant face, she patted him lovingly on the hand, exclaiming assuredly, "Call Him again, papa, and I dess He'll surely come."

Oh, how every syllable of the child's trusting words cut to his heart! The still, small voice was heard at last. Catching the wondering child up in his arms, he knelt down, and for the first time in his life implored of God forgiveness for past offences and guidance for all his future life, thanking Him in fervent spirit that He had not "surely come" before in answer to some of his awful blasphemies. Surely "a child shall lead them."—*Pacific*.

"JESUS, TAKE ME."

I am going to tell you a story, not about a child, but about a great strong man I saw in a meeting where many were asking what they should do to be saved. At first he did not know what to make of it. He thought the people were all crazy. But he had not been there long before something that was said from the platform touched his heart. God taught him that he was a lost, guilty sinner, and that if he did not forsake his sins, and believe in Jesus as *his* Savior, he would have to be shut up forever in God's prison-house, which in the Bible is called HELL. Then he thought of all his sins and they were like a *heavy burden*. He thought he could never be forgiven. He did not understand that Jesus had been punished for his sins, and that God was more willing to save him than he was to be saved.

And so for several days his sins grew heavier and heavier. He could not sleep at night; he feared he might

awake in Hell. He felt that God might justly shut him up there forever. He was one of the officers to execute the laws in the country in which he lived. Sometimes it was by his command that prisoners were dragged away to the dark prison and shut up for years. And for a long time he could not see how God could justly forgive him. He had heard about Jesus, but he felt that he was such a wicked sinner that Jesus could not receive him. Christ, he knew, had suffered on the cross, but he did not think He had *bled* for *him*.

One day he went to his office, but he could not attend to his business. He could only think of the great judgment day when the Lord will say to the wicked, "*Depart!*" In great distress he went away to his house. As he walked in, his son, a little fellow about three years of age, was building a play house of blocks of wood. In turning round to see who was coming in, he struck the blocks, and down fell the whole house, and some of the blocks fell on his toes and hurt him. Tears filled his eyes and he began to cry, but in a moment he turned and ran to his father, and with sobs said:

"Papa, take me! Papa, take me!"

The tall man stooped down, lifted up the little one in his arms, and at once the little fellow dried his tears and was happy again. The father said to himself, "That is just what I will do. I will go to Jesus in the same way; He will take me." And so he put his child down and went away to his own room. And with the tears running down his cheeks, he cried, "Jesus, take me." And Jesus did take him, for His words to all who come to Him are, "*Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.*"

The father's tears were dried. God opened his eyes and showed him how Jesus had satisfied all God's demands. And he was then quite sure that he would never be shut up in God's prison.

From that hour he was quite happy; the burden was all gone. I have often seen him since. He has been doing all he can to get others to come and trust Jesus.

ADOPTED JIM.

"Get out of the way there, you Jim!" A dozen boys were shouting it at once. They were newsboys waiting for their armfuls of evening papers, and Jim was taking up the whole sidewalk with his antics just as a lady wished to get by. This Jim, an orphan, was the raggedest, dirtiest boy of them all. He had no home or lodgings. He slept in doorways, in boxes and carts. When only five years old he was turned into the street, and had been a "street arab" ever since. He was now eleven; but the boys called him "Baby," scant food and exposure having stunted his growth.

Jim got out of the lady's way nimbly enough; but he was not a little surprised when she stopped and beckoned to him. In spite of rags and dirt the boy attracted her. She had noticed him more than once before. Having inquired about him, her mind was already made up. "Jim," said she, "I want you to go home with me. We have no child: you shall be my boy. You shall have my name. I will adopt you. Will you go with me?"

Jim hesitated. He partly knew what the invitation included—combing, scrubbing, school, church, all the clean ways of a Christian home. He had often passed the

beautiful house of Mrs. Williams, and many a dark night stopped on the pavement to look in at the cheerful fire which seemed so far from his cold, bare feet. He was sure that her home would be no place for a dirty body or a dirty mind. Soon, however, a better light came into his eyes. He looked up at his new friend, saying, "Yes, mum, I'll go." At her side off he started, but stopped to shout, "Bye, bye, boys!" and to throw them the rag that had once been a cap.

On the way home the lady and the boy—whose name was hereafter to be not "Baby Jim," but James Williams, talked about the future. It was understood that James was to put off his bad ways and try to please and honor the kind friend who was now his mother. Once within the house the new life began—scissors for the tangled hair, a bath, clean linen, a fresh suit. There was a great change in the boy, inside as well as outside. When he had said, "Yes, mum, I'll go," his heart had spoken. It was the turning away from a dark, bad life.

For awhile all went well. The people liked "James Williams." He was certainly learning good things. He was like Mrs. Williams' son. But one day he passed the old corner and there were the old boys. They surrounded him, and with all the wit and cruelty they could command, made "game" of him. For a time he bore their taunts smilingly; but patience was at last exhausted, and a battle followed, in which James became "Jim" again, scratched and bruised, soiled and torn. "It's all over," he said to himself; "I'm only Jim after all. I'll not go home. She'll not want to see me."

Quickly, however, the good lady, missing her boy, and suspecting what might have happened, searched for him

and found him. He was sorry and penitent, but fully discouraged. "I'm only Jim," he wailed.

Then it was the mother's turn to speak. "Why, James, I adopted you," she said. "I have taken you into my family. I have given you my name. You are my heir. I love you. Did you suppose that I could so easily let you go? You may sometimes do wrong, but you are my boy still. You are sorry. You love me. I am glad to forgive you, and shall try always to help you. Come right back home; and I am sure that you will be more than ever careful to please me." There was new light in the boy's heart. "So I am Williams anyhow," he thought, "just because she adopted me! I'll try harder than ever to do as she tells me."

In this story we have a faint idea of the sinner's standing before God, when Christ has been accepted, and His work fully appropriated. Without Christ, we are "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked;" but through faith in the only begotten Son of God we are BORN into the family of God, and we become "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ."

I once heard an Andersonville prisoner say that next to the greatest joy he ever had in his life, was to get a whole biscuit when he was starving to death.

"But what was the greatest joy?" inquired some one.

"Seeing poor old Bob, my bunk-mate, eat the biggest half of it," was the reply.

Brethren, it is that kind of religion that Christ wants us all to have, and it is to receive it that He says to each one of us, as soon as the word has been spoken that gives us life in Him—"Come forth."

SAVED BY SONG.

A party of northern tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the historic Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song, had been delighting the party with his happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the sweet petition so dear to every Christian heart, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for some seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer and accosted him with, "Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," the man of song answered, courteously; "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued, with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think, indeed am quite sure, I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not mistaken you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand; the shadows hid me. As you paced back and forth you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I

raised my gun and aimed at your heart, as I had been selected by our commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night rang the words:

Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

"Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that, and there was no attack made upon your camp that night. I felt sure when I heard you sing this evening that you were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and said with emotion: "I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home, and friends, and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that He had created came to me with peculiar force. If He so cares for the sparrow, how much more for man created in His own image; and I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to feel alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew until this evening. My heavenly Father thought best to keep the knowledge from me for eighteen years. How much of His goodness to us we shall be ignorant of until it is revealed by the light of eternity! 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' has been a favorite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

The incident related in the above sketch is a true one, and was related to the writer by a lady who was one of the party on the steamer.—*London Freeman*.

"THY GARMENT'S HEM."

I'm tired, Lord, an' sick an' sore,
This vale o' tears a wanderin' o'er,
Th' flinty stuns hev cut my feet,
I've a'most dropped from noonday heat,
Yet travelin' up the streets o' pain,
I've just a longin' hope tu gain,
An' tech Thy garment's hem.

I'm sore beset with grief an' fears,
My eyes is full o' streamin' tears,
As strugglin' on my lonely way,
I've only strength tu hope an' pray,
That sometime, somehow, I shall stand
A reachin' out my tremblin' hand,
Tu tech Thy garment's hem.

I've allus sort o' felt, dear Lord,
Thet all o' life is in Thy Word:
Thet praisin' Thee don't do no good,
Ef actin' Thee haint understood,
So bent an' broke, despised by man,
I'm tryin' tu reach's fur's I can,
Tu tech Thy garment's hem.—*Sel.*

WORTH HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.

A few years ago a steamer was coming from California. The cry of "Fire! fire!" suddenly thrilled every heart. Every effort was made to stay the flames, but in vain. It soon became evident that the ship must be lost. The burning mass was headed for shore, which was not far off. A passenger was seen buckling his belt of gold

around his waist, ready to plunge into the waves. Just then a pleading voice accosted him—

“Please, sir, can you swim?”

A child’s blue eyes were piercing into his deepest soul, as he looked down upon her.

“Yes, child, I can swim?”

“Well, sir, won’t you please to save me?”

“I cannot do both,” he thought. “I must save the child and lose the gold. But a moment ago, I was anxious for this whole ship’s company; now, I am doubting whether I shall exchange human life for paltry gold.” Unbuckling the belt, he cast it from him, and said, “Yes, little girl, I will try to save you.” Stooping down, he bade her clasp her hands around his neck. “Thus, child, not so tight as to choke me. There, hang on now, and I will try to make land.”

The child bowed herself on his broad shoulders, and clung to her deliverer. With a heart thrice strengthened, and an arm thrice nerved, he struck out to the shore. Wave after wave washed over them. Still the brave man held out, and the dear child on, until a mighty mountain billow swept the sweet treasure from his embrace, and cast him senseless on the bleak rocks. Kind hands ministered to him. Recovering his consciousness, the form of the dear child met his earnest gaze, bending over him with more than angel ministrations, and blessing him with mute, but eloquent, attention.—*Anon.*

Though a man is not saved by works, there is no objection to his showing by his works that he is saved.

TO THE POINT.

"When John P. Durbin was a young pastor in Cincinnati he was once summoned at midnight to visit a dying man. The message was short and urgent, and moved him swiftly through mean streets and narrow alleys and up through several stairways to a wretched garret, where he found a middle-aged man almost dead. He talked to him of Jesus, and begged him to cast himself on God's infinite mercy. With hungry eyes and tense voice the dying man cried out, 'How do you know that Jesus died for me?' Mr. Durbin answered, 'You're made of flesh and blood, are you not?' 'Yes,' said he, holding up his purple hands, 'but what has that to do with it?' 'Why,' said the preacher, 'if you are made of flesh and blood, then Jesus died for you, for I read thus in God's sure Word, "Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also himself likewise took part in the same, that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil, and deliver them who through fear of death, were all their life time subject to bondage."' The seeking soul seized that life-buoy and passed away in the peace and rapture of a trembling, repentant and believing sinner."

A testimony, touching in its naturalness and modesty, comes to us from the mission field. An English missionary in Singapore was surprised to find the church freshly whitewashed, inside and out. Going in he found a Chinaman (a converted prisoner, a painter by trade), who had done this work at his own expense. His natural explanation was, "I did it to thank God."

BROWNLOW NORTH'S LIFE AND DEATH.

As Brownlow North lay on his death-bed he enjoyed, according to his own confession, "perfect peace." To a bystander he said: "You are young, in good health, and with the prospect of rising in the army; I am dying; but if the Bible is true, and I know it is, I would not change places with you for the world."

Mr. North wrote the practical counsels which follow:

1. Never neglect daily private prayer; and when you pray, remember that God is present, and that He hears your prayers. Heb. xi, 6.

2. Never neglect daily private Bible reading; and when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to speak and act upon what He says. I believe that all backsliding begins with the neglect of these two rules. John v, 39.

3. Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Jesus. Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, What am I doing for Him? Matt. v, 13-16.

4. If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room and kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it. Col. iii, 17. If you cannot do this, it is wrong. Rom. xiv, 23.

5. Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that, because such people do so and so, therefore you may. 2 Cor. x, 12. You are to ask yourself, How would Christ act in my place? and strive to follow Him. John x, 27.

6. Never believe what you feel, if it contradicts God's Word. Ask yourself, Can what I feel be true, if God's

Word is true? and if both cannot be true, believe God, and make your own heart the liar. Rom. iii, 4; 1 John v, 10, 11.

"Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

"So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the path of men."

"BETTER BE SURE THAN SORRY."

"I do not think there is need of covering the flower-beds to-night. I do not believe there will be frost enough to do harm." "Better be sure than sorry," the gardener replied; "if the frost should nip them, it would be too late, you know."

To the cavils of the skeptic and the sneer of the scorner, who do not believe because they do not understand, or think there is no danger because they would have it so, this same answer would be wise: "Better be sure than sorry." If there should be an eternity, then the question, "Where shall I spend eternity?" puts all other questions in the shade. The frost may nip all the springing hopes of the soul. "Better be sure than sorry." Thousands of souls are hesitating about giving heed to their immortal interests. "We do not think there will be frost to-night," they say. "Better be sure than sorry." If the frost of death should blight the soul, it would then be too late forever.—*W. J. L., in the "Mid-Continent."*

OVERCOMING SIN.

Communion with the sinless One is the only sure method of excommunicating sin. Gazing into the face of Christ, and beholding the light of the knowledge of the glory of God which shines there, will surely disenchant our hearts from worldly objects.

"Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols? I have heard Him and observed Him."

Dannecker, the German sculptor, spent eight years in producing a face of Christ, and at last wrought out one in which the emotions of love and sorrow were so perfectly blended that beholders wept as they looked upon it. Subsequently being solicited to employ his great talent on a statue of Venus, he replied, "After gazing so long into the face of Christ, think you that I can now turn my attention to a heathen goddess?" Here is the true secret of weanedness from worldly idols, "the expulsive power of a new affection."

"I have heard the voice of Jesus
Tell me not of aught beside;
I have seen the face of Jesus,
All my soul is satisfied."

"You may lay it down as an eternal truth," said Archbishop Farrar in his sermon on a recent Sunday morning in St. Margaret's, "that what the Divine Majesty requires is innocence alone. You will be saved neither by opinions nor by observances, but solely by your character and life. A man is not holy merely because he observes the Rubric. He must do right."

REAL MASTERY OF SIN.

It is not enough when you have been guilty of a sin "merely to wet it with a tear and breathe upon it with a sigh," and then go and do the same again. Unless a man has, at least, so far conquered sin that sin has ceased to have dominion over him; until his reason and his conscience, not his pride or his lusts, have the upper hand in the governance of his life—he cannot be saved. A man who is wholly mastered by, who is entirely helpless against the perpetual recurrence of a besetting sin, is in a state of sin; and, "be not deceived," a state of sin is not and cannot be the same thing as a state of grace.—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

"NEITHER."

"Well, I cannot understand why a man who has tried to lead a good, moral life, should not stand a better chance of Heaven than a wicked one," said a lady a few days ago, in a conversation with others about the matter of salvation.

"Simply for this cause," answered one. "Suppose you and I wanted to go into a place of interest where the admission fee was one dollar. You have fifty cents and I have nothing. Which would stand the better chance of admission?"

"Neither," was the reply.

"Just so; and therefore the moral man stands no better chance than the outbreaking sinner. But, now, suppose a kind and rich person who saw our perplexity, presented a ticket of admission to each of us at his own expense! What then?"

"Well, then, we could both go in alike; that is very clear."

"Thus, when the Savior saw our perplexity, He came He died, and thus 'obtained eternal redemption for us' (Heb. ix, 12), and now He offers you and me a free ticket. Only take good care that your fifty cents does not make you proud enough to refuse the free ticket, and so be refused admittance at last."

Reader, there is a solemn moment coming! Have you a ticket of admission?

CHAPTER VII.

MISSIONS.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

A brilliant Oxford student was giving himself to the Wesleyan Missionary Society for African service. His tutor remonstrated. "You are going out to die in a year or two. It is madness." The young man—who died after being on the field only a year—answered: "I think it is with African missions as with the building of a great bridge. You know how many stones have to be buried in the earth, all unseen, to be a foundation. If Christ wants me to be one of the unseen stones, lying in an African grave, I am content, certain as I am that the final result will be a Christian Africa."

A CHANGE OF MIND.

Christian England laughed when Sydney Smith sneered at William Carey as a "consecrated cobbler," going out on a fool's errand to convert the heathen. Carey died, aged seventy-three. He was visited on his death-bed by the Bishop of India, the head of the Church of England in that land, who bowed his head and invoked

the blessing of the dying missionary. The British authorities had denied to Carey a landing place on his first arrival in Bengal; but when he died, the government dropped all its flags to half-mast, in honor of a man who had done more for India than all of their generals. The universities of England, Germany and America paid tribute to his learning, and to-day Protestant Christianity honors him as one of its noblest pioneers.

ACKNOWLEDGE THE DEBT.

A venerable clergyman of Virginia said lately: "Men of my profession see much of the tragic side of life. Beside a death-bed the secret passions, the hidden evil as well as the good in human nature, are very often dragged to light. I have seen men die in battle, children, and young wives in their husbands' arms, but no death ever seemed so pathetic to me as that of an old woman, a member of my church.

"I knew her first as a young girl, beautiful, gay, full of spirit and vigor. She married and had four children; her husband died and left her penniless. She taught school, she painted, she sewed; she gave herself scarcely any time to eat or sleep. Every thought was for her children, to educate them, to give them the same chance which their father would have done.

"She succeeded; sent the boys to college, and the girls to school. When they came home, pretty, refined girls and strong young men, abreast with all the new ideas and tastes of their time, she was a wornout, commonplace old woman. They had their own pursuits and companions. She lingered among them for two or three years

and then died of some sudden failure in the brain. The shock awoke them to a consciousness of the truth. They hung over her as she lay unconscious, in an agony of grief. The oldest son, as he held her in his arms, cried:

“ ‘You have been a good mother to us!’

“Her face colored again, her eyes kindled into a smile, and she whispered, ‘You never said so before, John.’ Then the light died out and she was gone.”

How many men and women sacrifice their own hopes and ambitions, their strength, their life itself, for their children, who receive it as a matter of course, and begrudge a caress, a word of gratitude, in payment for all that has been given them.

A REAL HERO.

In the southern part of our State, during the past summer, a long, well-filled passenger train had pulled out from the station, and was rapidly moving away on its homeward bound track. Several miles had slipped under the fast turning wheels, when the conductor stepped in the car and called out the next stopping-place. Those of the passengers who were familiar with the road were surprised when the train flew on by it without stopping.

Then the speed of the great locomotive seemed suddenly to increase with each moment. On, on the long train flew until the wheels seemed hardly touching the track. Still no one was alarmed; possibly a little lost time being made up, nothing worse, they thought. Then there came a long, screaming whistle, shrieking out with almost human tones of anguish, and then the train gradually slowed up and stopped.

By that time the passengers were sufficiently frightened for a number of them to jump off the cars and run up to the engine, where already a little group of men was gathered. That which they saw there has been burned in their memory with such horror that they will never be able to forget it. Two men were supporting, one on each side of him, the engineer, a great, broad-shouldered fellow. His face was piteously crushed. One eye was gone, and the blood was pouring from his wounds so that his head, face, and even his shoulders, were horrible to see.

The awful story was quickly passed from one to another. Somehow an iron rod belonging to the engine had become loose, and revolving with frightful rapidity had caught and thrown him with terrible force against the side of the cab. Blind, and suffering so that he was barely conscious, but with the great thought of duty yet undone urging him on, he had groped along, dragging himself on his hands and knees, until he could reach up and, with his poor, bruised hands, grasp the throttle, and with one heroic effort stop the train.

His comrades were tenderly lifting him to a shady bank to lay him down till medical help could come. He was still standing supported on each side by the others, but his head was hanging on his breast, and with his eyes closed and face so ghastly, he looked more dead than alive.

Suddenly he stopped and straightened himself, threw up his head, then blindly thrusting out his hand with a quick gesture, as if to push away the something which was clouding his brain, he whispered in tense, agonized tones: "Wait—wait—I—must—go—back—my—engine—will—burst!"

Something thrilled the little group with a strange awe. Instantly, almost unconsciously to themselves, every head was bared, and strong, rough men found strange tears were in their eyes. What a life of duty, done at any cost, must have preceded this day, that the poor, pain-beclouded brain could so clearly hear and answer the clarion call of duty now.

Other hands were ready to do the work he had felt was his, and he was gently laid on the ground. A doctor was quickly brought, and gave some hope that his life might yet be spared.

A good-sized pocket-book was filled and left for him by the passengers, and after a little longer delay the train moved off, but with all hearts softened, and more than one felt that it was no slight thing in this hard, selfish world to have come in touch with a real hero.

PLUS GOD.

And so it has been many and many and many a time; and so it will be many a time again, with individual men and with nations. And blessed is the man, blessed is the nation, of whom it can be said in some life-or-death conflict, "It is that man, that nation, *plus* God." It makes all the difference in the world to John Smith, or a nation of John Smiths, whether it is John Smith *plus* God, or John Smith *minus* God. The work of Foreign Missions, so hopeless to the eye of reason, so hopeful to the eye of faith, is *sure to succeed*, because it is a few men and women with the Gospel, *plus* God, against hundreds of millions of heathen.

A NOBLE FORM OF LEGACY.

I have recently seen a most touching incident entitled "A little girl's legacy." This little girl, the pet of the house, was on her death-bed. The father bent over his little darling in bitter agony, unable to stay the departing. "Papa, how much do I cost you every year?" the dying child asked, with her parting breath. "Hush, dear." "But, please, papa, how much do I cost you?" To calm the little one, he said, with choking voice: "Well, darling, perhaps two or three hundred dollars." "Papa, I thought maybe you would lay it out this year in Bibles for poor children, to remember me by." With bursting heart, the father replied: "I will, my precious child! I will do it every year as long as I live." And the Bibles during the passing years continued to bless many souls, while the dear child was an angel in the skies. How many might thus make blessed the memory of the dear dead ones.

THE CHORUS OF CHRISTIANITY.

I remember hearing a story in connection with our battle-fields. One weary, dreary night, while our army was on the eve of a great and important battle, a soldier paced up and down before the tent of his General. Wearied with his monotonous work, he began to sing, half to himself:

"When I can read my title clear,"

After a little his voice grew louder, and he sang the hymn as though it were a song of victory. His tones rang out on the still night air. After a little, another soldier, off yonder, hearing the music, and fascinated by it, joined

in. There was a duet. A little longer, and another voice, farther off, joined, and there was a chorus; and it was not long before the whole army, as far as the ear could reach on either side, was joining in that wondrous chorus, and singing in the presence of the enemy,

"When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the sky."

When I heard this story, it seemed to me that I could see in the far-off distance that wondrous carpenter's Son of Nazareth standing alone and singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men." After a little twelve disciples took up the refrain, and joined in the chorus. After a little longer—in the next century—a still larger company gathered, and sang it with all their hearts. In the next century a still larger number added their voices, and now, after eighteen hundred years have gone by, the music of that wondrous song which began with Him who stood in His father's work-shop, is sung and echoed and re-echoed the whole wide world over. It is our revelation from God; and it is the impulse that lifts us all up to God.—*Sel.*

"UNCLE BALIS IS IN DEBT."

The congregation had been convened to consider how the church was to be relieved of its indebtedness. One wealthy member spoke of the hard times, financially, and gave it as his opinion that the only course left was to go into bankruptcy. Another, who is also a prominent business man in the community, counting his profits by the thousands each year, said he thought that was the only way out of the difficulty. Still another spoke of his own

debts, and said it was impossible for him to give anything. The prospect looked gloomy indeed for the liquidation of the church debt, when so many other financial considerations and private debts were taking precedence. At this point Uncle Balis arose from his seat in an humble corner, and, looking around over the discouraged assemblage, said: "Brudderin! Uncle Balis is in debt, too. He do n't owe de grocery keeper anything foh de provisions his family eats, dey's all paid foh. He don't owe de hardware man anything foh iron he makes hoss shoes out of, dat's paid, too. But Balis is in debt! He does n't owe anything foh de close de children wears, dem's paid foh. But I tells you, Balis is in debt! Just as long as this church owes a dollar on de buildin' or dere's a brick dat's not laid on de walls, Balis is in debt to de Lord! An I's gwine to pay every dollar ob it. Balis neber went into bankruptcy wif anybody yet, and I's not gwine to go back on de Lord in dat way; no, sah, I's not gwine to treat Him wus den anybody else. Balis is in debt to de Lord, an' Balis is gwine to pay his debts."

There is a world of pathos in the item of news from Berlin the other day, that a deaf mute living in Silesia has written to Dr. Mackenzie offering to sacrifice his larynx if it be possible to transfer it to the emperor's throat. Dr. Mackenzie replies to the man that the loss of his life would neither help the emperor nor benefit science. But this makes the offer none the less a touching proof of devotion and self-sacrifice—a faint illustration of the greater sacrifice of the One who, though Lord of Heaven and earth, gave His life by the cruel death of the cross, a ransom for sinful men.

ORDER OF THE IRON CROSS.

(Is there not a suggestion to many of us in this story of the "IRON CROSS"? May not some superfluous expenditures be changed, by the grace of God, into stars for our crowns?)

More than seventy years ago the King of Prussia, Frederick William III., found himself in great trouble. He was carrying on expensive wars, he was trying to strengthen his country and make a great nation of the Prussian people, and he had not money enough to accomplish his plans. What would he do? If he stopped where he was, the country would be overrun by the enemy, and that would mean terrible distress for everybody.

Now the king knew that his people loved and trusted him, and he believed that they would be glad to help him. He therefore asked the women of Prussia, as many of them as wanted to help their king, to bring their jewelry of gold and silver, to be melted down into money for the use of their country. Many women brought all the jewelry they had, and for each ornament of gold or silver they received in exchange an ornament of bronze or iron, precisely like the gold or silver ones, as a token of the king's gratitude. These iron and bronze ornaments all bore the inscription: "I gave gold for iron, 1813."

No one will be surprised to learn that these ornaments became more highly prized than the gold and silver ones had been, for they were a proof that the woman had given up something for her king. It became very unfashionable to wear any jewelry, for any other would have been a token that the wearer was not loyal to her king and country. So the order of the Iron Cross grew up, whose members wear no ornaments except a cross of iron

on the breasts, and give all their surplus money to the service of their fellowmen.

If all the girls and women who own and love the Lord Jesus as their King, and want to help Him in the war against sin and ignorance and suffering which He is carrying on, if all these Christian girls and women were to give up their jewelry for His cause, how full the Lord's treasury would be.—*Forward.*

X THE SACRIFICE OF A PILOT.

Beyond all question the ship was on fire, and the cheeks of the sailors became blanched at the news. They could face the wildest hurricane that ever threatened to rend a vessel asunder, but a ship on fire was something too terrible even for their strong nerves. In a moment the cry went shrieking to the sky, "Fire! fire! fire!"

Then, quicker than it takes to tell it, all hands were called up, and the promptest measures taken to subdue the flames which every moment burst out in fresh places. The fire was raging in all directions, and seemed in its fury to laugh to scorn the buckets of water which were dashed upon the flames. No energy, however undaunted, could save the doomed vessel! To add to the fury of the flames, there were large quantities of resin and tar on board, and when these took fire, the passengers saw that, unless they could reach land soon, their fate was sealed.

All this time brave John Maynard never left his post at the wheel, but might be seen through the flames grasping its spokes as with sinews of iron.

"John Maynard," cried the passengers, "how far are we from land?" "Seven miles," was the brief answer.

"How long shall we be ere we reach it, John Maynard?" was the next agonized inquiry.

"Three quarters of an hour at our present rate of speed."

"Is there any danger, John Maynard?"

"Well," said the pilot, "there is danger enough *here*; do you not see the smoke bursting out? If you would save your lives, go forward!"

In an instant, passengers and crew, men, women and children, crowded to the fore part of the ship, but John Maynard stood at his post. Then the flames burst forth in a sheet of fire, and clouds of smoke arose. At last, bel-
lowing through his speaking trumpet, came the voice of the captain.

"John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the brave helmsman.

"How does she head?"

"South-east by east, sir."

"Head her south-east, and run her on the shore."

Nearer, yet nearer, she approaches the shore.

Once more the voice of the captain was heard crying—
"John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir," was the answer which, though intended to be reassuring, was so faint that it could scarce be heard.

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"

"Ay, ay, sir," was the answer, "by God's help I will."

The pilot's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand was disabled, and his teeth were set, yet there he stood firm as a rock.

At last he brought the ship ashore. Every man, woman and child was saved. Only one was lost, and that one was

brave, God-fearing John Maynard. Lost! did we say? He lost to win; he died to live; for a simpler or more believing spirit never took its flight than that of this Christian pilot. He sacrificed his own life that he might save the lives of others, and the story of his heroic courage shall never be forgotten.

HOW TO MOVE THE WHEELS.

I heard Dr. John Scudder use a good missionary illustration lately, which I wish to relate to the children. On his return from India he made a short stay in London. While there, one day he went to visit the Crystal Palace. That was the building where the first world's fair was held; and it has been kept up as a kind of perpetual fair ever since. Among the curious things which pleased the children very much was a great collection of toys. One set consisted of an old woman with a wash-tub, a wind-mill with its sails all set for work, a mason with his trowel, a big rooster with his wings just ready to flap and his throat to crow, and several other similar pieces. "Wouldn't it be fun," said one of the missionary's little folks, "to see all these things move?" Now, the children might have stood there forever, wishing, hoping and even praying for that end, but it would have done no good. But just drop a penny into a little slip left for it, and behold! the mason begins to work, the wind-mill to turn, the old woman to rub her clothes and the rooster to crow. The money started the whole machinery. So, Mr. Scudder said, it is with the mission work. The Church has been praying for a great while for the Lord to "open a way" for His Gospel. He has opened it so

wide than His laborers do not know what to do. They can not occupy a tenth of the ground. The Church now needs to drop in the money if they would see the works move.

Several years ago there lived a poor black woman who had been ill for nearly twenty years. In the same town was a rich and kind old man who frequently visited her. One day he said to her, on entering her home, "Ah, Betty, are you still alive?" "Yes, thank God," was the answer. "Why, do you suppose," he then said, "does God keep you so long in this world, poor, ill and blind, while you might go to Heaven, and there enjoy so much happiness?" She promptly replied: "Ah, sir, you do n't understand. There are two great things for the Church to do; one is to pray, the other is to work. Now, God keeps me alive that I may pray for the Church; and He keeps you alive that you may work for the Church. Your large gifts do not help much without the prayers of poor Betty." Labor, with prayer, is God's method for spreading His Gospel among the nations. One is not sufficient.—*Foreign Missionary.*

A Presiding Elder in New Jersey testifies that on his district of 11,000 members he has 2,000 men who use tobacco. At the average of ten cents each per day these 2,000 Christians consume \$73,000 worth of tobacco in a year—more money than is given for missions by all New Jersey Methodism with her 79,713 members. God says, "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?"

CHAPTER VIII.

JESUS.

THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.

In a village on the Welsh coast, the people fetch all their water from a well.

"Is this spring ever dry?" I inquired.

"Dry? Yes, ma'am; very often in hot weather."

"And where do you go then for water?"

"To the freshet a little way out of town."

"And if the freshet dries up?"

"Why, then we go to the rock-well, higher up, and the best water of all."

"But if the rock-well fails?"

"Why, ma'am, the rock-well never dries up, never. It is always the same—winter and summer."

This precious well, which "never dries up," reminded me of the waters of life and salvation, flowing from the heart of the "Rock of Ages," and freely bestowed upon all men who believe in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Every other brook may go dry in the days of drought and adversity; but this heavenly spring never ceases to flow.

Without waiting till earth's wayside brooks shall fail, let us all hasten at once, with hearts athirst, to the heavenly well "*which never dries up.*"—*Exchange.*

and I, if I be lifted up.

CHRIST UNVEILED.

✓ A Spanish artist was once employed to paint "The Last Supper." It was his object to throw all the sublimity of his art into the figure and countenance of the Lord Jesus; but he put on the table, in the foreground, some chased cups, the workmanship of which was exceedingly beautiful. When his friends came to see the picture on the easel, each one said, "What beautiful cups." "Ah!" said he, "I have made a mistake; these cups divert the eyes of the spectator from the Lord, to whom I wished to direct attention." And he forthwith took up his brush and blotted them from the canvas, that the strength and vigor of the chief object might be prominently seen and observed. Thus all Christians should feel their great study to be Christ's exaltation; and whatever is calculated to hinder men from beholding Him in all the glory of His person and work should be removed out of the way.

FAITH IN ACTION.

A poor little street-girl was taken sick one Christmas, and carried to a hospital.

While there she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. It was all new to her, but very precious. She could appreciate such a wonderful Savior, and the knowledge made her very happy as she lay upon her little cot.

One day the nurse came around at the usual hour, and "Little Broomstick" (that was her street name) held her by the hand, and whispered:

"I'm havin' real good times here—ever such good

times! S'pose I shall have to go 'way from here just as soon as I gets well; but I'll take the good time along—some of it, anyhow. Did you know 'bout Jesus bein' born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "I know. Sh-sh-sh! Do n't talk any more."

"You did? I thought you looked as if you did n't, and I was goin' to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own orders in her curiosity.

"O, just like most o' folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum if you know'd 'bout Jesus bein' born."

Dear reader, do you know "'bout Jesus bein' born?"—*Faithful Witness.*



A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A man blind from his birth, a man of much intellectual vigor and with many engaging social qualities, found a woman who, appreciating his worth, was willing to cast in her lot with him and become his wife. Several bright, beautiful children became theirs, who tenderly and equally loved both their parents.

An eminent French surgeon while in this country called upon them, and examining the blind man with much interest and care, said to him:

"Your blindness is wholly artificial; your eyes are naturally good, and if I could have operated on them twenty years ago, I think I could have given you sight. It is barely possible that I could do it now, though it will cause you much pain."

"I can bear that," was the reply, "so you but enable me to see."

The surgeon operated upon him, and was gradually successful. First there were faint glimmerings of light; then more distinct vision. The blind father was handed a rose; he had smelt one before, but had never seen one. Then he looked upon the face of his wife, who had been so true and faithful to him; and then his children were brought, whom he had so often fondled and whose charming prattle had so frequently fallen upon his ears.

He then exclaimed: "Oh, why have I seen all of these before inquiring for the man by whose skill I have been enabled to behold them! Show me the doctor." And when he was pointed out to him he embraced him with tears of gratitude and joy.

So when we reach Heaven, and with unclouded eyes look upon its glories, we shall not be content with a view of these. No; we shall say, "Where is Christ—He to whom I am indebted for what Heaven is? Show me Him, that with all my soul I may adore and praise Him through endless ages."

"CHRIST THAT BLESSED LITTLE CHILDREN"

BY A TEACHER.

"Little Willie" is a name which brings before me visions of blue eyes and golden hair, and ruby lips that often used to say, "Tecer, are I a dood boy to-day?" But best of all were the gentle words and winning smiles that made him such a sunbeam in our school. His heart seemed overflowing with love and sympathy for everyone.

One afternoon I told the class of which he was a member how Christ took little children in His arms and blessed them, and I taught them the verse, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." That afternoon, after school was dismissed, as I was locking my desk, Willie stole softly back. Climbing upon the desk, he put his arms around my neck and kissed me, saying, "I love you, teacher."

"What is love, Willie?" I asked. He thought a moment, then replied earnestly, "It's what makes us good to folks."

After a little pause, he added, "Teacher, who is Christ that blessed little children?" Before I could reply, there came a knock at the door. I opened it, and a little girl handed me a note which contained an urgent invitation for me to spend the afternoon with a friend of mine. I knew that Willie was the child of irreligious parents, and that I ought to encourage this, his first seeking after divine truth, but the tempter whispered, "to-morrow will do as well," and I yielded to the voice.

But the next day Willie's place was vacant. I missed the bright face and ringing laugh of my little pet. On the first opportunity, some days after, I directed my steps toward his father's house. On the way I met his sister. Taking my hand, she said hurriedly, "Oh, teacher, won't you come right down to our house? Willie is so sick and he do n't know any of us." In a few moments I stood by the bedside of the little sufferer. He was tossing to and fro in restless pain, and they told me that scarlet fever was drying up the fountains of that young life.

As I entered the room he said softly, "Who is Christ that blessed little children?" Sitting beside him, I told him the sweet story of the Cross. But reason seemed clouded; and yet when I ceased speaking, he said with pleading earnestness, "Please tell me who is Christ that blessed little children."

"Will you pray for us?" asked the father. It was all he could say, for his heart was full. Kneeling there, I prayed that God would spare our darling, if it was His will, and if not, that He would comfort the hearts of his parents in their great sorrow, and make me more faithful to the little ones committed to my charge. When we arose, a convulsion came over Willie, and the little form writhed in agony. It was but for a moment; then he lay still, with closed eyes and clasped hands. Silently we watched beside him.

An hour passed on, and then there was another convulsion. It was longer and harder than the last. At its close he lay pale and exhausted. Suddenly he opened his eyes and his lips unclosed. There was a strange, agonizing earnestness in his voice as he pleaded, "Please tell me who is Christ that blessed little children! Oh, please tell me who is Christ that blessed little children!" "Pray for him—for him!" sobbed the father; and I prayed then, as I had never done before that Christ would reveal Himself to that dying child. God heard the prayer; for as we watched him, an exultant look glanced across Willie's face. He lifted his head, and stretched forth his little white hands toward Heaven. I shall never forget his last words—"There is Christ that blessed little children! I coming, I coming!" And the little head was buried in the pillows. The beating heart was hushed forever.

NG8

A BOY'S LAST HYMN IN A GARRET.

A friend of mine, seeking for objects of charity, got into the upper room of a tenement-house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's eye in place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Hush! do n't tell anybody, please, sir."

"What are you doing here?"

"Hush! please don't tell anybody, sir; I'm hiding."

"What are you hiding from?"

"Do n't tell anybody, please, sir."

"Where's your mother?"

"Please, sir, mother's dead."

"Where's your father?"

"Hush! do n't tell him, do n't tell him! but look here!"

He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw that the boy's forehead was bruised and the skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir!"

"What did he beat you like that for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal!"

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir, I was a street thief once!"

"And why don't you steal any more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God, and of Heaven, and of Jesus; and they taught me 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again if my father kills me for it. But please, sir, do n't tell him."

"My boy, you must not stay here; you will die. Now you wait patiently here for a time; and I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?"

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding away from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing.

"Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn."

He raised himself on his elbow and then sang:—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee."

"Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Gracious Lord, forbid it not,
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir; good-bye."

The gentleman went away, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there were the shavings, and there was the boy, with one hand by his side, and the other tucked in his bosom underneath the little ragged shirt—dead.
—*London Christian.*

JESUS, "TOO GOOD TO GIVE UP."

The following touching incident of child martyrdom is given by Eileen Douglas in "All the World." We give it in an abridged form. Mattie was the child of drunken parents. She lived in the slums of a large city. By chance one night she strayed into a meeting. Christ was presented so lovingly and clearly that her hungry heart was anxious to receive Him. When the invitation was given she wanted to go, but fearing that it did not mean her she shyly slipped up to the leader and asked: "Does it mean me?"

When she was assured that it did, and was told just what to do, she dropped upon her knees and with closed eyes and folded hands said: "O Jesus, I've come."

She tripped lightly home in her new-found joy. Arriving there, she poured out her story, imagining in her innocence that her drunken parents had never heard of Jesus who would do so much for them, and only needed to be told so that they would come, too.

Instead of that she was cursed and whipped, and forbidden ever attending the meeting again.

The peace of God kept her through it all, saying quietly to herself: "He's too good to give up." She went again, and this time was punished more severely than before. But nothing could quench the love in Mattie's heart—neither persecution, nor starvation, nor cold. For one hour with Jesus she would brave anything, so next night saw her in her accustomed place.

Returning home she rushed to her father: "I could not help it; I had to go! Jesus is far too good to give up!"

Giving her a furious kick in the side, from which she

soon died, and muttering, "I told ye I'd kill ye," the murderer left her bleeding on the floor. During her dying hours she suffered much, and yet in the midst of it all, she said that she was "so happy."

She pleaded earnestly for her mother's soul, and when at last the conflict was ended, and years of sin and shame had been swept away by the blood current, Mattie's power of speech failed her, and she could only lie and look with unutterable affection into her mother's face.

A little while before she passed away, she called for her mother to bring her dress and the scissors. Then she asked for the patch that was stained with her life-blood to be cut out.

She looked at it, smiled, and then handing it back, said: "Give—give—it—to him." Then she gasped and seemed to sink away. Then gathering up all of her remaining strength, she added: "And—say—it—was—because—I—I—loved—*Him*—so. He—was—too—good—to—give—up."

Then her head fell back and her soul took its flight, to be forever with the triumphant martyrs, who "have come up out of great tribulation."

HOLD UP THE LIGHT.

The famous Eddystone light-house off the coast of Cornwall, England, was first built in a fanciful way, of wood, by the learned and eccentric Winstanley. On its sides he put various boastful inscriptions. He was very proud of his structure, and from its lofty balcony used boldly to defy the storm, crying, "Blow, O winds! Rise, O ocean! Break forth, ye elements, and try my work!"

But one night, the sea swallowed up the tower and its builder. It was built a second time of wood and stone, by Rud: and. The form was good, but the wood gave hold for the elements, and the builder and his structure perished in the flames. Next the great Smeaton was called. He raised a cone from the solid rock upon which it was built, and riveted it to the rock as the oak is riveted to the earth by its roots. From the rock of the foundation he took the rock of the superstructure. He carved upon it no boastful inscriptions like those of Winstanley, but on its lowest course he put, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it;" and on its key-stone, above, the simple tribute, "Laudus Deo!" and the structure still stands, holding up its beacon-light to the storm-tossed mariner.

Fellow-workers for the salvation of men, Christ the Light must be held up before men or they will perish. Let us then place Him on no superstructure of our own device. Let us rear no tower of wood, or wood and stone, but taking the Word of God for our foundation, let us build our structure upon its massive, solid truth, and on every part put Smeaton's humble, trustful inscription, and then we may be sure that the light-house will stand.

AT THE LAST.

An old clergyman said: "When I come to die I shall have my greatest grief and my greatest joy: my greatest grief that I have done so little for the Lord Jesus, and my greatest joy that the Lord Jesus has done so much for me."

QUITE TRUE.

When Chrysostom was brought up before the emperor, the potentate thought to frighten him into obedience to him, and said, "I'll banish you."

"No, you can't," said Chrysostom, "for you can't banish me from Christ."

"Then I'll take your life," cried the irate monarch.

"You can't," was the reply, "for in Christ I live and have my being."

"Then I will confiscate your wealth."

"You can't," was still the response, "for in Christ I have all riches."

At last the tyrant said, "I shall cause you to lose all your friends, and you will be virtually an outcast."

"But you cannot," Chrysostom exultingly replied, "for I have a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Is it not sweet when to our own souls, as He was to His servant Chrysostom, Christ is "all in all"?

THEY KNEW WHERE TO GO.

An old gentleman relates the following incident which occurred when he was a boy. The entire family was aroused from sleep one night by a strange, confused noise outside the house. The cause was soon discovered, and the household gathered to witness the curious scene the yard presented. Almost at the very door were two huge oxen, and behind them an irregular procession of cows, calves, and sheep. They had apparently broken out of their pasture, two or three miles away, and come at the top of their speed to the house. What was it that

so frightened them? was the question. It was answered the next morning when the torn bodies of twenty or thirty sheep were found scattered over the pasture and the tracks of two wolves discovered leading away toward the mountains. It seemed as if the terrified creatures had sought the protection of their owners.

THREE LOST CHILDREN.

In northern New Jersey some winters ago three little children wandered off from home in a snowstorm. Night came on. Father and mother said: "Where are the children?" They could not be found. They started out in haste, and the news ran to the neighbors, and before morning it was said that there were hundreds of men hunting the mountains for these three children, but they found them not. After awhile a man imagined there was a place that had not been looked at and he went and saw the three children. He examined their bodies. He found that the elder boy had taken off his coat and wrapped it around the other one, the baby, and then taken off his vest and put it around the younger one. And then they all died, he probably the first, for he had no coat or vest. Oh, it was a *touching scene* when that was brought to light. I was afterward on the ground and it brought the whole scene to my mind; and I thought myself of a more melting scene than that—it was that Jesus, our Elder Brother, took off the robe of His royalty, and laid aside the last garment of earthly comfort, that He might wrap our poor souls from the blast. Some ministers say the worst can be saved, because Richard Baxter was saved and John Newton was saved, so any

man can be saved. I do not want to put it in that way. You can be saved. I am certain of it; because I have been saved. Oh, the height and the depth and the length and the breadth of the love of God!

"I ONLY WANT YOU."

Nearly four years ago I was going to spend the day in a large city. Before starting I said to my dear invalid sister who is now in glory, satisfied with the fullness of her Father's house: "Can I buy anything for you, dear? I do want so much to bring you something from town." She interrupted my question, saying with such a sweet, yearning look: "Nothing, dear. Don't bring anything. I only want you. Come home as soon as you can." Her tender words rang in my ears all day: "I only want you;" and oh, how often, since her bright entrance within the pearly gates, have her touching words and loving look returned to memory!

Well, dear reader, is not this, too, what a dear Savior says to you? Do you want sometimes to offer prayers, tears, almsgiving, deeds of kindness, sacrifices, earnest service, and patient endeavor? But He, too, turns from all, and says: "I only want you." "My son, my daughter, give me thine heart." No amount of service can satisfy the love which claims only the heart. "Lovest thou me?" was His thrice repeated question to His erring disciple. "He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father." (John xiv, 21.) Devotion of life, earnestness of service, fervent prayers, are only acceptable to Him as fruits of love. They are valueless without the heart. He says to each of us, as my sainted sister said to me: "I only want you."

HIS NAME SHALL ENDURE FOREVER.

When Ptolemy built Pharos, the great lighthouse in the bay of Alexandria, he would have his name upon it, but Sostratus, the architect, did not think that the king, who only paid the money, should get all the credit, while he had none. So he put the king's name on the front in plaster, but underneath, in the eternal granite, he cut deeply enough, "Sostratus." The sea dashed against the plaster and chipped it off bit by bit. I dare say it lasted out the time of Ptolemy; but, by and by, the plaster was all chipped off, and there stood the name of "Sostratus." I am not sure that there are not waves that will chip off all human traces from the Church of Christ; but I am quite sure that the one name of Christ will last forever.—*S. Coley.*

"JESUS IS ALL I WANT."

The following incident shows in a very striking manner the all-sufficiency of Christ as a satisfying portion. Walking over the field of battle shortly after a severe fight, a chaplain stepped up to a wounded soldier lying on the ground apparently in severe pain, and said: "Can I do anything for you?"

"Oh, no," replied the soldier; "I want nothing. I have Jesus here with me, and He is all I want."

"But," said the chaplain, "you can't live but a few minutes longer."

"I know it; but I am in perfect peace. I have no fear of death. Please put my blanket over me and cover my face and let me shut out all but Jesus; and so let me die."

Oh, what wonderful words! "*I want nothing.*"

WHY THE YOKE IS EASY.

Mark Guy Pearse tells us of an incident which occurred in connection with a sermon of his on Christ's invitation to the weary and heavy laden.

I had finished my sermon, when a good man came to me and said: "I wish I had known what you were going to preach about. I could have told you something."

"Well, my friend," I said, "it is very good of you May I not have it still?"

"Do you know why His yoke is light, sir? If not, I think I can tell you."

"Well, because the good Lord helps us to carry it, I suppose."

"No, sir," he explained, shaking his head; "I think I know better than that. You see, when I was a boy at home, I used to drive the oxen in my father's yoke. And the yoke was never made to balance, sir, as you said." (I had referred to the Greek word. But how much better it was to know the real thing.)

He went on triumphantly: "Father's yokes were always made heavier on one side than the other. Then, you see, we would put a weak bullock in along side of a strong bullock, and the lighter end would come on the weak bullock, because the stronger one had the heavy part of it on his shoulder."

Then his face lit up as he said: "That is why the yoke is easy and the burden is light; because the Lord's yoke is made after the same pattern, and the heavy end is upon His shoulder."

So shall ye find rest to your soul.

A BOY'S WISH.

Some little boys in front of my house, a few days since sat down on the steps, and began to tell the largest wish they had. One wanted a pony to ride in Central Park; one wanted all schools and masters in the bottom of the sea; one wanted ice to come by Thanksgiving Day. One dear boy said, "My wish is so large, so sweet, I hardly dare tell it, and it swallows up all my other wishes." "O what is it! What is it?" "Well, do n't laugh, boys; I wish you only knew *my* Jesus."—*Ralph Wells.*

CHAPTER IX.

PROMISES OF GOD.

THE CLASS-LEADER'S METHOD.

Carvosso had seen all his children converted but one. Borne down with anxiety for her, he sought counsel of his class-leader, Sunday night, returning from class. "Why do n't you claim a promise of the Lord?" asked the leader. "I do n't understand you." "Well, the Book is full of promises, some bearing right on your case. Seize one of these, and throw all your weight on it until God feels your confidence in Heaven." "I'll do it," said the dear old man. They parted.

In a moment the promise swept down like a cable before him: "Thou shalt not leave one hoof behind thee." He recognized it in all its breadth and meaning. He seized it, and swung clean loose from earth and earthly doubts. God signaled that it would be all right. For ten days he saw no change. On the tenth day he was plowing near his house, when a runner came from his wife. "Do come at once; it seems daughter will die." But he understood it.

"What's the matter, daughter?" as he reached her room. "O father, pray for me. I do believe I'm lost."

In a little while she was converted. "Now, daughter, tell me all about it." "I do n't know anything about it, save that Sunday night ten days ago, just before you came from class-meeting, something got hold of my heart that I could not shake off, or read off, or sleep off. I have been miserable ever since." "I know all about it. That very night I claimed with all my heart the promise made to Israel—that is what has moved you."

When Carvosso quit doubting, God began working.

A PROMISE PUNCTUALLY KEPT.

There are few men who have tested the Lord's promises in worldly matters more frequently, and to so large an extent, as the Rev. D. M. Heydrick, of Brooklyn, N. Y. One of his experiences is related by the Rev. H. J. Latham in his "God's Business." It appears that Mr. Heydrick opened a mission relying on certain payments being made by a Christian associate. A number of reversible seats costing \$300 were ordered, and before they were paid for his associate withdrew from the mission, and neglected to pay for the seats. Mr. Heydrick could not pay, and the manufacturer, growing impatient, told him he must sue the man who ordered them.

Mr. Heydrick said, "Let us see what the Word says about this matter." He opened to these words, "There is utterly a fault among you, because ye go to law with another. Why do ye not rather take wrong? Why do ye not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded?"

The surprise of the merchant at the aptness of the passage was complete. Mr. Heydrick said, "Give me a month, and I will pay for those seats myself."

The merchant agreed to this. One month later Mr. Heydrick called upon this man. He said: "I promised to pay you \$300 to-day. I haven't got the money. I am very sorry. I wish you would give me a little more time."

"Certainly," was the reply. "But I thought the Lord helped you to keep your promises."

There was no answer.

"How is this?"

"I cannot understand it. God has never disappointed me before. I am sorry to be obliged to ask you for an extension of time. I will have it for you in a month. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said the manufacturer. "Oh, say! I saw a person in the street to-day who was inquiring about you. I answered that you would be at my office to-day. I was asked to give you this letter. I had almost forgotten it."

Mr. Heydrick opened the letter. On a sheet of paper were these words:

"Use this in the Lord's cause."

Enclosed in the letter were six fifty-dollar bills.

Mr. Heydrick handed the money to the merchant with the words: "There's your \$300. Give me a receipt. God has not disappointed me. Blessed be His holy name forever."—*The Christian Herald*.

ONLY A TRACT.

In a room on the top floor of a tenement house, a woman sat by the window sewing. Her thoughts were keeping time with her needle when a feeble voice from

the cot in the corner said, "Mamma, is it almost morning? I am so hungry." A true mother only can know how she felt as she crossed the cold, bare floor to the bedside. The cupboard had been bare for several meals. Promises and imaginations could ease the pangs of hunger no longer. Tears filled the eyes of the patient little sufferer as she asked, "Will we never have anything to eat any more?"

"Yes, dear, I hope you will have all you want some day. Don't cry any more. I'll see if I can't get something for you. Oh, my," she said, as she paused a moment at the door, "has the thing which I dreaded so much come at last? Must I go out into the streets and beg?"

Just then she noticed a slip of paper being pushed under the door. "An old advertisement, I suppose. That doesn't feed a hungry mouth. But it looks so peculiar. I'll see what it is." She picked it up and read, "*My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.*"

"I wonder who put that there so early in the morning." She opened the door and listened, but there was not a sound. She looked at the little tract again. "It seems so strange that anyone should bother climbing the stairs for such a thing as that. I often read that in the Bible long ago. It doesn't look around here as if there was much truth in it. I wonder why it is in the Bible anyway?"

She turned it over and read: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "That seems as untrue as the other. I was never more forsaken by God or man than now." A voice whispered to her, "My child, these many years I cared for thee, but thou didst turn thy back upon me.

Thou forsakest me, not I thee. That is why the way is so hard and dark. Thou didst not ask me to supply thy need. Call upon me and I will answer and shew thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." She knew it was the voice of God and needed no further rebuke. Simple as a child she told Him all her need and He proved Himself true to His promises. Every need was supplied. That room, once so dark and dismal, became a cheerful home. The child was taught to trust in God and the mother's faith in Him could no more be moved. Only a tract, prayerfully placed, did the work whereunto it was sent.

PRAY FROM GOD'S SIDE OF THE FENCE.

"When a boy I was much helped by Bishop Hamline, who visited at a house where I was. Taking me aside, the Bishop said: 'When in trouble, my boy, kneel down and ask God's help, but never climb over the fence into the devil's ground and then kneel down and ask help. Pray from God's side of the fence.' Of that," said he, "I have thought every day of my life since." Continuing, he remarked: "Sanford Cobb, the missionary to Persia, helped me in another way. Said he: 'Do you ever feel thankful when God blesses you?' 'Always.' 'Did you ever tell Him so?' 'Well, I don't know that I have.' 'Well, try it, my young friend; try it, try it. Tell Him so; tell Him aloud; tell Him so that you are sure you will hear it yourself.' That was a new revelation. I found that I had been only glad, not grateful. I have since been telling Him with grateful feelings ever since to my soul's help and comfort."

NO SEPARATION.

General Clinton B. Fisk, in a lay sermon at Ocean Grove one Sunday, began with his text, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" "How do you suppose I came to have that for my text?" he asked. "Well, very early this morning I mounted my horse and went to see a friend who was poor, aged, sick, and black. I found him in his little cabin, and said, 'Tom, you are sick.' 'Yes, I am sick.' 'You won't be able to work any more?' 'Can't work any more.' 'You are going to die.' 'Yes, I am going to die.' 'Have you any meat or bread in the house?' 'No, general, I have no meat or bread; but the Lord will take care of me. He sent you here, I know He did; and although I am poor, hungry, and dying, I am perfectly happy through my love for Jesus Christ.' Nothing could separate him from that."

A TRUE STORY FOR CHILDREN.

It was in Logansport, Indiana. The merry children were on their way from the school-house on the hill. In less time than this can be written or read, a bright boy, about eight, sprang out of the crowd, and with a look of mingled joy, sorrow, hope and fear that only the strange face could describe, offering his little hand, said, "Please, mister, won't you take me by the hand?" Said he, "Do not be angry at me, I could n't help it. My father's dead; my mother lives over there in that little house. My father once took me by the hand just so, as I went from school, just here, as he came from work. You look so much like him. But he is dead, and mother is poor and

so sad, and I wanted someone to take me by the hand again. Good-bye; can't you call?"

Off like a flash, lost in the crowd. We inquired, but could not find him again.

But as we walked on, what a sermon, we said. "Take my hand, please take my hand. I have no father to take my hand now."

Then the promise, "I will hold thee by the right hand, I will guide thee with my counsel, and afterward receive thee to glory."

O dear, fatherless child, you have a Father who is in Heaven. Yes, One that is present. One that is so near; always near; ever ready to help you; to comfort and guide you with His counsel, and afterward to receive you to glory. Put your little hand in His. He will take it. He will hold, He will never let go; He will "take your hand."

THE WORD OF HELP.

Let me show you what I mean: My friend sat in her darkened room, under the shadow of bitter bereavement; to her came, and not in vain, kind letters of sympathy, each one reminding her of one or another of the comforts wherewith the Lord comforteth His people. There came also a poor, ignorant woman, fain to offer comfort; but, having none to offer, she could only sit and weep in sympathy.

"Listen, Margaret," said my friend, and taking up an open letter, she read: "Do you not remember, dear friend, that your little one's suffering drew you nearer to him than ever before? So your suffering, as your heart aches

for his loss, draws your Heavenly Father nearer to you. And to be near your heavenly Father is safety and peace."

The poor woman drank in the simple words; a new light came to her eyes.

"Sure," she said, "if misery makes the good Lord think more of us, it's not so bad, after all." And who can doubt that she took this sweet thought home to lighten her own frequent "miseries."

The next visit of the death angel to that neighborhood took away a sweet child from a poor mother who had lost three before. Straightway my friend rose up, and, taking another precious letter with her, said to the woman: "My dear old aunt, who long ago lost two little ones, writes to me that she thanked God all her life that her home has been a nursery for angels."

The weeping mother smiled suddenly upon her bare little room. "Oh, what nice words!" she said.

"I never forgets," said an old colored woman, as she rested after her hard day's labor, "what old master usen to say to us at night prayers: 'We've pitched our movin' tent,' says ole master, 'a day's march nearer home.'"

Of silver and gold we may have none, but such precious things as these are ours to bestow day after day.

"DEM SUPPOSES."

Those who are so anxious about the future as to be unhappy in the present, may learn a lesson from a poor colored woman. Her name was Nancy, and she earned a moderate living by washing. She was, however, always happy. One day one of those anxious Christians who are

constantly "taking thought" about the morrow, said to her: "Ah, Nancy, it is well enough to be happy now, but I should think your thoughts of the future would sober you. Suppose, for instance, that you should be sick and unable to work: or suppose your present employers should move away, and no one else should give you anything to do: or suppose—" "Stop!" cried Nancy, "I neber supposes. De Lord is my Shepherd, and I know's I shall not want. And, honey," she added to her gloomy friend, "it's all dem *supposes* as is making you so mis'ble. You orter give them all up an' jest trus' in the Lord."

OUR KING GIVES.

I have read somewhere the story of a poor woman who looked longingly at the flowers in the king's garden, wishing to buy some for her sick daughter. She was angrily repelled by the king's gardener, who rudely told her, "The king's flowers are not for sale!"

But the king, chancing to pass, picked a bouquet and gave it to the wistful woman, saying, "The king does not sell his flowers; he gives them away."

Our King does not sell eternal life; He *gives* it.—
Rev. J. L. Russell.

"ANYWHERE, MY LORD?"

The story is told of a young minister who went to Bishop Simpson and said, "Bishop, I cannot go to that appointment. The salary is too small, and it is too far away from the city." The Bishop tenderly remonstrated with him, and told him not to decide too hastily, and

urged him to pray over it. On Sunday the noble bishop occupied the pulpit and preached his famous sermon from the text: "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus." As the Bishop was vividly describing St. Paul crying after every peril and agony, "None of these things move me," a great commotion was observed in the rear of the congregation, and the voice of a young man was heard by the startled audience, crying: "Anywhere, anywhere, my Lord." Nobody understood that outcry except the young preacher who uttered it and the Bishop in the pulpit. This is the motive, and that the influence, which will evangelize the world.
—*Presbyterian*.

A story is told of an old lady in Scotland whose son was in this country, and who prospered in business so nicely that he wrote his mother he would always send her money for the rent, and she need not worry about it any more. In the letter he sent a money order for more than enough to pay the rent, but the old lady thought it was an advertisement, so did not even read it. She waited and waited for the money, which of course did not come, and at last she would have been turned out of the house had not a friend happened in who discovered the money order and explained it to the now happy old lady, going with her to the office to get it cashed.

CHAPTER II.

THE GOSPEL.

DON'T BE A DUCK.

In a famous ecclesiastical trial in Virginia, a number of years ago, it was said by someone that the preaching of the party on trial "had no more effect than pouring water on a duck's back." Quick as a flash the reply came, "Is that the fault of the water, or the duck?" There is food for thought in that home thrust; and so let us all go to church, next Sunday, praying for the preacher, asking God to "open our hearts," as He did the heart of Lydia, that we may attend unto the things that are spoken.—*Central Presbyterian.*

EFFECTS OF THE GOSPEL.

God never repairs. Christ never patches. The Gospel is not here to mend people. Regeneration is not a scheme of moral tinkering and ethical cobbling. What God does, He does new—new heavens, new earth, new body, new heart—"Behold, I make all things new." In the Gospel, thus we move into a new world and under a new scheme. The creative days are back again. We step out of a

regime of jails and hospitals and reform shops. We get live effects direct from God. That is the Gospel. The Gospel is a permanent miracle. God at first hand—that is miracle. The Gospel thus does not classify with other schemes of amelioration. They are good, but this is not simply better, but different, distinct, and better because distinct; it works in a new way, and works another work. Compare the wrought chains riveted on the demoniac, and the divine word working a new creation in the demoniac. It is all there. It is like the difference between the impotent Persian lashing the turbulent sea with chains, and the gracious Lord saying to the troubled sea, "Peace, be still!"

RESULT OF ONE SERMON.

Dr. Antliff was preaching special sermons in the chapel at Wolstanton, a pleasant village in the Tunstall Circuit. In one of his discourses, touching upon the tendency of preachers to underestimate the possible results of services at which there was only a small congregation, he gave an illustration from his own experience. Some years ago he went to preach in a small Derbyshire village, and found he had to preach in a farmhouse kitchen. The congregation was composed mainly of a number of boys and other young people. He accordingly addressed himself to children, and then prayed with and for the boys then present, and thought that several of them appeared impressed and interested. On returning home at night his wife said, "Well, Samuel, what sort of a day have you had?" "Only a poor day," he replied, "hardly anybody present but a few boys." "But," said the

doctor, "God has graciously blessed that service. One of the boys, who dates his conversion from that afternoon, is now a Wesleyan minister, Rev.—(giving a well known name); two more of those boys (giving their names) are now Primitive Methodist ministers." As he mentioned these names a young minister in the congregation became deeply moved, and rising and interrupting the preacher, said, with tears rolling down his face, "Forgive my intruding on your sermon, Dr. Antliff, but I am another of those boys who were led to Christ at that service in the farmhouse kitchen." The young man who thus testified is now doing noble ministerial service at one of the stations within a mile or two of Wolstanton.

TURN TO THE LIGHT.

A weary and discouraged woman, after struggling all day with contrary winds and tides, came to her home and, flinging herself down into a chair, said:

"Everything looks dark, dark."

"Why don't you turn your face to the light, aunty dear?" said a little niece who was standing near.

The words were a message from on high, and the weary eyes were turned toward Him who is the light and the life of men, and in whose light alone we see light.

"Turn your face to the light," oh, weary watcher! You have looked, and longed, and struggled in the darkness without avail; now turn your glance the other way; "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give unto us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus

Christ," and if we will look toward the light, we shall find blessing and peace all along the way, and even amid darkness and shadows shall rejoice in hope of the glory of God, the light of an unsetting day.—*The Christian.*

HOW TO DESTROY THE BIBLE.

First, get rid of all the copies in all the languages—there are 160,000,000 copies, say, of the Old and New Testaments in one book and in portions of the book—you must have all these piled together into a pyramidal mass and reduced to ashes before you can say you have destroyed the Bible. Then go to the libraries of the world, and when you have selected every book that contains a reference to the Old and New Testaments, you must eliminate from every book all such passages; and until you have so treated every book of poetry and prose, excising all ideas of grandeur and purity and tenderness and beauty for the knowledge and power of which the poets and prose writers were indebted to the Bible—until you have taken all these from between the bindings and turned them to ashes, leaving the emasculated fragments behind—not until then have you destroyed the Bible. Have you done it, then? Once more. Go to all the courts of law, and, having sought out the pandects and codes, you must master every principle of law, and study what it may have derived from the Old and New Testaments, and have all such passages removed from the codes of jurisprudence. You must then go to the galleries of art throughout the world, and you must slash and daub over and obliterate the achievements that the genius of the artist has produced—not until then have you destroyed the Bible.

Have you done it then? What next? You must visit every conservatory of music, and not until the world shall stand voiceless as to its masters, not until then have you destroyed the Bible. Then you must visit the baptis-tries of the churches, and from the baptismal rolls you must erase all Christian names—the names of John and Mary—for they suggest the Scriptures, and the register is stamped with the Bible. Have you done it then? No. There is one thing more you must perform. There is one copy of the Bible still living. It is the cemetery of the Christian. The cemeteries, while they exist, are Bibles, and to suppress the book, to let not a trace of it be discovered, you must pass from grave-stone to grave-stone, and with mallet and chisel cut out every name that is biblical, and every inspiring passage of Scripture graven thereon. To destroy the Bible you must also blot from the memory of every Christian its promises and comforts. Not till you have done all this can you destroy the Bible.

THE LONGEST DAY.

It is quite important, when speaking of the longest day in the year, to say what part of the world we are talking about, as will be seen by reading the following list, which tells the length of the longest day in several places. How unfortunate are the children in Tornea, Finland, where Christmas Day is less than three hours in length!

At Stockholm, Sweden, the longest day is eighteen and one-half hours in length.

At Spitzbergen the longest day is three and one-half months.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and one-half hours.

At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantzic, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours.

At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22, without interruption.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is nineteen hours, and the shortest five hours.

At Tornea, Finland, June 21 brings a day nearly twenty-two hours long, and Christmas one less than three hours in length.

At New York the longest day is about fifteen hours, and at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen.

But the longest day of all will be in the New Jerusalem; for "*there shall be no night there.*"—*The Evangel.*

THE KEY TO HIS HEART.

I had at one time a class of promising boys, with one exception. One of the nine was considered the worst boy in the school. As rough, untutored specimen of a boy as ever was.

I made the same appeals to John that I did to the others, and there is just where I erred. I pointed out his rough, careless ways, and urged him to give himself to God; but I never studied him; I never searched for his heart, to know what was in it; I never tried to find the link between his soul and Heaven.

John was a great trouble in the school. He spoiled the other boys, and annoyed the superintendent by keeping up a general disquiet.

Time and again, the superintendent used to come to

me, saying, "Can you do nothing with John? Can you make no appeal to his heart?"

"Heart!" I answered. "John is without a heart, so far as I can judge."

There was one thing about the boy that I had noticed, without making any inquiry concerning it; and that was, that he always brought his own old Bible—a worn, ragged copy; and when he could be persuaded to read, never read from any other. Occasionally, I urged him to use a newer copy, but he steadily refused, and always slipped his ragged Bible into his pocket at the close of the session.

One Sabbath I missed John from his usual place. "Now, boys," I said, "we may expect a quiet, profitable time, since our tormentor is not with us."

In a moment, I felt in my heart that I was rebuked, and I would have given much to have seen my troublesome scholar's shaggy head restlessly moving about before my eyes. Was this the spirit of my Master? Was I a fit keeper for that soul? What had I succeeded in doing for him all along? A sense of my utter unworthiness and uselessness took possession of me. In vain I took up the lesson and attempted to teach. The scholars were dull and indifferent, and I had no power to interest them. The lesson was a failure, and I was relieved when it was finished.

Two weeks passed. Each Sabbath I expected to see John, but he never came again. One evening of the third week of his absence, a woman, carelessly dressed, weeping bitterly, came to my house.

"Are you John Wesley's Sabbath-school teacher, sir?" she asked.

"I am," I replied.

"Oh, then, sir, our John's a-dyin'! He did n't like to send for you, because he said he'd been a bad boy. But he longed and longed, and watched the door, sir, hopin' you'd come in. I could n't stand his looks; so to-night, I just slipped off without sayin' a word to him. Oh! won't you come with me to see him?"

I made no answer, but snatching my hat, blindly hurried out beside her, and spoke not a word till I stood at the bedside of the *worst boy in school*. How changed he was! His old, restless air was quite gone.

"My boy!" I exclaimed through choking tears.

He turned his filmy eyes upon me, and made an effort to speak, but failed. I knelt and prayed aloud in bitter agony of soul; prayed most for myself; for had I not sinned more than this boy? Then I held tight the hand of John, and yearned over him with unutterable sorrow.

"He was wild, poor boy!" said the mother sobbing: "but I missed training him right. But he had his soft ways, too. You see that little, old Bible by his pillow?" I looked and saw the same old copy which he had read in school.

"Well," continued his mother, "that used to belong to his sister. She had read it over and over again, and sometimes read bits of it to Johnny. She died very happy, and Johnny kept her Bible. But he got more reckless, after she was gone. When he was *very* bad at times, I used to remind him of little Mary's Bible, and it softened him. Since he's been sick, he would have the book by him all the time."

And there was poor John's history—all bound up in that little volume! At last I had discovered his heart.

All that long time, the key to it had been carried about with him. One word about Mary's Bible might have suddenly given me the secret workings of his soul. But that word I had never uttered.

John died, his hand held in mine.

Friends, I believe my scholar is in Heaven. I know that the Holy Spirit came in just where I failed, and performed the work in John's heart at last. But I still carry with me a wholesome regret; and I write this that you may be warned in time, that every scholar has a heart, and that it is discoverable.

THE LAST REQUEST.

It was at the close of a hard-fought day when death from the cannon ball, death from the rifle bullet, and death from the bayonet thrust had laid low many a brave man, that a stalwart soldier, rifle in hand, knelt on one knee, beside a dying comrade.

Hand clasped in hand the two men held their last interview. It was very brief and the crack of the rifle and the boom of the distant gun mingled with the solemn words that passed.

"George," said the dying man, "you will see the folks at home, though I shall not. Will you take them a message for me?" "I will faithfully, Fred," said his friend. "I feel my time is short," said Fred, as he pressed his arm on a wound from which the life blood was slowly but surely flowing; "but I should like to send some consolation to the home where they will weep for me." "You may trust me, Fred," said the kneeling soldier, who, strong and manly as he was, could scarcely repress his

tears. "If I live to see the dear old village again, I will surely take your message."

"Thank you, old boy. I am sure you will. You know what I was when I left home, a wild, careless boy without a serious thought in my head. Well, my mother gave me a Bible when I came away and I promised to read it. You know we had to go to church and Sunday-school when we were boys, but afterward I did not go when I could avoid it. Mother grieved, I know; and she was afraid that when I was away I should come to harm. But I read the Book every day, George—tell her that—I was among a wild lot and I was careless, but I always found a chance to keep my promise. And the dreadful scenes we have seen have sobered me. I always thought I should get knocked over in some of our fights, as I have, and the thought, though it did not unman me, made me serious. At times I have heard the hymns we used to sing at school, 'Around the throne of God in Heaven,' and 'I think when I read'—you remember them, George? Well, I fancied I could hear them above the music of the drum and fife. Odd scraps of sermons, too, have come into my mind at times, and though I did not care for them when I heard them, they have had a new light with the boys dying around us.

"Well, George, I prayed, too, and I have had some talk with the chaplain and—my dear, old boy, I am dying fast, I cannot see your face now, it is growing dark all around—don't loose my hand, George—I cannot say all I wanted to, but go to my mother and tell her I am a Christian. Tell her I died trusting in Jesus and sure that He will receive me on the shining shore we used to sing about. Tell her I could see—"

But George never told Fred's mother what her boy could see as he lay dying. He told her all beside, but when he had told her that, he had to tell her that a bright flash of joy shot across his face, and he fell back speechless in the arms of death. The old Christian lady shed many tears over her son's death, but the message his friend carried to her was the best consolation she could have had, and it was with a happy face that she said, as the sorrowing king said in the hour of his bereavement: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

THE DAY THAT BABY DIED.

A poor, little, faded woman had been brought into court as a witness in a very disagreeable case, involving very serious issues. The entire case depended on the fact that a paper had been signed on a certain day, and this the forlorn little woman was prepared to prove.

"You saw the paper signed?" asked the opposing counsel in cross-examination.

"Yes, sir."

"You take your oath that it was the 30th of August?"

"I know it was, sir."

The lawyer, who thought another date could be proved, assumed an exasperating smile, and repeated her words:

"You know it was! And now be so good as to tell me just how you know it."

The poor, little woman looked from one to another with wide, sorrowful eyes, as if she sought understanding and sympathy. Then her gaze rested on the face of the kindly judge. "I know," she said, as if speaking to him alone, "because that was the day that baby died."

NG10

THE BACKWOODSMAN'S THRILLING STORY.

Special services were being conducted in the East of London recently, and at one of the meetings an old man desired that the well-known children's hymn, commencing—

“I want to be an angel,”

might be sung. In compliance with the request the hymn was sung, and the impression made was of a most encouraging character. Many present were touched with the simplicity and tenderness of the words, and most felt that they would like to enter into “the rest that remaineth for the people of God.” Among those who remained for prayer was the old man himself, and he was completely broken down. Christian friends present inquired how it was that he was so affected by the hymn, as he had been on the Lord's side for a number of years, and knew that when death came he would “enter in through the gates into the City.” He replied:

“Many years ago I was living in the backwoods of America, and, although far away from companions, my life was a very happy one. A loving wife and little daughter were the sunshine of my home, and made even bush life far from monotonous. I was not, however, a Christian, and felt quite unconcerned about my soul's salvation. Death, however, came into my home, and took away my wife. I then began to think seriously about the importance of decision for Christ, and reconciliation to God. But, alas! I did not yield to the strivings of the Spirit, and, in order to deaden my impressions, and to silence my conscience, *I gave way to drink*, and day after day I became worse.

"Thus I was going headlong towards perdition. My little daughter was neglected, and, furthermore, forbidden even to read her Bible or attend the Sunday-school, some three miles distant, and which was presided over by a Christian missionary. In my drunken fits I treated her most cruelly, and threatened that *I would shoot her if she crossed the threshold of the Sunday-school any more*. With a cry of sorrow she would say, 'Father, I do love Jesus! I do love my teacher! and I do so want to go to Heaven when I die! I hope you will let me go to school.' My heart was not in the least affected by her pleadings, but rather hardened, and I resolved that if she would insist upon going I would punish her severely. The following Sunday, however, on my return home, I found that she was absent, and being almost mad with drink, I took down my gun and made for the direction from which she would come.

"On meeting my child I at once leveled the gun, but was stopped from firing by her entreaties. On perceiving that I fully intended to commit this diabolical act, she cried, 'Stop a minute, father; I want to pray;' and after a few words of simple prayer, she sang the following verse—

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.
There with the blood-bought children,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll make the sweetest music
And praise Him day and night."

"Then, oh, how can I repeat it! I shot her—my only

child. The act sobered me, and realizing what I had done, I lost consciousness. On my recovery I seemed to hear the voice of God, saying, 'The fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, *and murderers*,and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.' For many days and nights I was in a most distressed state of mind lest God's judgment should come upon me, and that I should have my part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. But I cried unto the Lord for mercy, and He heard my cry and saved my soul, and now I want all present to thank God for His goodness."

One day last week a man on his way to the station to take a train, passing a fine old mansion, saw smoke issuing from the roof. He rang the bell and told the servants that the house was on fire. They laughed at him. Having done his duty, he went on to the train. Thirty minutes afterward the flames burst out and the edifice was destroyed. How oft the friendly voice that warns the reckless boy is laughed at. It was always so. When Lot warned his friends to flee out of Sodom, we are told that "he seemed as one that mocked unto his sons-in-law." But the end came then, and ever will, to a life of sin, sooner and far more terribly than any warning voice can depict.

CHAPTER XI.

CHURCH AMUSEMENTS.

AMUSEMENTS A FAILURE.

The mission of amusement utterly fails to effect the desired end among the unsaved, but it works havoc among the young converts. Were it a success, it would be none the less wrong. Success belongs to God; faithfulness to His instructions to me. But it is not. Test it even by this, and it is a contemptible failure. Let that be the method which is answered by fire, and the verdict will be, "The preaching of the Word, that is the power."

Let us see the converts that have been won by amusements. Let the harlots and the drunkards, to whom a dramatic entertainment has been God's first link in the chain of their conversion, stand forth. Let the careless and the scoffers, who have cause to thank God that the Church has relaxed her spirit of separation and met them half way in their worldliness, speak and testify. Let the husbands, wives and children that rejoice in a new and holy home through "Sunday-evening lectures on social questions," tell out their joy. Let the weary, heavy-laden souls that have found peace through a con-

cert, no longer keep silent. Let the men and women who have found Christ through the reversal of apostolic methods, declare the same, and show the greatness of Paul's blunder when he said, "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." There is neither voice nor any answer. The failure is on a par with the folly, and as huge as the sin. Out of thousands with whom I have personally conversed, the mission of amusement has claimed no convert.

Now let the appeal be made to those who, repudiating every other method, have staked everything on the Book and the Holy Ghost. Let them be challenged to produce results. There is no need. Blazing sacrifices on every hand attest the answer by fire. Ten thousand times ten thousand voices are ready to declare that the plain preaching of the Word was first and last the cause of their salvation.

But how about the other side of this matter?—what are the baneful effects? Are they also *nil*? I will here solemnly, as before the Lord, give my personal testimony. Though I have never seen a sinner saved, I have seen a number of backsliders manufactured by this new departure. Over and over again have young Christians, and sometimes Christians who are not young, come to me in tears, and asked what they were to do, as they had lost all their peace and fallen into evil. Over and over again has the confession been made, "I began to go wrong by attending worldly amusements that Christians patronized."

"Come out," is the call for to-day. Sanctify yourselves. Put away the evil from among you. Cast down the world's altars and cut down her groves. Spurn her of-

fered assistance. Decline her help, as your Master did the testimony of devils, "for He suffered them not to speak, for they knew Him." Renounce all the policy of the age. Trample upon Saul's armor. Grasp the Book of God. Trust the Spirit who wrote its pages. Fight with this weapon only, and always. Cease to amuse, and seek to arouse. Shun the clap of a delighted audience, and listen to the sobs of a convicted one. Give up trying to please men who have only the thickness of their ribs between their souls and Hell, and warn, and plead, and entreat, as those who feel the waters of eternity creeping upon them.

Let the Church again confront the world; testify against it; meet it only behind the cross; and, like her Lord, she shall overcome, and with Him share the victory.

AN AMUSEMENT BUREAU.

The Church is not bound to provide amusement for her young people. The Bible sanctions no such theory. The apostles had no time for such business. The Church of Jesus Christ was organized for holy, spiritual, and saving purposes. It is a school, and not a play-ground. It is a work-shop; not a pleasure resort. It is the birth-place of souls; not the sporting-ground of adolescence. There is an urgent need in many quarters for a return to this Scriptural conception. The young ought to be educated to the idea that the soul is of the first importance, and that all else must be subordinate to its conversion and sanctification.—*The Presbyterian.*

"WHOOPEASY."

Thirty years ago there was a band of Indians going about the country giving exhibitions of their peculiar customs, manners, and dress (or undress), from the "barking-up" of the baby to the national dance and war-whoop. I cannot be sure at this distance of time whether they were *bona-fide* Indians or make-believes, like the so-called negro minstrels; but that is quite aside from my story.

Upon reaching a certain town inhabited by a quiet, thrifty, and pious folk, they found that there was no public hall of any description in the place. There were no less than four churches, but to have such a performance in a church building was entirely out of the question. There was, however, a lecture-room belonging to one of the churches, a commodious and comfortable building used for Sunday-school and prayer-meeting, and sometimes for concerts and fairs. The Indian troupe applied for this lecture-room, and grave was the debate of the perplexed deacons, torn by their contending desires; they would be faithful to their trust, but they wished to see the Indian show.

A comical compromise was at last agreed upon: the Indians were to have the lecture-room upon condition that in their painted war-dance they would "whoop easy."

We have been laughing at those absurd old church-wardens all these thirty years, but verily we sit upon the same bench with them—some of us. How often do we weakly indulge ourselves in what is inconsistent with our Christian profession, secretly promising ourselves the while that we will whoop easy! Leaving out of consider-

ation such worldly amusements as may (or may not) be innocent within moderate bounds, consider, for example, the matter of uncharitable gossip. In its rude extreme we all dislike such gossip, calling it slander. But day after day we allow in ourselves and encourage in others that small, unnecessary criticism, spiced with ridicule, which we call social chat; we make room for the savages, provided they will "whoop easy."

And so with many another evil practice; we stand back with uplifted hands from the side on which it runs into vice, while dallying carelessly within its bounds.

Yet it is a fact of solemn significance that one of the few contemptuous expressions in God's Word is directed against these middle-course people: "Because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

And dare we excuse what the Lamb in the midst of the throne, the tenderness that is in the midst of Almighty-ness, could find no patience for?

A QUEER STEER.

In the slang parlance of some of our great cities a bunco steerer is a man whose occupation consists in luring unsuspecting countrymen into games of chance and defrauding them of their money.

Billy Bunco, however, is not a man, but a Texas steer, and is probably the greatest arch-traitor in the land. For six years he has been employed in such a wholesale betrayal of his comrades that the burden of his sins, as expressed numerically, is simply astounding. Billy is owned by Armour & Co., the great Chicago beef house, and his vocation consists in leading cattle to slaughter.

The cattle on arriving at the stock yards are much alarmed at the smell of blood, and it is exceedingly difficult to drive them, as they seem to have a premonition of their impending doom, but where one of their number leads they follow blindly. So when the pens are opened Billy is at hand to lead his trusting companions to their death.

An employee opens the gate of a pen and calls out, "All right, Billy," and Billy without delay places himself at the head of the frightened herd, and unhesitatingly marches to the door of the slaughter house, where he quickly steps aside, while his deluded followers are driven to meet their fate.

He then makes his way back to the yard, and waits for the next pen to be opened, and at the signal, "All right, Billy," he conducts fresh victims to the house of death.

It is impossible to have very much respect for this wholesale and professional betrayer, Billy; but perhaps he is not so much to be blamed, as he probably knows that, if he should fail to perform the unpleasant duties connected with his office, he would forfeit his head, and disappear in the house whither he has seen so many of his kind enter, never to reappear, except in the form of steaks, roasts, and canned beef.

It is probable that he purchases his life at the expense of his happiness, for this betrayal of nearly a million lives a year is telling on him, and he wears a sad and shame-faced expression; so possibly some day he will mix with the herd as they go to their death, and sacrifice his life to atone for his misdeeds.—*Harman's Young People.*

SOME CHURCH PROBLEMS IN APHORISM.

The world's deepest misery, like its sublimest faith, is without speech.

Only small needs have vital force enough to utter the wild wail of despair.

The Protestant world builds its churches as if it expected only our most worthy selves and well-behaved and highly respected neighbors, and advantageous commercial friends, to worship in them.

The anarchist is a person who believes that his worst enemy is the man who owns a house; that dynamite is the only true gospel; and that the only future is none at all.

American infidelity is only the cast-off rags from the infidel wardrobes of Germany.

Prescription for making an anarchist: Between the upper millstone of our neglect to meet the immigrant on his arrival, with the Gospel in his own tongue, and the nether millstone of a criminal neglect of his children, we grind out the anarchist.

The wine glass is an opaque thing, and God cannot be seen through it.

America is the only country on earth where the city church possesses the monstrosity of a frequent flitting day.

These are the days and America is the paradise of doing all things, or pretending to do them by the omnipotent committee.

The crown and glory of all true union is for each unit to be at its best. The links, and not the impersonal chain, hold the anchor.

That is the most efficient organization which compels the most effective use of the individual force.

The only way to melt the wall of ice which rises between the masses and the Church, is for every individual Christian to kindle a fire at its base.

Let the Church observe as much system in its evangelistic methods to reach the one house and the one person as the politician does to reach the one voter.

Christ always fed the hungry multitude by individual servants.

Protestantism has yet to learn from Romanism the whole lesson of woman's worth and force in the Church.

The Church of Christ, in its most exalted hours, has never been afraid to be in the most unpopular minority.

Nothing strong in truth or magnificent in possession has ever come to the Church by falling, as ripe fruit, in its open hand. The treasures of the Church have been won, like pearls, from the ocean depths, or pure gold from the white heated furnace.

The birthplace of the Church was at the foot of the cross.

God is always on the side of His kingdom and the men who love it.

The American Church is getting into the firm conviction that the whole heathen world will be won to Christ. But when shall we be convinced that the whole Christian world will be won to Christ?

We have half won our victory when we see the place where defeat is possible.

The glory of the weak is that before them God has placed His greatest promises.

The Chinaman ought to be as free to land anywhere on our shores as the American missionary is to step ashore on every foot of the twenty-five hundred miles of the Chinese coast.

The day is sure to come—we see the twilight now—when the saloon will be so deep that no pick and spade of even a Schliemann shall be able to exhume it.

The saloon, that venerable structure of the alcoholic style of architecture, is already taking on the look of a useless antique of the palæolithic age.

LOYAL TO GOOD TRAINING.

A young man was recently graduated from a scientific school. His home had been a religious one. He was a member of a Christian church, had pious parents, brother, and sisters; his family was one in Christ. On graduating he determined upon a Western life among the mines. Full of courage and hope, he started out on his long journey to strike out for himself in a new world. The home prayers followed him. As he went, he fell into company with older men. They liked him for his frank manners and manly independence. As they journeyed together they stopped for a Sabbath in a border town. On the morning of the Sabbath, one of his fellow-travelers said to him, "Come, let us be off for a drive and the sights." "No," said the young man, "I am going to church." His road acquaintance looked at him for a moment and then, slapping him on the shoulder, said, "Right, my boy. I began in that way. I wish I had kept on. Young man, you will do. Stick to your bringing up, and your mother's words, and you will win." His com-

panions had their drive, but the boy gained their confidence and won their respect by his manly avowal of sacred obligations. Already success is smiling upon the young man. There is no lack of places for him.—*Christian Weekly*.

BROTHERS IN DISTRESS.

Little Roland Q—, an orphan who had been accustomed during the life of his parents to generous nurture, and even to indulgence, went, after their death, to an uncle, who believed in severe treatment of children. The boy was put at once upon a plain diet of oatmeal, bread and butter, a little meat and a carefully regulated allowance of fruit.

This the poor boy regarded as next door to starvation, and he ate so little that it was remarked in his presence that he was growing thin.

One day his uncle took him out to walk in the suburb where he lived. While they were walking they met a friend of the uncle, accompanied by a large greyhound.

The boy had never seen a dog of this sort before, and was greatly astonished by its extraordinary thinness. He looked very sympathetically at the animal.

"Ah," said the owner to Roland, "you think he's pretty thin, don't you?"

"Y-yes," said the boy. "Does he live with his uncle?"

Roland's allowance of meat was considerably increased after this incident, and now and then he was even allowed a bit of pastry.—*Youth's Companion*.

A boy astonished his Christian mother by asking for a dollar to buy a share in a raffle for a silver watch that was to be raffled off in a beer saloon. His mother was horrified, and rebuked him. "But," said he, "mother, did you not bake *a cake with a ring in it*, to be raffled off in the Sunday-school fair?" "Oh, my son," said she, "that was for the Church." "But if it was wrong," said the boy, "would doing it for the Church make it right? Would it be right for me to steal money to put it in the collection? And if it is right for the Church, is it not right for me to get this watch if I can?" The good woman was speechless, and no person can answer the boy's argument. The practices are both wrong or they are both right.

CHAPTER XII.

FOLLY OF INFIDELITY.

HE PROVED IT.

Recently the evangelist, E. L. Hyde, was conducting a revival meeting at B—, in New Jersey, and in the course of his remarks said “he could prove to the satisfaction of any infidel within ten minutes, that he was a fool,” little thinking that he would have occasion or opportunity of doing so. The next morning while walking, a gentleman accosted him very abruptly by saying, “Are you the evangelist preaching up here at the church?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, I supposed you were a gentleman.”

“I claim to be one.”

“Well, I don’t think you are one. Didn’t you say last night that you could prove to the satisfaction of anyone within ten minutes that all infidels are fools? If you don’t prove it to my satisfaction I will publish you in all the city papers as the most consummate liar that ever struck the city.”

Seeing there was no possibility of reasoning with the man, Mr. Hyde said:

"Where is your infidel?"

"I claim to be one," was the reply, "and I want you to know I am no fool, either."

"You don't mean to say there is no reality in Christianity?"

"I do, sir. I have studied all phases of the subject and have traveled and delivered lectures against Christianity for *more than twelve years*, and I am prepared to say there is *nothing in it*."

"You are certain there is nothing in it?"

"Yes, sir, there is nothing in it."

"Will you please tell me," said Mr. Hyde, "if a man who will *lecture twelve years against nothing* is not a fool, what, in your judgment, would constitute a fool?"

He turned away in a rage. Mr. Hyde, drawing out his watch, insisted he still had six minutes, but the infidel would not hear him, nor was Mr. Hyde published in the city papers.

NO COUNTERFEIT INFIDELS.

"Did you ever see a counterfeit ten-dollar bill?"

"Yes."

"Why was it counterfeited?"

"Because the genuine bill was worth counterfeiting."

"Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it was not worth counterfeiting."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian?"

"Yes."

"Why was he counterfeited?"

"Because he was worth counterfeiting."

"Was he to blame for the counterfeit?"

"Of course not."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel?"

"Why, no."

"Why not?"

"Ahem."

We pass the above catechism along.—*Sel.*

WHY GOD DID IT.

A man one time got down on his knees with his wife that he had just married and they said, "O God, we will give Thee a portion of all our income; we will be only Thy stewards." This went along for years and they kept their vows. But finally they began to get rich, and in time he became the richest man in the richest county in the state. He had the finest home, the nicest farm, the best cattle; he devoted himself to the raising of sheep, and of these there were none so fine in all the state. Then he began to withhold from God; he kept back that which he vowed to give; he would not give of his money to missions; he forgot, or refused entirely to do as he had promised in his early days. He had a beautiful little daughter and death came and took that daughter away. Instead of softening that man's heart, it made him worse. He got harder hearted; he would not go to church, he would not hear a preacher preach, he would not go with in the sound of the Gospel, and when people would go to him to talk to him about giving himself to God, he would curse God and say, "I do not want anything to do

with Him. He took away my daughter. I hate Him. I hate Him. I won't serve such a God. I would not have anything to do with such a God."

After awhile there came a revival meeting, and the wife was converted, converted through and through, and sanctified wholly; but she did not dare to invite the evangelist to come to her house. She said to him, "You pray to God, and I will ask my husband if I may invite you." He prayed, and then the wife asked the husband, and he replied that he might come, but he must not talk about his God or he would put him out of the house. The day came, and the wife told the evangelist that he might come, but he was not to say anything about God. He said to the lady, "Pray that God will give me wisdom to do and say just the right thing." He visited the home, and the lady received him very kindly. By and by the wife said to her husband who was in another room, "The pastor and evangelist are in the parlor." "I don't want to see them." After awhile it came time for dinner, and they were invited to sit down to the table. The farmer spoke up and said, "I suppose you want to say a little prayer before we eat; you may go ahead and do that, but that is all you are going to pray in this house." The evangelist thanked God for the food, for the privilege of being there, and for the privilege that that opportunity afforded. Then the man began to talk politics, and soon it was seen that the preacher knew more about politics than the farmer. After that they talked about the weather, then about the neighborhood and community, and then the farmer said, "I have got to go out and see my sheep." Instantly the reply came from the preacher that he was interested in sheep, and if he was willing he would be

pleased to go and see his sheep. By this time the farmer had begun to think that he was a wonderful preacher—he knew politics, all about the community, knew the good points of the cattle and sheep and horses. Then he said to the preacher, “I have another flock over here of very fine sheep; they are the finest I have, and there are only thirty-five of them. They are quite a way off, on another farm.” The preacher said he would like to go, and so together they went to where that other flock was in pasture. After viewing them, the farmer said, “This pasture is too far away; I will have to take them up nearer home; but unless I can get them across that stream I will have to take them around the road, which is a mile and a half.” The preacher in his heart said, “Lord, give me words to say.” Then the farmer said, “If I just put this lamb on the other side of the stream, its bleating will attract the attention of the flock, and every other sheep will go over to it.” Then the preacher talked on about the sheep, and by and by he said to the Lord, “What do you want me to say? Tell me now.” Then the preacher turned to the farmer and said, “You have been very kind to me; you have treated me with the greatest courtesy; we have had a most pleasant conversation together all this afternoon; I have enjoyed seeing your fine stock; but I do not want to go away without saying a word about your salvation. God has provided salvation—” “Stop!” said the farmer, “don’t you say a word to me about your God; He took away my little girl. Tell me why He did it.” And he began to curse. The preacher said, “O God, what shall I do?” Then the preacher went and picked up a little lamb and started right down toward the water, waded through the

stream and placed the lamb on the other bank, and then said, "O God, help." The little lamb began to bleat to the mother sheep over on the other side, and as fast as it could come, it came to the water's edge. Only an instant it lingered, and into the stream it plunged and was soon with its little one. Then every last one of the sheep followed and were soon over on the other side of the stream. The farmer said, "Say, friend, what made you do that?" "Shall I tell you?" said the preacher. "God took away your little girl. You did not care for God. You promised to serve Him; you promised to be His steward; you promised to give your life to Him, and you forgot all these vows in your care for this world, and God came and took your little lamb and put it there on the other side, and on the other side it is calling for you, calling for you, calling for you." Say, that farmer threw his arms around that preacher's neck, and said, "Why, preacher, I never saw it in that way before. *I will go to it.*"

A TESTED REMEDY.

It is related that Bishop Kavanaugh was one day walking when he met a prominent physician, who offered him a seat in his carriage. The physician was an infidel, and the conversation turned upon religion.

"I am surprised," said the doctor, "that such an intelligent man as you should believe such a fable as that."

The bishop said, "Doctor, suppose years ago someone had recommended to you a prescription for pulmonary consumption, and you had procured the prescription and taken it according to order, and had been cured of that

terrible disease, what would you say of the man who would not try your prescription?"

"I should say he was a fool."

"Twenty-five years ago," said Kavanaugh, "I tried the power of God's grace. It made a different man of me. All these years I have preached salvation, and wherever accepted have never known it to fail."

What could the doctor say to such a testimony as that? And such testimonies are what men need to turn them from the error of their ways, to the personal experience of the saving power of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"How would you prove the divinity of Christ?" said some ministers to a young backwoods preacher whom they were examining.

"What?" said he, puzzled by their question.

"How would you prove the divinity of Christ?"

"Why, *He saved my soul*," was the triumphant reply.

But to give this answer one must be saved, and know it in his heart, and show it in his life, and he then becomes a living epistle known and read of all men.

HUGO "TOOK GOD."

The *Index* publishes the following incident from a late Life of Victor Hugo, contributed by Theodore Stanton. One day, when he was up for election, a delegate from one of the revolutionary societies of Paris called, and in the name of his fellow-members complained rather rudely of Victor Hugo's theistical ideas. "I would like to know," said the delegate, "whether you stand by us or the priests." "I stand by my conscience," answered the poet. "Is that your final answer?" began again the exas-

perated visitor. "If so, it is very probable that you will not be elected." "That will not be my fault," said the candidate, calmly. "Come, now," continued his self-appointed catechizer, "there is no middle course. You must choose between us and God." "Well," was the response, "I'll take God!"

"KNOCKING INFIDELITY OUT."

An English paper says that, after concluding a lecture, Mr. Bradlaugh called upon any one present to reply to his arguments. A collier arose, and spoke somewhat as follows: "Maister Bradlaugh, me and my mate Jim were both Methodist till one day one of these infidel chaps came this way. Jim turned infidel, and used to badger me about attending prayer-meetings; but one day in the pit a large cob of coal came down upon Jim's 'yead.' Jim thought he was killed, and, ah! mon, but he did holler and cry to God." Then turning to Mr. Bradlaugh with a knowing look, he said, "Young man, there's now't like cobs of coal for knocking infidelity out of a man." It need scarcely be said that the collier carried the audience with him.

THEIR SINS SENT THEM THERE.

Milton Williams was a personal friend of mine down in Arkansas. There were five young men in Fort Smith. They were there to be hung. The youngest of them was fifteen years of age; the oldest, twenty-two. The judge of the United States Court said to Milton Williams, "I have five young men in Fort Smith to be hung a week from next Wednesday. I want you to go and pray with them." Milton Williams said, "Judge, I will do it. I

want you to give me a letter so that I can get in there and talk to them."

Milton Williams and his wife went together. They went into the room; they heard the clanking of the chains; five young men came in with handcuffs on their wrists and chains on their feet. Clank, clank, clank as they came into the room where Mr. Williams and his wife were. Mr. Williams said to them, "I have come here to talk to you about your souls. You are within eight or nine days of eternity. It is time you were giving yourselves to God." They replied, "Oh, we don't believe it. Our lawyer has applied for a stay of execution, and he says that it is going to be granted by the court, and we are going to be set free. We do not believe what you say." They sneered in his face and cheered one another. Then he said, "Look here, I would like to pray with you." They said, "You can pray if you want to." Mr. Williams got down on his knees and prayed for them, and while he was doing so, Mrs. Williams was talking with them. Then Mrs. Williams prayed awhile, and Milton Williams talked with them; but they sneered and laughed, and said, "It is not so. We are not going to be hung. Our attorney says we are not. We are in no more danger of the gallows than you are, sir, and in two weeks more we will be out of this and we will be free." Mr. Williams said, "Boys, let me tell you something. I have just come from the judge, and the judge says the stay of execution has been denied. He said you will be taken a week from next Wednesday, and you will be hung *by the neck until you are dead.*" They sneered at him, scorned him. "Our attorney says we

will be free within two weeks, and there is no danger."

Time went on. The fateful Wednesday came. Milton Williams and a Catholic priest went down there, went into the jail, and directly five young men came out. They were handcuffed. They went straight to the scaffold. The scaffold was one long plank, and that one long plank had a bolt through one end of it, and those men were placed right on that plank. Then the marshal behind them caught them by the elbows, pulled the elbows back and tied them behind the back, and as they stood there, Milton Williams talked to them. He said, "Men, pray! I told you there was no hope for you. In a few minutes you will be in eternity. Pray!" But they still sneered; and, beloved, they put over their faces a black cap and pulled it down over their eyes. But before it was pulled down over their eyes, tears began to run down the face of the one that was twenty-two years of age. When they pulled the cap down over their eyes, it shut out the light and the tears were hid. Then Mr. Williams prayed, then the Catholic priest prayed, then they stood a few moments more. The United States jailer stooped down and caught hold of the bolt. The marshal stood there with a handkerchief, and the dropping of that handkerchief was the signal for the pulling of the bolt. He pulled the bolt and they went down like lead, and there they were hanging by the neck.

They did not believe the hanging would take place; they had been told by their attorney that there was to be a stay of execution. But there they were—their bodies swinging to and fro. In the case of the young man twenty-two years of age, the rope slipped from his ear around under his chin, so his neck was not broken, but

he was strangling; and they saw why his hands were tied together—to prevent him from getting his hands to his neck. There was a man there that tried to put his hand on that boy, tried to tear the noose away from his neck. Mr. Williams said, “Mr. Marshal, for God’s sake why don’t you take that man away?” And he said, “I can not do it. He is the father of two of the boys, and uncle of the third.” Listen, you say that the law of the land sent them there. THEIR SINS SENT THEM THERE! The law never sends a man to the scaffold—it is his sins that send him there.

THE DYING DAUGHTER.

Dr. Elliott, who was well acquainted with the celebrated Colonel Ethan Allan, visited him at a time when his daughter was sick and near to death. He was introduced to the library, when the Colonel read to him some of his writings, with much complacency, and asked, “Is not that well done?” While they were thus employed, a messenger entered and informed Colonel Allen that his daughter was dying, and desired to speak with him. He immediately went to her chamber, accompanied by Dr. Elliott, who was desirous of witnessing the interview. The wife of Colonel Allen was a pious woman, and had instructed her daughter in the principles of Christianity.

As soon as her father appeared at her bedside she said to him, “I am about to die; shall I believe in the principles you have taught me, or shall I believe in what my *mother has taught me?*” He became extremely agitated: his chin quivered, his whole frame shook; and after waiting a few moments, he replied, “Believe what *your mother has taught you.*”

CHAPTER XIII.

SOUL SAVING.

MODERN PREACHING.

The law of God and His wrath against sin, the sanctions of the law, the eternal punishment of the finally impenitent, are not so plainly, boldly and earnestly preached as formerly. The law is still the school-master, or child-leader to bring men to Christ. Where the law is not preached, through deference to long-pursed, impenitent pew owners, there are no conversions and the preacher has to send for some evangelist to come and preach the very unpalatable truths the pastor has kept back; and the sinners hear, are pricked in their hearts, and cry for pardoning mercy till they find salvation. There was no place for evangelists in Methodism fifty years ago, because every preacher preached the whole Gospel, thundering the terrors of the Lord into the ears of slumbering sinners. How rarely do we now hear a sermon on the second coming of Christ, and the day of judgment!

"Day of judgment, day of wonders;
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round;
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!"

This style of preaching is out of fashion in our pulpits, just as though the everlasting Gospel of the changeless Christ were subject to the caprices of fashion, fickle as the winds. Jesus addressed sinners' fears, uncapping the pit of woe, bidding them gaze upon the undying worm, the unquenchable fire, and the smoke of the torment ascending up forever and ever. Sin and the penalty have not changed. Human nature and the motives which influence it are the same in all ages. Which, then, has changed? Modern Christians are not, through the fullness of the Holy Spirit abiding in them, brought into such sympathy with Jesus that we realize these great truths as He did when He warned them to flee from the wrath to come. The penalty of the broken law is not preached in liberalistic pulpits, and as a natural consequence, there being no school-master to lead Christward, nobody is converted. Ought we not to expect the same barrenness to attend similar soft, sentimental and velvety preaching in so-called evangelical pulpits? The modern treatment of sin is alarmingly superficial. It is treated as if consisting wholly in the act; *the state of heart behind the act is ignored*. The doctrine of original sin, a poison eradicated from humanity by the radical purgation of the believer's soul, body and spirit through the Holy Ghost in entire sanctification, after the new birth, has quite generally dropped out of our pulpits.

How few preach about sin in believers, repentance in believers, and bring our church members under conviction for clean hearts, attainable now by faith, and faith only, in the blood of sprinkling which sanctifieth the unclean! In how few pulpits do famishing Christians hear of the great salvation, Christian perfection, or the perfect holiness of believers, insisted on "clearly, emphatically and explicitly," a work described by Richard Watson as as distinctly marked, and "as graciously promised in the Holy Scriptures as justification, adoption, regeneration and the witness of the Spirit." Why has the doctrine styled by John Wesley, "the grand *depositum* committed to the people called Methodists," ceased to be heard in a majority of our churches, clearly unfolded, bravely defended and faithfully urged upon all believers with its unanswerable array of Scriptural proof? Is it not because the general tone of spirituality has sunk to so low a point that there are few believers in the pulpit and in the pews, thirsting after full salvation? This silence on a vital doctrine has almost wrested it from the church providentially raised up for its promulgation. And this silence, in turn, is the result of the lack of the general diffusion of the Holy Spirit through our ministry and membership. Doctrinal errors must follow. The advance guard of the coming host of heresies is already visible, the denial of the resurrection of the body, of original sin, of the personality of Satan, of entire sanctification after justification, and of this life as the whole of probation. What the main army will be we know not, except that it will be marshalled by Anti-Christ.—*Dr. Daniel Steele.*

SINS REMEMBERED NO MORE.

"According to the multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions." Psa. li, 1.

A little boy was once much puzzled about sins being blotted out, and said, "I cannot think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother."

"Why, Charlie, can you tell me where are all the figures you wrote upon your slate yesterday?"

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they, then?"

"Why, they are nowhere; they are all gone," said Charlie.

Just so it is with the believer's sins; they are gone—blotted out—"remembered no more."

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath HE removed our transgressions from us."

ACQUAINTED WITH THE AUTHOR.

The *Free Methodist* tells of an agnostic who, being present in a refined circle, was surprised when told that a certain noted lady believed firmly in sacred Scriptures. He ventured to ask her, "Do you believe the Bible?" "Most certainly I do," was her reply. "Why do you believe in it?" he queried again. "Because I am acquainted with the Author," she answered confidently. Poor souls, that know not God in Christ as their Savior, think, like Spencer, that He is "unknowable," and so reject His Word. But true believers have a blessed acquaintance with both, and their faith in the Word has a sure foundation in their acquaintance with its Author.

TAKING THINGS FOR GRANTED.

A young lady friend who was earnestly seeking her soul's salvation, came to me in great distress one day, and said: "You tell me I must have faith in God, I must believe in Christ in order to be saved; now, how can I believe, how can I have faith? I have tried and tried, and I cannot; I am groping in the dark. Now you seem to take things for granted, and rest on that. I cannot do so. I must know how I am saved in order to believe it; tell me once more what it is to have faith in God."

And I replied, "You have just given a better explanation of faith than any I can think of. You must take things for granted. When you came to me this afternoon, you took it for granted I would listen, and help you if I could; just so when you go to God, take it for granted He hears, and when you confess your sins and ask forgiveness, remember His promise, 'Ask and ye shall receive,' and take it for granted that He forgives you."

"Is that all?" she inquired; "and is that faith?"

"That is all," I replied; and just then some friends called her, and she went away with a promise to try again, and the next time I met her these were her first words—

"I am taking things for granted and am very happy."

Is there not some soul seeking God to-day, who finds the question of faith a perplexing one? To such an one I would say, Put aside all your questioning—stop trying to understand what perplexes you, come to God confessing your sin, pledging your life to His service, and take it for granted.

THE HERO OF THE LADY ELGIN WRECK.

In my college life at Evanston I had as my room-mate my only brother, who was a theological student preparing for the ministry. Though slender in person he was a wonderful swimmer. Born on the banks of the Mississippi he had acquired wonderful skill in swimming and diving. When he came to Evanston one of the first accomplishments was not in Greek and Latin, but in swimming in the lake in time of storm. He could dive through the breakers when they ran at their highest, or toss upon their tops, or play with them as a giant might play with a tiny fountain.

One day the village was startled by the news that a great steamer, the Lady Elgin, had been struck by another steamer in the night time, ten miles out in the lake in a storm, and her four hundred passengers were coming to the shore on pieces of wreck and must be saved or find a watery grave. A few were picked up by a tug from Chicago far out on the lake.

My brother heard a bugle call in his soul that morning. He seemed to hear voices saying, "Who knoweth but thou art come into the kingdom for such a time as this?" His training, his childhood, all his life rose before him as a picture. Frail as he was he resolved to do his duty as a man. A rope was tied about him that his body might be recovered if he should be killed by the pieces of wreck floating in the breakers. Thus prepared he spent six hours battling with the waves and storm. Two hundred others took part in this struggle. One of them is the Rev. Dr. Chadwick, a pastor of Brooklyn. Another is now the Rev. Bishop Fowler, of Minneapolis. It was

reserved for a single swimmer, however, to play an exceedingly important part in that day's adventure. Into that single day my brother put the strength of a lifetime. His nervous system was shattered so that for many months he was unable to think, or read, consecutively for a quarter of an hour without dizziness and almost blindness. The physical strength for threescore years and ten was drawn upon by that single day's exertion. Backward and forward he went to save human life, and when the day was through, of the thirty that came through alive my brother had saved seventeen.

Everybody praised him. The illustrated papers of New York and London had his picture. The merchants of Chicago gave him a valuable present as a memento. Everybody praised him. How could they help it? And yet, when we were in the room alone, it was pitiful to see him. He could scarcely close his eyes, night or day, without the awful picture of the storm and the drowning coming before him. Sleeping or waking he seemed to hear the roar of the waves with the cry of those going down for the last time. When we were alone he would change color and become ashy pale in his great emotion. His hungry eyes would look at me as though they could not be satisfied, as he said to me, "Will, everybody praises me, but tell me the truth, did I do my best?"

He did not ask, "Did I do as well as somebody else?" He did better than that. He did not ask, "Did I do as well as the two hundred others?" He did better than that. He did not ask, "Did I do as well as any man in the world could have done?" I think he might have answered that question in the affirmative. His supreme question.

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that, like a poisoned arrow ran him through and through, as he remembered those that had perished in sight, and many of them within hearing of land, the supreme question to him was, "Did I do my best?"

As a result of this shock he was compelled to give up his studies as a student, compelled to give up the Christian ministry for which he was preparing. He is now in Southern California on a fruit ranch, thirty-four miles from a railway, the wreck of what he might have been but for that one supreme day. He paid the price of the redemption of many precious lives. No truer man lives than Edward W. Spencer, of Manzanita, California.

God grant to you and me, when we stand on the shores of eternity and see Time's wrecked millions standing with us before the Judge of the "quick and dead"—God grant to each one of us to hear from the lips of the Elder Brother, "Well done, good and faithful servant, you did your best."—*Rev. W. A. Spencer, D. D.*

Governor Taylor, of Tennessee, recently told of a colored clergyman who preached a sermon on the text, "And the multitudes came to Him, and He healed them of divers diseases." Said he, "My dying congregation, this is a terrible text. Disease is in the world. The smallpox slays its hundreds, the cholera its thousands, and the yellow fever its tens of thousands, but, in the language of the text, if you take the divers you are gone. These earthly doctors can cure the smallpox, cholera and yellow fever, if they get there in time, but nobody but the Lord can cure the divers."

HOW AN ANGEL LOOKS.

Robin, holding his mother's hand
Says "Good night" to the big folks all,
Throws some kisses from rosy lips,
Laughs with glee through the lighted hall
Then in his own crib, warm and deep,
Rob is tucked for a long night's sleep.

Gentle mother with fond caress
Slips her hand through his soft, brown hair.
Thinks of his fortune all unknown,
Speaks aloud in an earnest prayer:
"Holy angels, keep watch and ward,
God's good angels, my baby guard."

"Mamma, what is an angel like?"
Asked the boy in a wondering tone;
"How will they look if they come here,
Watching me while I'm all alone?"
Half with shrinking and fear spoke he;
Answered the mother tenderly:

"Prettiest faces ever were known,
Kindest voices and sweetest eyes:"
Robin, waiting for nothing more,
Cried with a voice of pleased surprise,
Love and trust in his eyes of blue,
"I know, mamma, they're just like you!"

—Household.

"HAVE YE KEPT THE FAITH?"

A dear brother of the writer, living in New York, was recently on a train which was just leaving the station. By the side of it, on the next track, was another train, which was about to start in the opposite direction. A

man near my brother suddenly jumped to his feet, opened the window, and hurriedly called, "John!" A man at an open window in the other train instantly recognized his friend, and quickly responded, "William!" A hearty grasp of hands, and the short, solemn inquiry came ringing from William.

"John, have ye kept the faith?"

"Aye, by the help of God, I have."

The cars moved away, a smile of pleasure on the face of each, and they saw each other no more. Was it strange that a thrill of Christian sympathy took possession of my brother's heart, as he at once took a seat by the side of William, who had hitherto been a stranger, but now was a Christian brother.

Not, "Have you made money?" "Have you made a great name for yourself?" but "Have you kept the faith?" What stronger evidence of conversion could have been given in the question and answer which came from these two travelers to eternity?

Happy the man who can give a right answer to this important question, and who, at the end of life and in the day of judgment, can say, with Paul, "I have kept the faith."—*The Christian*.

HOW TO SECURE A REVIVAL.

[Extract from a Sermon by Rev. W. R. Bates, D. D.]

In the town of W., Conn., one hundred and ten years ago, there was not a single Christian society. The inhabitants numbered four hundred scattered over a farming territory. Somehow three women found out that they professed to be Christians. A woman advanced in

years lived in the centre of the town; a woman in middle life lived three miles away; and another, a young woman, lived three miles the other way. They had moved into the town at different times, and had found out that they were orthodox Christians, members of the Church. The old lady said to herself, "I have not long to live; have I done my duty? My husband and family know that I have been faithful, but have I done my duty to the rest?" She invited the others to come to her house, and they came and prayed about it, and talked about it, and finally decided to meet the next Thursday afternoon at one o'clock at a school-house and have a meeting. The old lady said to the young woman, "You can sing; will you sing?" "I will." She said to the middle-aged woman, "You can read; will you read a few chapters from the Bible?" "I will." The old lady said, "I will pray." So they came, one three miles from the east, another three miles from the west. The young lady sang, and the middle-aged lady read, and the old lady prayed. A man going by with a load of wood, seeing the door open, thought to close it. He went up to the door and heard the old lady praying. It was a new revelation to him. He listened till she said "Amen." Then she asked, "Shall we come again?" "Yes, let us come next Thursday at one o'clock." He got on his load and told everybody he saw. The next Thursday at one o'clock the three women arrived there and found the house full. They found three chairs provided for them. They went in. The young woman said, "I am too diffident to sing before all these people." The old lady said, "You *must* sing." The other woman said, "I cannot read before all this company." The old woman said, "You *must* read." So the young woman sang, and

the other woman read, and the old woman prayed; and there was sobbing all over the house. In a few days they sent for a minister. There stands to-day where that school-house stood a little church. I have preached in it—the result of the revival prayed for by those three women. They not only prayed in their hearts at home, but they came together and prayed: “Lord, wilt Thou revive us again, that the people may rejoice in Thy work?”

HOW TO PREPARE FOR SERVICE.

1. Prepare for divine service in your closet, not in your toilet.

2. Be early at church, and occupy the moments before service with meditation and prayer.

3. Consider the sermon, no matter who may be the preacher, as a message from God, not as an effort from man.

4. Pray before, during, and after the service for the minister and your fellow-worshippers.

5. In God's house all should be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another. Greet cordially those around you; welcome strangers into your pews; but let all be done reverently, and for the glory of God.

6. Give according to your means. If you spend money for dress and luxuries, do not stint your offerings for God's house. Always begin to economize with self first, and with God last.

7. Carry your religion into your daily life.

MY FATHER'S FORGIVENESS.

I was sitting alone in silence,
For my heart was hushed and sad,
As I thought that my conscience pointed
To the records my Father had.
Then it seemed that He softly whispered—
"I have blotted the records, child,
And the page of the book is open
Stainless and undefiled."

But I feared, for the tempter told me
Some sins had so deep a dye
That a trace of the righteous record
Still stood in the Court on high.
So again my Father whispered—
"I have blotted the records, all:
Not a lingering stain remaineth
Where my holy glances fall."

Then I thought that the dead were rising
I thought the last day had come:
I thought that I stood and trembled,
Fearful, and cowed, and dumb.
And the awful book was opened—
But the Judge in silence read,
"I have blotted out thy transgressions."
In a moment my terror fled.

Oh! since He has kindly whispered,
I surely may trust His word,
And rest in the blessed message
My listening ears have heard.
So I will not think of the record,
For the record has passed and gone,
'Tis blotted out now and forever,
And the page from the volume torn.—*William Luff.*

A GOOD EXAMPLE FOR PREACHERS.

There is a lawyer in Boston who is in the habit at times of addressing individual jurymen when inattentive or restless, and sometimes his *argumentum ad hominem* is effective. Sometime ago he was trying a case against a street railway company, and there was an old sailor on the jury who seemed to give no heed to what either counsel said. The lawyer made his most eloquent appeals, but all in vain. Finally, he stopped in front of the sailor and said: "Mr. Jurymen, I will tell you just how it happened. The plaintiff was in command of the outward-bound open car, and stood in her starboard channels. Along came the inward-bound close car, and just as their bows met she jumped the track, sheered to port, and knocked the plaintiff off and ran over him." The sailor was all attention after this version of the affair, and joined in a \$5,000 verdict for the injured man. Let ministers imitate this example and speak in the language of the people to the hearts of the people.

KIND WORDS ARE NEVER LOST.

A gentleman who one morning stopped to buy a newspaper from a wizened, shrieking newsboy at the railroad station, found the boy following him every day after, with a wistful face, brushing the spots from his clothes, calling a cab for him, etc. "Do you know me?" he asked at last. The wretched little Arab laughed. "No. But you called me 'my child' one day. I'd like to do something for you, sir. I thought before I was nobody's child." —Selected.

AN INFIDEL REBUKED.

There was an infidel blacksmith who was always carping at professors of religion, especially when he could get a Christian to talk to, or knew there was one near enough to overhear him. Some choice morsel of scandal was sure to be served up about an erring minister, or a sinful deacon, or a Sabbath-school superintendent who had fallen from grace. One day he was dilating with uncommon relish on his favorite theme to a venerable elder, who stopped to have his horse shod. The old man bore it quietly for awhile, and then he said:

"Did you ever hear the story of the rich man and Lazarus?"

"Yes, of course I have."

"Remember about the dogs—at the gate there—how they licked Lazarus' sores?"

"Yes; why?"

"Well, you remind me of those dogs—always licking the sores. All you notice in Christians is their faults."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Among the crowd, says the *Rochester Democrat*, that surged towards the gates as the St. Louis express rumbled into the Central Depot last evening, was a little old woman dressed in black with a little white face beneath a rusty old bonnet, and above a great comforter wound high around the neck. Jostled this way and that by the hurrying crowd, she was about to pass through the gate, when the gateman stopped her by a motion of the hand, and a demand for her ticket. "I am not going away," she replied. "I didn't buy a ticket." "Then you can't

go through here; against orders, you know." "But, sir, my son is coming, and"— "Can't help it," was the reply. "Stay here and he will come to you." "O sir, if he only would," and the tremble in the little woman's voice arrested the impatient murmur of those behind. "O sir, if he only would; but he died in Cleveland last week, and now they are bringing him home in a coffin. He was the only one I had—oh, thank you, sir." The gate was thrown wide open, and an unknown friendly hand assisted her on, and in a moment the sad face of the little old woman in black was lost in the crowd.

THANKFUL FOR THE HINT.

At my time of life I ought not to be stunned by anything, but after service a good woman of my flock did manage to take my breath away. I was preaching about the Father's tender wisdom in caring for us all. I illustrated by saying that the Father knows which of us grows best in sunlight, and which of us must have shade. "You know you plant roses in the sunshine," I said, "and heliotrope and geraniums, but if you want your fuchsias to grow they must be kept in a shady nook." After the sermon, which I hoped would be a comforting one, a woman came up to me, her face glowing with pleasure that was evidently deep and true. "Oh, Doctor—, I am so grateful for that sermon," she said, clasping my hand and shaking it warmly. My heart glowed for a moment, while I wondered what tender place in her heart and life I had touched. Only for a moment, though. "Yes," she went on fervently, "I never knew before what was the matter with my fuchsias."—*Chicago Interior.*

WHAT A FAULT-FINDER IS GOOD FOR.

In the village of — lived a man who was a bold leader of all opposition to religion, and always ready to publish abroad the inconsistencies or shortcomings of any who were professors of religion. After a time he concluded to remove to a distant part of the country, and meeting the leading minister of the village one day, after the usual salutations, he said: "Well, I suppose you know that I am going to leave town soon, and you will probably be very glad of it." "Glad of it? Why, no," said the minister, "you are one of our most useful men, and I shall hardly know how to spare you."

Taken back by such an unexpected reply, the other immediately asked: "How is that? What do you mean by saying I am useful, or that you will miss me when I am gone?" "Because," said the minister, "not one of our sheep can get a foot out of the fold but you bark from one end of the town to the other, and so show yourself one of the most useful watch-dogs that I ever knew. I don't know where we shall find any one that can supply your place." The rebuke struck home, and the fault-finder, with a crestfallen look, went on his way. —*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"But that is not so bad as to think one is in church when one is at the play. My wife is the daughter of a minister, and had never been in a theater until she came to Boston with me, and I was to meet her and her hostess at the Park Theatre one night. By some mischance I was late, and flurried and disappointed. The two ladies

were ushered down what seemed to the countrywoman an interminable aisle, to the third row of stalls from the front. My wife, as she sank into her seat, dropped her head devoutly upon the rail in front. At this moment her companion gasped, 'Sara, what are you going to do?' 'Take off my rubbers,' said the quick-witted woman, abandoning her prayers to clutch at a foot that was guiltless of overshoe.—*From the Portfolio of the American Magazine.*

FAULT, WHERE LOCATED.

Doubtless often the reason why some one is not religious is vitally connected with some unfaithfulness on the part of Christians; but in the majority of cases this is not true. Mr. McCresson relates: One evening in Lake Crystal, Minn., I related the following incident: Mr. Moody was approached by a lady who said, "Won't you pray for my husband?" He said, "How long have you been married?" "Twenty-two years." "Have you been a Christian all the time?" "Yes, sir." "Then let us kneel down and I will pray for you. If you have been living with your husband twenty-two years and he is not saved yet, you have been living a very poor Christian life." The lady admitted the truth of the statement, and fully gave herself up to God. In three days her husband was saved. As I finished the incident a gentleman in the audience rose and said: "I am not saved, but it is not the fault of my wife. Her life is the strongest evidence I have that Jesus Christ can save sinners. I want her Savior to be mine. Pray for me."

CONTENTMENT.

"As having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

A crazy door, low moaning in the wind,
The beat and patter of the driving rain,
Thin drifts of melting snow upon the floor,
Forced through the patch upon the broken pane.

One chair, a little four-legged stool, a box
Spread with a clean white cloth, and frugal fare,—
This is the home the widow and her lad,
Two hens, and his gray cat and kittens, share.

"Ben, it's full time thee was in bed," she says,
Drawing her furrowed hand across his locks,
"Thee's warmed th' toes enough, the fire won't last,
Pull to th' coat—I'll put away the box.

"Then say th' prayers—that's right, don't pass 'em by,
The time's ill saved that's saved from God above,
And doan't forgit th' hymn—thee never has,
And choose a one th' father used to love.

"Now, lay 'ee down—here, give the straw a toss,
Don't git beneath the winder—mind the snow—
I like that side—I'll cover 'ee just now,
The boards are by the fire—they're warm, I know."

No blanket wraps the lithe half-naked limbs,
But love, that teaches birds to rob their breast
To warm their younglings—love devises means
To shield this youngling from the bitter east.

The warm boards laid about the weary child,
He turns a smiling face her face towards—
"Mother," he says, soft pity in his tone,
"What do the poor boys do that have no boards?"—*Sel.*

"OVERCOMING."

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things." Rev. xxi, 7.

What is it to overcome? I began by telling you, and I close by telling you: it is to know that the one great power that is in this universe is our power. We talk about power, and men may grow conceited as they lift themselves up and say: "I will be strong and conquer the world." Ah! it is not to be done so. There is one real and true strength in this universe, and that is God's strength, and no man ever did any strong thing yet that God did not do that strong thing in him. A man makes himself full of strength only as the trumpet makes itself full, by letting it be held at the lips of the trumpeter, so only man lets himself be made strong as he lets himself be held in the hand of God. As the chisel is powerless—if it tries to carve a statue by itself it goes tumbling and stumbling over the precious surface of the stone—as the chisel becomes itself filled and inspired with genius when it is put into the hand of the artist, so man, putting himself into the hand of God, loses his awkwardness as well as his feebleness, and becomes full of the graciousness and the strength of the perfect nature. And to put myself into the hands of God, what does that mean? To know that God is my Father; to know that my life is a true issuing in this world of His life; to know that I become myself only as I know myself His child. So the soul puts itself into the soul of God, and lets God do its work through Him, so that that great mysterious consciousness enters into the life which was in Paul's life.

Do you remember, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me"? So the soul which has given itself to God in filial consecration says: "I live, yet not I, but God liveth in me."

As the child in the household does not know whether the things that he does from hour to hour are his things or his father's, so does his father's will and law fill the whole household with its inspiration. Know God your Father; recognize what your baptism means, that it was the claiming of your soul for the Father-soul of God; give yourself to Him in absolute, loving obedience. Do not think about it as an unnatural thing, as a strange thing for a man to do, to give himself to God. The strange thing is that any man or woman should be living in the world without being given to or filled with God. Give yourself to Him as the child gives himself to the father as the most natural and true thing in all your life; and then, His power glowing through your power, the world shall become yours as it is His, and in overcoming you shall inherit all things.

NOT PUZZLED.

A skeptic, who was trying to confuse a Christian colored man by the contradictory passages in the Bible, asked how it could be that we were in the Spirit and the Spirit in us, and received the reply: "Oh, dar's no puzzle 'bout dat. It's like dat poker. I put's it in de fire till it gets red-hot. Now, de poker's in de fire, an' de fire's in de poker." A profound theologian ould not have made a better answer.

FOR AMBITIOUS BOYS.

A boy is something like a piece of iron. When in its rough state it isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use; but the more processes it is put through the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is only worth \$5 in its natural state, is worth \$12 when it is made into horseshoes; and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles, its value is increased to \$340. Made into penknife blades, it would be worth \$3,000, and into balance springs for watches, \$25,000. Just think of that, boys, a piece of iron that is comparatively worthless can be developed into such valuable material! But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating and rolling and pounding and polishing; and so, if you are to become useful and educated men, you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study, the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half as much to be made into horseshoes as it does to be converted into delicate watchsprings. But think how much less valuable it is. Which would you rather be, horseshoes or watchsprings? It depends on yourselves. You can become whatever you will. This is your time for preparing for manhood. Don't think that I would have you settle down to hard study all the time, without any intervals of fun. Not a bit of it. I like to see boys have a good time, and I would be very sorry to have you grow old before your time, but you have ample opportunity for study and play, too, and I don't want you to neglect the former for the sake of the latter.—*Anon.*

THE GREAT ADMINISTRATOR.

The Holy Ghost is the great administrator of Christ's estate. The estate is very rich and very large, but will avail us nothing if not administered. The will must not only be probated, but executed. Christ said of the Holy Ghost, "He shall take of mine and show them unto you." Never was the Church so well supplied with secondary agents. All she needs to press her with haste to her final conquest, is the Spirit in full measure. To have this there must be the sense of imperative need—our utter inability to do anything without His power—and that need must be urged by prayer. Faith in the Holy Ghost has been weakened by the ample supply of other aids. All our operations need the baptism of fire. Our hearts need His fully renovating, sanctifying power. Our sense of pardon is dim; our communion with God is not warm, intimate. Our singing needs His flame, the melody of His music. Our prayer needs His inspiration and intercession. Our preachers need to have the Spirit of the Lord God on them. Our Christian doing needs more of His quickening. Our Christian character needs to have more of His Spirit inwrought in our souls. We need Him, this great working power, this singing power, this praying power, this power of holy living, of glowing, heavenly experience and joy.—*St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

There are some Sunday-schools that remind one of the boy's answer to the question, "Is your father living?" "Yes, but he isn't *very* living. He has rheumatism all over his legs and back."

THE MODERN DANCE.

The modern round dance is to me especially abhorrent; for one, I will not put myself where I am compelled even to look upon it. I am too well acquainted with both its origin and its history to countenance it; and, after watching for twenty-five years its effects upon modern society, I have set my face forever against it, as an iniquity and a snare. True, it did not have its roots in pagan idolatry, but it did have its origin in a worse than pagan laxity of morals; and the fact that pure-minded persons may possibly engage in it with entire innocence of wrong feeling or intent proves nothing as to its influence on society generally.

Now, let me ask you, if you had a family of children, how long would you tolerate in your house a man who, perhaps immediately upon introduction to your daughter, should lay hands upon her person with the familiarity and freedom of the modern waltz? I am simply astonished that there can be any doubt upon this point with soundminded, sensible, reflecting persons. The modern dance simply licenses or makes lawful what, outside of the customs of the dance, is regarded improper, immoral, insulting. Society wisely regulates the ordinary social gatherings of men and women in the parlor, even when they are well acquainted, by certain wholesome barriers of restraint. A man who, especially at first acquaintance, should violate these restrictions, as he may do in the waltz with impunity, would be kicked out of doors as a scoundrel. But the devil has invented in the round dances a polite and popular method of making such gross familiarities allowable, under the sanction of

fashionable custom. Hence their attraction to the people of the world; hence their ensnaring influence to his disciple; and the better the class of men and women who countenance the devil's device, the more conspicuous his triumph.—*Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson.*

"WEIGHED, AND FOUND WANTING."

A purely secular paper, the *New York Journal of Education* says: "A great deal can be said about dancing; for instance, the chief of police of New York city says that three-fourths of the abandoned girls in this city were ruined by dancing. Young ladies allow gentlemen privileges in dancing, which, taken under any other circumstances, would be considered as improper. It requires neither brains nor good morals to be a good dancer. As the love of the one increases, the love of the other decreases. How many of the best men and women are skilful dancers? Alcohol is the spirit of beverages. So sex is the spirit of dance; take it away and let the sexes dance separately, and dancing would go out of fashion very soon. Parlor dancing is dangerous. Tippling leads to drunkenness, and parlor dancing leads to ungodly balls. Tippling and parlor dancing sow to the wind and both reap to the whirlwind. Put dancing in the crucible, apply the acids, weigh it, and the verdict of reason, morality and religion is, 'Weighed in the balances and found wanting.'"

A Scottish minister made the following announcement from the pulpit: "Weel, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and as we have failed to get money honestly we will have to see what a bazaar can do for us."

"O, BAIRNES, CUDDLE DOON."

Story of a Scotch Section-Hand Who Wrote These Beautiful
Lines.

Fifteen years ago or more a Scotch section-hand of the North British railroad in Scotland dropped into poetry. His first attempt at verse was successful; so successful that it came to the notice of friends who recognized the merit that was in his song. How far it has gained recognition cannot be determined, but the beautiful bit of dialect is worthy of Robert Burns himself. It reads:

"CUDDLE DOON."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi muckle faucht an' din;
O, try an' sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
You faither's comin' in,
They never heed a word I speak,
I try to gi'e a frown;
But aye I hap them up an' say,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid,
He aye sleeps next the wa',
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece";
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin' and fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop a wee the soun',
Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries out, frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gi'e owre at ance,

He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He'd bother half the toon;
But aye I hap them up an' say,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their faither's fit,
An' as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks
As he pits aff his shoon.
"The bairnies, John, are in their bed,
And long since cuddled doon."

And juist before we bed oorsel's,
We look at oor wee lambs;
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper till my heart fills up,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the big warl's cark and care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet come what may to ilka ane,
May He wha rules aboon,
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon!"

"Take ye away the stone." God will not do your work.
After the limit of human ability has been reached He will
work, and resurrected Lazarus will come forth.

A SHARP THRUST.

Some men who pass for very respectable citizens, and who really are not without good qualities, have a habit not only of finding fault with their wives at every least provocation, but of doing it in terms such as no gentleman would ever think of applying to any lady except his own wife, or possibly his own sister.

There is a story that such a man came home from the shop one night, and found his wife much excited over the outrageous behavior of a tramp. He had begged for something to eat, and not liking what the woman gave him, had abused her in the roundest terms.

"Johnny," said the man, thoroughly indignant, "when you heard that cowardly rascal abusing your mother, why didn't you run at once to the store and let me know? I would have made short work of him. Didn't you hear?"

"Yes, pa, I heard. I was out in the barn and heard what he said about the victuals; but—"

"But what?"

"Why, pa, I thought it was you scolding mother. He used the very same words you do when the dinner doesn't suit you. I didn't think anybody else would dare to talk to mother in that way."

At the close of a long, rambling, and pointless speech by a delegate in the last General Assembly, the moderator, who grew to manhood in Washington County, the great sheep country of Pennsylvania, remarked, *sotto voce*, that the speaker reminded him of an old ram he once saw, which backed so far that he was out of breath before he got ready to butt.

KEEP STILL.

Keep still. When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still, till you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look differently through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter, and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was not sure it would do any harm, but in my doubtfulness I leaned to reticence, and eventually it was destroyed. Time works wonders. Wait till you can speak calmly, and then you will not need to speak, may be. *Silence is the most massive thing conceivable sometimes.* It is strength in its very grandeur. *It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mad fury of battle.* To plunge in were twice as easy. The tongue has unsettled more ministers than small salaries ever did, or lack of ability.

PEOPLE WHO ARE NOT SOUL WINNERS.

The husband who blows up his wife before the children because she happens to get too much saleratus in the biscuit.

The preacher who attends theaters and base ball matches.

The tobacco-chewing father who thrashes his boy for swearing.

The mother who can talk by the hour about the dresses and bonnets of her neighbors, but can't say a word to her little ones about the love of Christ.

The Sunday-school teacher who does not know enough about the lesson to ask questions without reading them from the lesson paper.

The woman who talks about Heaven in church, and about her neighbors on the street.

The preacher who never says anything to sinners outside of the pulpit.

The Sunday-school superintendent who never attends prayer-meeting.

The young lady who hands wine to callers on New Year's Day.

The sectarian who never has a good word for any other denomination.

The man who rings a bell every time he puts a dime in the contribution box.

The man who never goes near the church on lodge night.

The man who blows a tin horn and shouts himself hoarse during a campaign, but is down on anything like excitement in religion.

The woman who knows in her heart that she is wrong, but is too proud to own up to it.

"To think, when heaven and earth are fled
And time and seasons o'er,
When all that can die shall be dead,
That I must die no more!
Oh, where will then my portion be?
Where shall I spend Eternity?"

SATAN'S "WANT AD."

Johnson, the drunkard, is dying to-day,
With traces of sin on his face;
He'll be missed at the club, at the bar, at the play;
Wanted: A boy for his place.

Simmons, the gambler, was killed in a fight,
He died without pardon or grace,
Some one must train for his burden and blight;
Wanted: A boy for his place.

The scoffer, the idler, the convict, the thief,
Are lost; and without any noise
Make it known, that there come to my instant relief
Some thousand or more of the boys.

Boys from the fireside, boys from the farm,
Boys from the home and the school,
Come, leave your misgivings, there can be no harm
Where "drink and be merry's" the rule.

Wanted for every lost servant of mine,
Some one to live without grace,
Some one to die without pardon Divine—
Will *you* be the boy for the place?—*Selected.*

A company of people were putting up a tent at a camp-meeting. It was necessary to drive a nail about nine feet from the ground. The tallest man could not reach it, and there was no ladder. Several attempts had failed, when a stout farmer lifted a boy upon his shoulders, hammer in hand, and in one minute the nail was driven. The farmer could not reach the nail, but he could hold the boy. The boy could not hold the farmer, but he could drive the nail.

DOING NO HARM.

The story has been told of a soldier who was missed amid the bustle of battle, and no one knew what had become of him; but they knew that he was not in the ranks. As soon as opportunity offered the officer went in search of him, and to his surprise found that the man during the battle had been amusing himself in a flower-garden. When it was demanded what he did there, he excused himself by saying, "Sir, I am doing no harm." But he was tried, convicted and shot. What a sad but true picture this is of many who waste their time and neglect their duty, and who could give their God, if demanded, no better answer than, "Lord, I am doing no harm!"

All this reminds me of a stiff Presbyterian clergyman who took every occasion to quote from Paul, that women should keep "silent in the churches," and he was uncompromising in his opposition to the heretical practice of permitting women to speak. There came a gracious revival into his church. At one of the meetings, the purest and best woman in the church was so filled with the Spirit that she got up and spoke so earnestly, sweetly and beautifully, that everybody was melted, and the pastor himself was weeping, and then he got up and said: "Brothers and sisters, when Paul said that the women should keep silent in the churches, he didn't mean anything like that. Paul meant—what Paul meant was—well, Paul only meant—Paul meant—brothers and sisters—I don't know what Paul meant!" (Laughter and applause.)

REJOICING IN HIS SALVATION.

In a certain local church out West, according to Harper's Magazine, a prayer-meeting was being held, and the subject under discussion was "Christian Humility." Testimonies were called for, and Mr. Bascom, one of the wealthiest church members, while leaning on his gold-headed cane and toying with his elegant watch chain, concluded his remarks with great affectation of humility, by saying: "If I ever should be so favored as to reach Heaven at all, it seems to me a place in the most remote section, the most obscure corner, of that blissful region will be infinitely more than I deserve." And when the call comes to me to 'go up higher,' it seems to me I shall feel like putting my hand upon my mouth in the dust, and crying out 'Unclean! unclean!'"

Now it so happened that the sexton of that church was a good colored brother, who rarely took part in the meeting, but who had a gift of speech, and was abundantly able to entertain his hearers.

On this occasion he seemed moved to express his thought, and moving slowly toward the front, he faced the people and said:

"Brudders an' sisters, when I hears de angel Gabri'l blow de trumpet a-callin' me home, it 'pears to me I'll be so powerful glad I'll just call out, 'Hol' on dar, Gabri'l; I hears de trumpet, an' I's comin' quick!' An' it 'pears to me I'll be so bustin full ob joy I'll jest go shoutin,' an' skippin', leapin' right up to de front ob de throne as fast as I kin git dar. An' dar I'll stan' wid de white robes on, a-wavin' de palm branches, an' a-shoutin,' 'Glory! glory! glory! glory to de Lamb dat was slain!' For

what do de Scriptures say? 'Who are dese in white robes?' 'Dey what came up tru great tribulations.' Down here de black skin an' de great tribulations; up dar de white robe an' de joy for ebermore. Now, my brudders an' sisters, what do de Scriptures say agin? Dey say, 'What dough dey be black as ink' (or something to dat effec'), 'dey shall be whiter dan snow.' An' it 'pears I'll be so powerful happy up dar dat I'd like to shake han's wid all my brudders an' sisters, widout distinction ob age, color, or previous condition ob serbitude—good many on 'em I hain't shook no han' wid here—but 'pears to me I'll be so ocoopied a-waivin', a-praisin', an' a shoutin' hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! close up on de right side ob de Lamb, dat I won't hab no time to go peekin' roun' de dark corners ob Heaben to find brudder Bascom."

"CHEER HIM."

A fireman was scaling a ladder standing against a burning building, to reach a room in an upper story, where a child was sleeping, which had been forgotten by the inmates in their flight from the building.

He was checked in his progress by the flames and smoke, when a voice in the crowd cried out:

"Cheer him!"

Up went a shout from the multitude, and on went the fireman, through smoke and flames, until he reached the room, and soon returned with the object of his adventure, triumphantly presenting the child to the horror-stricken mother.

IT HAD TO LOOK THAT WAY.

The following story is told of old "Father Taylor." He once went from a certain town noted for its apathy in religious matters to a conference meeting, where his brethren in the ministry were comparing notes as to the condition of church work in each one's locality. Presently some one asked Father Taylor how the religious interest in — was.

"Oh," replied that gentleman, "religion is looking up in —."

This occasioned much surprise, as such a declaration seemed directly contrary to the common report.

"How's that?" he was asked. "Is there any general awakening of the churches?"

"No."

"Any special interest on the part of those outside of the churches?"

"No."

"Well, then, how do you explain your remark that religion is looking up in —?"

"Why," said Father Taylor, dryly, "religion is flat on its back in —, and has to look up, if it looks anywhere."

MEN—OR "HATS ON POLES"?

There is a deal of unreality in the life that surrounds us,—a vast amount of pretension, show, and sham, covering a very limited proportion of real, genuine piety, grace, and goodness.

W. F. Bainbridge, speaking of his travels in China, says: "Nearly six hundred miles up the Yang-tse-Kiang

a Chinese officer heard that a high mandarin was coming along on our beat, and he prepared to display a military force equal to the rations he was drawing. Through my field-glass I counted twenty real soldiers, and nearly two-hundred *coats and hats stuck on poles.*"

This was in China—how is it elsewhere? What shall we say of the Church? Here are genuine, devoted, Christian soldiers—a few, but oh, what hosts of "poles with hats on"! Here are soldiers who count, but do not fight; who draw rations, but do not defeat foes.

Here is a society or board of officers composed of twenty or thirty men; two or three of them are workers, and the rest are "hats stuck on poles."

Would that we could see more *reality*; there would then be less call for pretenses, less dress parade and sham fight, and more warfare against the world, the flesh, and the devil. We have *real* foes; let us see to it that we are real soldiers,—good soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ, clad in the whole armor of God, and ready to resist unto blood, striving against sin.

A LONESOME BOY.

The boy sat cuddled so close to the woman in gray that everybody felt sure he belonged to her. So when he unconsciously dug his muddy shoes into the broadcloth skirt of her left-handed neighbor, she leaned over and said: "Pardon me, madam. Will you kindly make your little boy square himself around? He is soiling my skirt with his muddy shoes."

The woman in gray blushed a little, and nudged the boy away. "My boy?" she said. "My! he isn't mine."

The boy squirmed uneasily. He was such a little fellow that he could not touch his feet to the floor, so he stuck them out straight in front of him like pegs to hang things on, and looked at them deprecatingly. "I am sorry I got your skirt dirty," he said to the woman on his left. "I hope it will brush off."

The timidity in his voice made a short cut to the woman's heart, and she smiled upon him kindly. "Oh, it doesn't matter," she said. Then, as his eyes were still fastened upon her, she added, "Are you going uptown alone?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I always go alone. There isn't anybody to go with me. Father is dead and mother is dead. I live with Aunt Clara in Brooklyn; she says Aunt Anna ought to help do something for me, so once or twice a week, when she gets tired out and wants to rest up, she sends me over to stay with Aunt Anna. I'm going up there now. Sometimes I don't find Aunt Anna at home; but I hope she will be home to-day, because it looks as if it is going to rain, and I don't like to hang around in the street in the rain."

The woman felt somewhat uncomfortable in her throat, and she said rather unsteadily, "You are a very little boy to be knocked about this way."

"Oh, I don't mind," he said. "I never get lost; but I get lonesome sometimes on the long trip, and when I see anybody that I think I would like to belong to I scrouge up close to her, so I can make believe I really do belong to her. This morning I was playing that I really belonged to that lady on the other side of me, and I forgot about my feet. That is the way I got you dress dirty."

The woman put her arm around the tiny chap and "scrouged" him up so close that she hurt him, and every other woman who had heard his artless confidence looked as if she would not only let him wipe his shoes on her best gown, but would rather he did it than not.

THE RIGHT SORT OF RELIGION.

"That very same night there sat up in the gallery on my left an engine-driver who had been blacklisted by every railway entering Chicago, through his drinking habits, so that he couldn't get a position with any railway. That night, quite discouraged, he sat up there in the gallery, and, as I preached, the power of God carried the Word home to him. He was born again without getting out of his seat. The next day he went down to the vice-president of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railway. He got into his office—how I don't know—and said: 'Mr. L., I was converted last night up in the Moody church. I am blacklisted by your railroad and every other, but I am a good engine-driver, and I want a position.' Mr. L. sprang from his chair, went to the door and locked it. He said: 'I believe in that sort of thing; let's pray.' And that railroad vice-president got down and prayed with the engine-driver. I believe in a railroad vice-president like that. It was the first I knew that Mr. L. was a Christian, but he showed it that day. When he got up he said: 'Go down to the round house with this letter. Whatever I say on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad goes.' And it did, of course. Those two drunkards were born again while I was preaching."—*The Soul-Winner*,

THE TWO WORDS.

One day a harsh word, rashly said,
Upon an evil journey sped,
And like a sharp and cruel dart
It pierced a fond and loving heart;
It turned a friend into a foe,
And everywhere brought pain and woe.

A kind word followed it one day,
Flew swiftly on its blessed way;
It healed the wound, it soothed the pain,
And friends of old were friends again;
It made the hate and anger cease,
And everywhere brought joy and peace.

But yet the harsh word left a trace
The kind word could not quite efface;
And, though the heart its love regained,
It bore a scar that long remained;
Friends could forgive, but not forget,
Or lose the sense of keen regret.

O if we could but learn to know
How swift and sure one word can go,
How would we weigh with utmost care
Each thought before it sought the air,
And only speak the words that move
Like white-winged messengers of love!

—*Sunday-School Times.*

“How do you know that Jesus went up into Heaven?”
sneeringly asked an infidel of a Christian. “By what He
sent down,” was the unanswerable reply.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing over-much,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surprising strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly,
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This hisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped;
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their graves had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the foot-prints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown,
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more,

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;—
My slinging birdling from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!—*Selected.*

LITTLE TIM.

The following incident appears in the *New York Mail and Express*:

The shiners and newsboys around the postoffice were surprised to see Little Tim coming among them in a quiet way, wishing to sell a kit of tools. "Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good, stout box, and the count goes for two shillings."

"Goin' away, Tim?" inquired one.

"Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfulest kind just now."

"Goin' on a skursion?" asked another.

"Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the boys passed over the quarter and took the kit; and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down the money, and said: "I guess I kin write if you give me a pencil."

With slow moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper, but not as he wrote it. He wrote:

"Died—Litul Ted of Scarlet fever gone up to Hevin, left one brother."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears

came up, his chin quivered, and he pointed to the counter and gasped: "I—had to sell my kit to do it, b—but he had his arms around my neck when he d—died."

He hurried away, but the news went to the boys, and they gathered into a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a barefoot boy left the kit on the doorstep, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers, which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged but big-hearted boys. Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right chords were touched?

A DEAF MUTE'S STORY.

"I have heard and read many pathetic stories," said Senator Hoar, "but none of them ever awoke so much sad sympathy as one which Professor Gallaudet related recently. The professor has a favorite pupil—a little deaf mute boy, who is exceptionally bright. Mr. Gallaudet asked him if he knew the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. With his nimble fingers the little one said he did. Then he proceeded to repeat it. The gesticulations continued until the boy had informed the professor of the elder Washington's discovery of the mutilated tree and of his quest for the mutilator. 'When George's father asked him who hacked his favorite cherry tree,' signaled the voiceless child, 'George put his hatchet in his left hand—' 'Stop,' interrupted the professor. 'Where do you get your authority for saying he took the hatchet in his left hand?' 'Why,' responded the boy (who knew nothing of speech) 'he needed his right hand to tell his father that he cut the tree.'"—*Sci.*

CHAPTER XIV.

EXPERIENCE.

TO SAVE HIS MOTHER.

We have had a German baron among us, Baron von Karlstein, who has written a book about New York and its inhabitants. One of his anecdotes is very good and interesting: On Washington's Birthday he was standing in a crowd on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, waiting for the grand procession to arrive. The first drums were heard in the distance, when a young man, in his shirt-sleeves and hatless, passed through the assembled multitude and addressed the policeman who kept the people back.

"Officer," he exclaimed, "my mother is sick in a house near Sixth Avenue; she has suddenly been taken much worse, and the doctor says that if the procession passes our house the noise will kill her."

"O. K., young fellow," said the policeman, and left him to run up the avenue, where he stood some twenty feet before the procession and screamed "Halt!" holding up a light rattan cane with both hands.

The word was passed along the line, an adjutant galloped forward, bent over his horse's neck and exchanged a few words with the policeman.

Suddenly the command, "Forward! march!" was heard and the immense body of men proceeded to the corner of Fourteenth Street, without any music except the slightest possible tapping of drums. Then came, "Right wheel!" and nearly fifty thousand men, whom immense crowds were waiting to see and cheer, wheeled up Fourteenth Street to Broadway, and down Broadway they marched without music until they were beyond the distance at which they might disturb the sick woman.

No one asked why an army of well-drilled, admirably equipped men, many of them battle-scarred veterans, turned out of their path at the simple request of a single policeman, armed with but a little rattan cane. It would have been but a trifling matter for them to take Gotham; but no, the General in command, when he received the young man's thanks, reminded him that his very natural request was addressed to gentlemen and soldiers. And a gentleman, be he a soldier or not, reveres the sacred name of mother.

X *STORY OF A HUMAN LIFE.*

A man was in his vessel with his wares, when suddenly a storm came down; he was wrecked. Finally, famished, naked and alone, he alone of all in the vessel was cast upon an island. He was glad to have his life. But what was his sorrow, when looking up, to see the natives coming in wild glee toward him. "I have escaped the sea," said he, "only to die miserably on the land." The natives

picked him up, carried him to their city, clothed and fed him, put a crown on his head, and set him on a throne, and then stood by as if awaiting his commands. "This said he, "is the insane ceremony that precedes my destruction;" and he awaited with fear the next development. But as nothing further was done, and all seemed anxious to serve him while he *sat there on his throne*, he ventured to ask where he was and what all this meant. One man answered deferentially, "You are our king, and we are here to do your behests to the last letter."

The man could scarce believe it so, but found, after a few weeks' trial, that, verily, he was king. They did just as he said. The island, with its wealth and resources, was at his command. He could enjoy all at his absolute pleasure. But the whole matter seemed strange to him. So after two or three months he chanced to meet a venerable man, and asked him to explain this strange occurrence. "Oh," said his venerable subject, "there is nothing strange about it; you are our king. Each year a man is thrown upon our shore, and we pick him up and do with him just as we have done with you." "But," said our hero, "what do you do with your last king?" "Oh," said the old man, "as we find him naked, so at the year's end we strip him again of all his royal surroundings, set him in a boat, and send him away to a barren, desolate island beyond the horizon there, where I suppose he perishes." "And," said our hero, "will you do so with me?" "Yes," was the old man's answer.

When our hero heard that he had but one brief year to reign, and that one-third was gone already, he first said he would enjoy himself while it did last. "Let us

eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." But soon wiser thoughts came. He sought the old counselor again. Said he: "Am I not king now?" "Yes," said the old man. "Can I do as I will?" "Absolutely," was the response. "Then," said he, "I will spend the rest of my time in fitting up that desolate island;" and at once he transported buildings, men, provisions—everything he could—and set up a new kingdom on the island beyond the horizon. His year ran out. It happened to him as the old man said it would. He was sent off in a boat alone, to be received with joyful welcome in the island-home he had made.

UP IN HEAVEN.

A very strange and weird story comes from San Jose, California. A Mrs. Williams residing there relates the following about one of her children:

"Daisy, my thirteen-year old daughter, died. She called us all to her bedside, and then she fell back and died. Neighbors came in and pronounced her dead. She was cold as ice, her eyes were glassy, her limbs perfectly stiff, and the usual deathly pallor covered her features. She ceased to breathe and her pulse quit beating.

"She had been dead one-half hour," continued her mother, "when suddenly she opened her eyes and looked about the room smiling, and seeing her little sister, she said: 'Maudie, I have come back to stay a little while.'"

Here the father took up the narrative, cautioning your reporter, however, to make no mistake, saying:

"I want you to give just the same words she used, and you must not change them, for I fear some great calamity would happen to us if you did."

"She then turned over in bed," continued Mr. Williams, "and slept till night. At about nine o'clock in the evening she awoke, sat up in bed, and said: 'Mamma, I was dead, and have been in Heaven. I saw my little sister Anna there. She was singing and was just as happy as she could be, and when she saw me she flew to me and took me to Jesus.'"

"Her mother asked her where Jesus was and how He looked. 'Oh, mamma, Jesus has feet and hands, and looks like any other man. I saw God near Jesus, and He was like a man, too. Jesus took sister and me by the hand and showed us all through Heaven.

" 'I can't begin to tell you all I saw in Heaven. There were thousands and thousands of angels flying all around me, and soon I met grandma, who is an angel now, and she kissed me several times. I saw my uncle, too, and I knew him as soon as I saw him.' "

Mr. Williams says she had never seen him on earth, neither had he ever described him to her, but he declared that she pictured him as exactly as any one could by looking at him.

" 'I saw Ethel Brown and had forgotten all about her until I saw her. Then I remembered how we used to play and go to school together at Dorland. I saw millions and millions of people in Heaven, but did not see many that I knew. Then Jesus took me by the hand and led me to where I could look down into Hell. It seemed to me that there were a great many people in Hell, but I saw only one there that I knew.' "

Daisy told the name of the woman she saw, but

Mrs. Williams said she would rather not give the name, as the woman had died a drunkard's death.

Mr. Williams said he told Daisy that she was surely mistaken, but Daisy was positive about the matter.

"She also said: 'I saw her, and I know it was she. Oh, mamma, it's an awful place. Satan himself was there, and called so loud that all the hollow depths of Hell resounded. I tell you I'm not going to go to Hell. I'm going to go to Heaven. Jesus told me I could now go back and tell my folks and everybody I saw what I had seen, and if they would not believe me He would send down my little sister Anna, and if they did not believe her, He would come Himself.

"Papa, do you believe what I have said? Well, papa, if you do, and also do not swear any more, the Savior said you could come to Heaven, too.'"

Such are the wonderful words that Daisy said when she recovered consciousness, and they were repeated again and again before several witnesses. She lingered along for a month and it seemed at one time that she would recover, but she died recently and was buried in Oak Hill cemetery. All of her relatives and many living in the neighborhood believe that she actually was dead and came to life again.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

THE GREAT MASTER.

"I am my own master," cried a young man, proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise in which he had a hand. "I am my own master."

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?"

"Responsibility—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against accidents and obstacles, and watch that everything goes straight, else he will fail."

"Well!"

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them, they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should fail sure if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my master, even Christ.' I work under God's direction. When He is master, all goes right."—*Dr. Bacon.*

A certain minister, when preaching on cleanliness, mentioned how he had seen a brass monkey in his town set up in a store with a cigar in its mouth. The cigar was lighted, and by machinery the monkey could draw the smoke from the cigar and puff it out again. The works stopped on one occasion, and the monkey was taken apart to discover the cause, when the works were found to be clogged and in a filthy condition. The moral was drawn by the preacher thus: "If tobacco smoke will stop the works of a brass monkey, what will it do for you?"—*Forward.*

IT IS FOLLY TO LOVE WEALTH MORE THAN
CHRIST.

A gentleman traveling on the cars passed a beautiful residence and grounds, which called forth an exclamation of admiration from a friend sitting beside him, when the gentleman replied, "Yes, they are beautiful grounds, and they ought to be, considering what they cost the late owner." "How much did they cost?" asked the other. And the reply was given, "They cost him his soul."

Experience is one of the chief elements of evangelical power. On critical occasions St. Paul, the master logician, when liberty, or even life, hung on the balance of a Roman governor's will, and some most persuasive argument was needed, told the simple story of his conversion from being a persecutor to a preacher of the faith he once destroyed. In fact, his commission, *three times renewed, was not to preach but to testify*. "When the omnipresent Jesus," as Bishop Simpson graphically describes him, "standing as picket-guard for the little church at Damascus," took Saul of Tarsus prisoner, He said to him, "I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a *witness* both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee." Ananias assured him that he should be a *witness* unto all men; and years afterward, while slumbering in the castle of Antonia, a prisoner, the Lord Jesus stood by him and said, "Be of good cheer, Paul, for as thou hast *testified* of Me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear *witness* also at Rome."—*Love Enthroned*.

A "PEPPER-CORN."

In a certain part of Scotland the poor people who lived on the land owned by a wealthy man used to come yearly to pay their rent. What do you think this was? Why, simply a pepper-corn. It has been the custom for a long series of years for each one to bring this pepper-corn on a certain day. It did not cost the poor man anything; but it was a sign-tribute which they paid him as their master.

Now, it is just so with those who swear. Every oath is a pepper-corn which they give to the devil. It does neither party any good. It just shows who is their master.

There is no greater curse in the Church to-day than unholy marriages between Christian women and unholy men. I went up several flights of stairs one day with my wife, to visit a beautiful young woman, twenty-eight years of age; she had four children. She had once been a Christian and very happy in her Christian life, but now she was in misery and darkness. She had married an unbeliever. He had promised her everything; but the first Sabbath night after their marriage he forbade her to go to church, and she said, "I have lost my religion, and I fear I shall lose my soul." I could have wept tears of blood for that beautiful woman. I know of hundreds whose lives have been wrecked by unholy alliances. I would rather be a nice old maid all my life than marry the richest and best man on earth who is not a child of God and a consecrated Christian.

THE WORD OF POWER.

According to an account by Dr. Harrower, an old negro was the mouthpiece of the word which led to the conversion of one of Methodism's princeliest friends, John B. Cornell. One day this negro, whose acquaintance Mr. Cornell had made in going to and from his work, said to him: "Be you a Christian, honey?" "I don't know," was the honest answer. "No right not to know, honey. Master Jesus pays them that serves Him, and they know it." That word stuck to him, and from that time he could not rest till he was a Christian and knew it. Which reminds us of the sable philosopher who soliloquized after the same manner; "I have heard people say, 'I think I have religion, but I don't know;' but I never heard people say, 'I think I have money in the bank, but don't know.' And the religion which people think they have, but don't know is worth just as much to them as money in the bank which they think they have but don't know."

"YOUR BROTHER IS DOWN THERE."

"A little while back," said the Rev. A. G. Brown, of London, in the course of an address delivered at the Mildmay Conference, "in the East of London, they were digging a deep drain in the neighborhood of Victoria Park. Some of the shoring gave way, and tons of earth fell down upon several men who were there at work. Of course, there was a good deal of excitement; and, standing by the brink was a man looking on—I grant you with great earnestness—at those who were attempting to

dig out the earth. But a woman came up to him, put her hand on his shoulder, and said, 'Bill, your brother is down there.' Oh, you should have seen the sudden change! Off went his coat, and then he sprang into the trench and worked as if he had the strength of ten men. Oh, sirs, amid the masses of the poor, and the degraded, and the lost, your brother is there! We may fold our arms and say, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' Yes. It is not for us to shirk the responsibility. There lie our brethren, and we shall have to give an account concerning them."

"SINGING ALL THE TIME."

A little boy was hurt at a spinning mill in Dundee, and, after being taken home, he lingered for some time, and then died.

I was in the mill when his mother came to tell that her little boy was gone. I asked her how he died. "He was singing all the time," said she.

"Tell me what he was singing," I asked.

"He was singing—

'O, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb upon Calvary!
The Lamb that was slain has risen again,
And intercedes for me.'

"You might have heard him from the street, singing with all his might," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"Had you a minister to see him?"

"No."

"Had you no one to pray with him?"

"No."

"Why was that?"

"Oh, we have not gone to any church for several years," she replied, holding down her head; "but, you know, he attended the Sabbath-school, and learned hymns there, and he sang them to the last."

Poor little fellow! he could believe in Jesus, and love Him through these precious hymns, and die resting "safe on His gentle breast" forever.

GLORY EVERYWHERE.

A Methodist minister was much annoyed by one of his hearers frequently shouting out during the preaching, "Glory!" "Praise the Lord!" and the like. Though often reprov'd, the happy member persisted in expressing himself.

One day the minister invited him to tea, and, to take his mind from the thoughts of praise, handed him a scientific book, full of dry facts and figures, to pass the time before tea.

Presently the minister was startled by a sudden outburst of "Glory!" "Allelujah!" and "Praise the Lord!"

"What is the matter, man?" asked the minister.

"Why, this book says the sea is five miles deep!"

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, the Bible says my sins have been cast into the depths of the sea, and if it is that deep I need not be afraid of their ever coming up again. Glory!"

The minister gave up hopes of reforming him.

RUN OVER.

I heard a mother, a short time ago, give a thrilling account of a child of hers who had been run over by an express wagon in the streets of New York. The mother was quietly engaged in her domestic work when the dreadful news came: "Come to the police station; your child has been run over." She hastened to the station-house and found her child surrounded by strangers. The surgeon had not yet arrived. She was told that the wheels passed over his foot, but on examination she found no real injury. She said to the little darling: "Why, Willie, how could the wagon have passed over your foot and not have crushed it?" The child looked up in his mother's face and said: "Mamma, I guess God put it in a hollow place."

The child's words lingered with me: "I guess God put it in a hollow place;" and then I thought of the crushing sorrows that pass over many, and when you fear that it will be impossible for them to recover from the blow, lo! you see them afterwards walking calmly about. Ah, there is a hollow place! If there were not, many would be crushed by life's sorrows. There are souls as well as bodies that pass under vehicles of pain every day, and we wonder how they live. It must be as the child said, God has made a hollow place for them. One of the hollow places He has made, where hundreds and thousands are being saved to-day from the crushing sorrows, is this blessed truth, "All things work together for good to them that love God." But for this, many could not walk forth. And yet, to my mind, the "hollow

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place" is "Thy will be done." The Son of God Himself, when the crushing weight of a world's guilt passed over His innocent soul, when He sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, falling down to the ground, was saved here. "Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done." And the strengthening angels were on the spot.

LOSING ALL—A FAMILY SCENE.

There is something exceedingly tender, as well as instructive, in the following, which we take from the *Child's Paper*:

A few years ago a merchant failed in business. He went home one evening, in great agitation. "What is the matter?" asked his wife. "I am beggared. I have lost my all!" he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon his forehead as if his brain was in a whirl.

"All!" said his wife, "I am left." "All, papa!" said his eldest boy, "here am I." "And I, too, papa," said his little girl, running up and putting her arms around his neck. "I's not lost, papa," repeated Eddie. "And you have your health left," said his wife. "And your two hands to work with, papa," said his eldest, "and I can help you." "And your two feet, papa, to carry you about." "And your two eyes to see with, papa," said little Eddie.

"And you have God's promises," said grandmother. "And a good God," said his wife. "And a Heaven to go to," said the little girl. "And Jesus who came to fetch us there," said his eldest.

"God forgive me," said the poor merchant, bursting into tears. "I have not lost all. What are the few thou-

sands which I called my all, to these precious things which God has left me?" and he clasped his family to his bosom, and kissed his wife and children with a thankful heart.

Ah, no, there are many things more precious than gold and bank stocks, valuable as these may be in their place. When the "Central America" was foundering at sea, bags and purses of gold were strewn about the deck, as worthless as the mere rubbish. "Life, life!" was the prayer. To some of the wretched survivors, "Water, water!" was the prayer. "Bread, bread!"—it was worth its weight in gold, if gold could have bought it.

THOROUGH AND HONEST WORK.

A good lady employed a deacon of one of our Baptist churches to do some carpenter's work, which amounted to quite a large sum of money; and she said, when speaking of the job, "I would just as soon hear Deacon—pray now, as I would have done before he did that work for me." That's it! We want deacons, and all other members of our churches, to do in all business relations just what is right. We believe in a practical religion. Spurgeon asked a young girl, who served as a domestic in one of his families, when she presented herself for membership in his church, what evidence she could give of having become a Christian, and she meekly answered, "I now sweep under the mats." And the renowned preacher said it was good evidence, and we agree with him. Real religion leads one to do work thoroughly.

---*Watchman.*

HOW HE CONVINCED THEM.

A famous artist, wandering in the mountains of Switzerland, met some officials who demanded his passport, writes Rev. H. W. Lathe, in "Chosen of God."

"It is not with me, but my name is Dore."

"Prove it, if you are," replied the incredulous officers.

Taking a piece of paper, Dore hastily sketched a group of peasants standing by with such grace and skill that the men of the law exclaimed:

"Enough, you must be Dore."

"Write your name," is the challenge of the world to the follower of Christ. No awkward scrawl of a worldly life will do. Nothing but the grace and beauty of a character born of God will convince men that our profession is true.

"A physician found a patient shut up in a damp, chilly room. He said to him: 'No wonder you are sick in such a place. You don't need medicine, but fresh air, sunshine, and exercise.' He took that hypochondriac out of doors. He made him walk and ride about. Soon he was well again, and the doctor left him. But in a little while he was sent for. His morbid and perverse patient was lying in the close, damp chamber as before, shivering and moaning. 'Oh, doctor, he cried, 'that sure cure of yours has failed, and I am just as bad as ever!' 'Did you keep yourself in the sunshine?' 'No, I thought that I had taken enough of it, not only to make me well, but to keep me so, and then I came back to bed again.'"

THE OTHER SINGER.

No bracelets nor necklaces had she, no white dress had she ever seen, and a common white muslin, even, she had never worn, she was barefooted, and though the morning was warm, she had wrapped an old shawl around her to hide the holes in her dress. A neat little girl was Mandy, or at least she would have been, if she had known how; she always washed her feet in the fast-running gutter puddles, after a hard rain, just because she liked to see them look clean; but she had no needle and thread at home, nor patches; and her work among the barrels, picking for rags, was not the cleanest in the world. Yet on this very afternoon in which Miss Cecilia was getting ready for the concert, and frowning over her white silk, because the trail did not hang quite as she liked, did this little girl, Mandy, give a concert. Her audience was an organ-grinder who stopped to rest a bit, an old woman who was going by with a baby, and a little boy with a load of chips. The words she sang were:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

And the chorus, repeated as many times as did Miss Cecilia's: "I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed."

"Where did you get that?" asked the organ-grinder.

"What?" said Mandy, startled, and turning quickly.

"*That*; that you're singing."

"Oh, I got it at Sunday-school." And she rolled out

the wonderful news, "I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed—been washed in the blood of the Lamb."

"I don't s'pose you understand what you're singing about?" said the organ-grinder.

"Don't I, though," said Mandy, with an emphatic little nod of her head. "I know all about it, and it's all true. I belong to Him; He is going to make me clean inside, and dress me in white some day, to stay with Him for ever and ever. 'I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed—been washed in the blood of the Lamb.'"

Away down the street, as far as the organ-grinder could hear, as he trudged on, there came back to him the faint sound of that chorus, "I've been redeemed." Nobody threw bouquets to Mandy; nobody said she had a sweet voice. But the organ-grinder kept saying the words over and over to himself; they were not new to him. Years ago, his old mother used to sing those first ones, "There is a fountain." He had never heard the chorus before, but he knew it fitted, he knew all about it, his mother had taught him, and away back, when he was a little boy, a minister had said to him once, "My boy, you must be sure to find the fountain and get washed." He never had. He was almost an old man, and it was years since he had thought about it, but Mandy's song brought it all back. Was that the end of it? Oh, no. The organ-grinder kept thinking, and thinking, until by and by he resolved to do. He sought the fountain, and found it, and now, if he knew the tune, could sing, "I've been redeemed."

IT HAD TO DO IT.

One of the speakers, referring to the dire necessity which forced our forefathers to do the work they did, said it reminded him of the story of the country boy, who was boasting of the prowess of his dog in chasing a woodchuck. The dog got between the animal and its hole, so that it was compelled to run for dear life. The dog was rapidly gaining ground when the woodchuck came to a tree, which it immediately climbed. "But," said a listener, "woodchucks can't climb trees." "I know they can't," replied the boy, "but, you see, this one *had* to!" That, the speaker urged, was the way with the first settlers of this country, they *had* to do the unexpected and impossible (?) at times!

CHAPTER XV.

CONSCIENCE.

Repentance to Sinner.

"Good-bye," I said to Conscience,
"Good-bye, for aye and aye;"
And I put her hands off harshly
And turned my face away;
And Conscience, smitten sorely,
Returned not from that day.
But a time came when my spirit
Grew weary of its pace,
And I cried, "Come back, my Conscience,
For I long to see thy face;"
But Conscience cried, "I cannot,
Remorse sits in my place."

—Paul Lawrence Dundar.

INFIDELITY NOT FOR STORMS.

That famous son of thunder, Benjamin Abbott, tells of a young man on one of his circuits who, while wasting his health and substance in riotous living, boldly avowed his disbelief in future punishment. Going to sea in a vessel commanded by a pious captain, he found himself one day in imminent danger of sinking with the sloop in a fearful gale. Then he was greatly terri-

fied; and when the captain asked him what he feared, since he did not believe in Hell, he replied, weeping, and wringing his hands, "Oh! that will do well enough to talk about on land, but it will not do for a storm at sea." This was the confession of an awakened conscience. A sleeping conscience can make light of the doctrine of retribution; but when God quickens it into life, it bears unmistakable testimony by its terrors to the truth of the doctrine.

JESUS CAN SAVE TO THE UTTERMOST.

The story of the conversion of Valentine Burke, the burglar, is one of the most remarkable instances of God's power to save to the uttermost. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Moody was preaching a series of evangelistic sermons in St. Louis and *The Globe-Democrat* was reporting every word he said. Burke had served twenty or more years in prison. He was a daring, profane and ugly man to deal with. Prof. H. M. Hamill, D. D., in *The Epworth Herald* repeats the story Mr. Moody told him, in these words:

One day somebody threw a *Globe-Democrat* into his cell, and the first thing that caught his eye was a big headline like this: "How the jailer at Philippi got caught." It was just what Burke wanted, and he sat down with a chuckle to read the story of the jailer's discomfiture.

"Philippi!" he said, "that's up in Illinois. I've been in that town."

Somehow the reading had a strange look out of the usual newspaper way. It was Moody's sermon of the night before.

"What rot is this?" asked Burke. "Paul and Silas—a great earthquake—what must I do to be saved? Has *The Globe-Democrat* got to printing such stuff?" He looked at the date. Yes, it was Friday morning's paper, fresh from the press. Burke threw it down with an oath, and walked about his cell like a caged lion. By and by he took up the paper, and read the sermon through. The restless fit grew on him. Again and again he picked up the paper and read its strange story. It was then that a something, from whence he did not know, came into the buglar's heart, and cut its way to the quick. "What does it mean?" he began asking. "Twenty years and more I've been buglar and jail-bird, but I never felt like this. What is it to be saved, anyhow? I've lived a dog's life, and I'm getting tired of it. If there is such a God as that preacher is telling about, I believe I'll find it out if it kills me to do it." He found it out. Away toward midnight, after hours of bitter remorse over his wasted life, and lonely and broken prayers, the first time since he was a child at his mother's knee, Burke learned that there is a God who is able and willing to blot out the darkest and bloodiest record at a single stroke. Then he waited for day, a new creature, crying and laughing by turns. Next morning when the guard came round Burke had a pleasant word for him, and the guard eyed him in wonder. When the sheriff came, Burke greeted him as a friend, and told him how he had found God after reading Moody's sermon.

"Jim," said the sheriff to the guard, "you better keep an eye on Burke. He's playing the pious dodge, and first chance he gets he will be out of here." In a few weeks Burke came to trial; but the case, through some

legal entanglement, failed, and he was released. Friendless, an ex-buglar in a big city, known only as a daring criminal, he had a hard time for months of shame and sorrow. Men looked at his face when he asked for work, and upon its evidence turned him away.

But poor Burke was as brave as a Christian as he had been as a burglar, and struggled on. Moody told how the poor fellow, seeing that his sin-blurred features were making against him, asked the Lord in prayer, "if He wouldn't make him a better looking man, so that he could get an honest job." You will smile at this, I know, but something or somebody really answered that prayer, for Moody said a year from that time when he met Burke in Chicago he was as fine a looking man as he knew. The St. Louis sheriff made him his deputy, and several years afterward when Moody was passing through the city, he stopped off an hour to meet Burke, who loved nobody as he did the man who had converted him. Moody told how he found him in a close room upstairs in the court-house serving as trusted guard over a bag of diamonds. Burke sat with a pack of the gems in his lap and a gun on the table. There were \$60,000 worth of diamonds in the sack.

"Moody," he cried, "see what the grace of God can do for a burglar. Look at this! The sheriff picked me out of his force to guard it."

Then he cried like a child as he held up the glittering stones for Moody to see.

Many were converted through him, and when he died, the rich and poor, the saints and the sinners, attended his funeral in great numbers. The big men of

the city could not say enough over the coffin of Valentine Burke. And to this day there are not a few in that city whose hearts soften with a strange tenderness when the name of the burglar is recalled.

THE GREAT PRAYER-MEETING.

During a series of gracious revival meetings I was assisted by a lay brother whose great gifts were prayer and house-to-house visitation. One day he visited a home where all were busy as bees. They were too much engaged with the things of the world to allow him even a few minutes for prayer with them. Leaving the home with a sad and heavy heart, he handed them a tract of which the following is a copy:

"A great prayer-meeting, to be largely attended by the royalty and nobility of all nations, will be held on the eve of the Day of the Lord. The kings of the earth and great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains and others of the ungodly, who seldom attend prayer-meetings now, will be there to lead in prayer. 'And they shall say to the mountains and rocks, fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.' (Rev. vi, 17.) 'Flee from the wrath to come.'"

They minded earthly things. But, dear reader, how about yourself? Do the cares of this life choke your prayer life? Take care, take care, lest some sad day you will be altogether smothered by the devil and asphyxiated by the very gas from Hell. How shall you escape if you neglect to call upon the Lord while He is near? Your time to pray is coming and you will

either call upon the Lord now, or cry with remorseful agony unto the mountains and the hills *hereafter*. But it will then be of no avail. Escape will be impossible, but, thank God, *now* "whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—*Ex.*

"PARROT'S REVIVAL."

At one of our home missionary meetings some years ago, the late James Earnest Clapman related a most interesting and instructive incident. He said, "I had preached on Sunday evening in one of our large circuit chapels, and among others who came forward to shake hands at the close of the service was a man who made this remark, 'I was converted in Parrott's Revival.' When I got to my host's, I asked the meaning, and this was told me:—'Some years ago, we had on the Plan a village in which we seemed thoroughly beaten, and, at the Local Preachers' Quarterly Meeting, it was often suggested that the time had come to abandon the village. The brethren hesitated to do this, because they feared it would break the heart of the dear old saint who had stood by our cause for many years. And so they resolved to try again. Then the old man, whose name was Parrott, like Jacob at Peniel, wrestled with God in mighty prayer. He got the victory, and the assurance of a revival. His faith never wavered, although he never lived to see it. He told the people, 'It's coming, it's coming' until it got to be a by-word, and the boys would shout after him, 'It's coming.' After his death, at an ordinary service conducted by a local preacher, the mighty power of God was felt, and two persons were

converted. The local preacher went on the Monday to continue the services, and again there were conversions. Then one of the converted ones shouted, 'This is what old Parrott said would come,' and the cry through all the countryside was, 'It's come,' and a wonderful revival was the issue." We never fail utterly in any place if we have *one man thoroughly in earnest*. A solemn responsibility is now resting on all members of our churches. There is a tide in the affairs of our churches, taken at the flood, leads on to revival, but omitted, the curse of Meroz becomes our portion.—*Out and Out*.

PORT YOUR HELM; OR, THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

Several years ago a prize of five thousand dollars in gold was offered to the sailing vessel that would make the quickest time from Liverpool to New York. Several entered into the race and all left the coast of England at the same hour. When the voyage was about half completed, one day while waves were quite high and ocean rough, the captain of one of the racing vessels saw a drowning man floating on a light spar, and true to his better nature, he cried, "Port your helm, there's a man drowning." Then as the towering waves hid the man from sight, he thought of the gold, and cried to the man at the wheel, "Steady on your course." Again a rising wave brought the man into view, and the captain cried, "Port your helm, there is a man drowning." The vessel veered around under the impulse of the helmsman's hand, but again the captain thought of the gold,

and greed crushing the noble impulse to save, he cried, "Steady on your course." The third time this was enacted, when the drowning man was left to die. The captain was first to reach the Atlantic port and won the coveted five thousand dollars.

Some years after an old man lay dying on a cot in an insane asylum. For years he had been insane, and his one cry was, "Port you helm, there's a man drowning." "Port your helm, there's a man drowning." Death is now not far off, strength is almost gone, he can just whisper, and his last cry is, "Port your helm, there's a man drowning." Conscience, with its wired lashes, had driven the captain day by day—faithfully depicting the scene when he had let a man die for love of gold, until reason tottered from its throne and left him an awful wreck in a mad-house in New York.

HE ROSE AGAIN.

An Arab of the streets stood looking in a window that exhibited a picture of the Crucifixion. He gazed so intently and seemed so deeply interested that a gentleman noticing him said, "My lad, what is that picture about?" and the boy, as though pitying him, said, "Why, mister, don't you know, that's Jesus. He was a good man, He loved sinners, and the Jews hated Him, and took Him and nailed Him to that cross. Don't you see the blood on His hands, and on His feet?"

"Oh, yes," said the man, "I see it," now very much interested, and waiting for the boy to go on with the story. The boy was willing; he pitied such ignorance as this man displayed; he wanted him to know. "See

that crown on His head, mister? they made that of thorns, and the blood trickled down over his face. Yes, sir, and they thrust a spear in His side, and blood and water came out. They killed him, sir, they killed Him."

"Well, where did you learn all this, my boy?"

"Down at the Mission Sunday-school. I go every Sunday, sir."

"All right," said the gentleman, and he went on his way thankful for missions that taught the children until they could give such an account of the death of Jesus as that lad had done.

He had gone but a block down the street, when he heard the patter of feet on the pavement, as the boy came running after him, hailing him at the top of his voice. "Say, mister, hold up, hold up. They did kill Him, *but He rose again—He rose again.*"

Yes, the boy was right, there is an incompleteness about the message unless we tell it all. Thank God Jesus rose again, *and ever lives above for us.*

JESUS NEVER TROUBLED ME SINCE.

During a revival in Princeton, when Dr. Witherspoon was at the head of the College, Aaron Burr, at nineteen years of age, was under deep conviction. Many of the students were yielding themselves to God and the entire school knew the work was in divine order.

Burr, much troubled, went to a member of the faculty and asked him what he thought of the work, and received the reply that it was "all excitement, nothing in it, soon wear off," etc. But there was a man of God very much interested in Burr, and he pled with him to

yield. In answer Burr said: "I am going home for two weeks, and when I return I will decide this matter." Two weeks elapsed, and he returned and was again accosted by his godly friend, who earnestly besought him to give himself to God. Burr, under the stress of intense feeling, said, "*Sir, I have made up my mind that if Jesus Christ will leave me alone, I will leave Him alone.*"

The meeting closed and Burr went out into the world to become a man of affairs, a politician, in a certain sense, a statesman, and also a traitor to his country. He left America, went to France, spent several years there, at last coming back to New York. Here he became acquainted with a local preacher, a man of culture, toward whom Burr was attracted because of his rare conversational powers. The preacher was much interested in Burr and sought an opportunity to speak to him in regard to his soul, saying, "Mr. Burr. I have a friend I would like to introduce you to." In his courtly manner, Burr replied, "Certainly, sir, if he is anything like you, I would be glad to meet him." "Well, Mr. Burr," the preacher replied, "my Friend is the Lord Jesus Christ."

Instantly Burr's face seemed to turn to an ashen gray, a look of hate came to his eyes, and in a voice of suppressed feeling he replied, "Sixty-four years ago I settled that matter. I told Jesus Christ if He would leave me alone I would leave Him alone, *and He has never troubled me since.*" The Spirit of the Lord departed from him forever when, at nineteen years of age, he made that awful decision.

EXPLORING CANAAN.

"The light of the Word shines *brighter and brighter*,
As *wider and wider* God opens my eyes.
My trials and burdens seem *lighter and lighter*,
And *fairer and fairer* the heavenly prize.

"The wealth of this world seems *poorer and poorer*,
As *farther and farther* it fades from my sight;
The prize of my calling seems *surer and surer*,
As *straighter and straighter* I walk in the light.

"My waiting on Jesus is *dearer and dearer*
As *longer and longer* I lie on His breast;
Without Him I'm nothing seems *clearer and clearer*,
And *more and more* sweetly in Jesus I rest.

"My joy in my Savior is *growing and growing*,
As *stronger and stronger* I trust in His Word;
My peace like a river is *flowing and flowing*,
As *harder and harder* I lean on the Lord.

"My praise and thanksgiving are *swelling and swelling*,
As *broadener and broader* the promise I prove;
The wonderful story I'm *telling and telling*;
And *more and more* sweetly I rest in His love."

DIVORCED, BUT—

A few years ago my door-bell rang and a woman was ushered in, who evidently was laboring under deep feeling. She said, "Elder, I want to see you." "All right, step into the parlor." "But I must see you alone. I am in trouble." Wife stepped out, and this troubled woman began her story, but it was very evident she was reluctant to tell it all, and so went away without any help.

A few weeks passed away and again this same woman, evidently in greater trouble than ever, called at the parsonage. "I must unburden. I must have peace. I have no rest. What shall I do? Oh, tell me," was her cry. Then she began, and this time she told it all. A few years before, she was married, lived with her husband a year and grew tired of the relation, leaving him and securing a divorce. In the course of time she married again, and this time seemed more happily mated. She attended church, was wrought upon by the Spirit, gave herself to God, and without anyone saying one word, immediately became much troubled about her marriage relations, and she wanted to know, "What must I do, what shall I do? I cannot live with him and please God."

Now mark you, this woman had a divorce, just as lawful as the courts could make it, no plan in it, and yet there was unrest and trouble and darkness, until her, in the sight of God, adulterous relations ceased, *then came peace.* See Matthew xix, 9.

A SPIRIT-ENERGIZED CONFESSION.

"God sent me here. Can I see you?" was the exclamation of a woman who, with tear-stained cheeks, waited my appearance at the door. "I cannot rest until I confess it. I had no bringing up, no one told me about God, no one ever taught me to pray, and when I was a young girl I was married to a man—an awful sinner. He was untrue to me and I secured a divorce from him. Then a man paid attention to me and betrayed me, and a child was born. *I did not want that child and I put*

my fingers around its neck and strangled it to death, and God made me come over and confess it."

How I pitied her as I looked at her in her tearful agony—young, handsome, attractive and poor. God help the girl who is poor and handsome—the lustful hounds of Hell will be on her track till her ruin is accomplished, unless she becomes acquainted with the saving grace of God.

I said, "Come into the sitting-room (she had been standing in the hall while talking) and wife and I will pray for you." We knelt together and prayed. Then from her heart came forth one of the most touching appeals to the throne of grace to which I ever listened—a cry for forgiveness, an acknowledgement of sin, a pleading in Jesus' name, until the answer came, the burden disappeared, and God gave victory. From that time that woman has walked with God, shouting the victory, and an ensample to believers, mighty in prayer, effective in testimony, and an honor to the Church. *"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."*

A certain young man in a well known school was an excellent mathematician and was well liked among his fellows, who enjoyed watching him working out problems. One day a man came along who gave him this question, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It was a question which he had never much thought about before, but it so touched him that ever afterward he lived a good Christian life.

"PRAY! PRAY! PRAY!"

Mrs. E. E. Williams-Childs tells in the *Christian Standard* of an affecting incident that happened in her own neighborhood a few years since. She had returned from an evangelistic tour, wearied in body, and was preparing for an evening of quiet and rest, when she was called to visit the son of a neighbor, who was dying. Quickly arraying herself for the call, she was soon in the home, and as she ascended the stairs she heard a hoarse whisper from the lips of the dying man, "*Pray—pray—pray!*"

Entering the room she was met by the mother of the dying man, who said, "Oh, Mrs. Williams, pray for Charlie, pray for him at once." Mrs. Williams is one of God's chosen women, gifted in prayer and known as such to friends and neighbors. She knelt by the side of the poor fellow soon to enter the eternal world and upon her ears fell again and again the cry, "Pray—pray—pray!" She began, but there was no unction. The heavens seemed as brass, her prayers went no higher than her head. Soon she ceased to pray—and the mother said, "Oh, Mrs. Williams, you will pray for Charlie!" Urged by the entreaties of that mother she assayed again to pray, and with the same result. Rising from her knees she was about to pass from the room when the brother who had called for her said, "You will not go without praying for Charlie?" and again she tried to pray, while the dying man in tones hoarse and low kept crying, "Pray—pray—pray."

But she, gifted though she was, and urged by mother and brother, and by a soul soon to stand before God,

yet could not pray. As she passed down the stairs and out the door, the last sound she heard was the voice in awful whispers, "Pray—pray—pray."

Would you know the secret of the awful fact. Some years before, while in a revival meeting, this young man, hearing many of his companions asking for prayer, joined with a number of sneering, godless young folks in the vow, "*We will never ask any one to pray for us.*" In the presence of the awful need of a soul entering eternity the vow was repented of, but too late—and there was no answer, though the last words from his lips were the oft-repeated ones, "Pray—pray—pray."

*MOSES WOULD PRAY, EVEN IF HE HAD TO
BLEED AND DIE FOR IT.*

Moses was a negro slave who lived in the South before the war. He was a joyful Christian and a faithful servant. His master, however, was in need of money, and one day a young planter who was an infidel, came to buy Moses. The price was agreed upon and the Christian slave was sold to the infidel. But in parting with him the master said, "You will find Moses a good worker, and you can trust him; he will suit you in every respect but one."

"And what is that?" said the master.

"He will pray and you can't break him of it; but that is his only fault."

"I'll soon whip that out of him," remarked the infidel.

"I fear not," said the former master, "and would not advise you to try it; he would rather die than give it up."

Moses proved faithful to the new master, the same as

he had to the old. The master soon got word that he had been praying, and on calling him said, "Moses, you must not pray any more, we can't have any praying around here, never let me hear any more about this nonsense."

Moses replied, "O Massa, I loves to pray to Jesus and when I pray I loves you and missus all the more, and can work all the harder for you."

But he was sternly forbidden ever to pray any more, under penalty of a severe flogging. That evening, when the day's work was done, he talked to his God, like Daniel of old, as he had aforetime. Next morning he was summoned to appear before his master, who demanded of him why he had disobeyed him. "O Massa, I has to pray, I can't live without it," said Moses. At this the master flew into a terrible rage and ordered Moses to be tied to the whipping post, and his shirt off. He then applied the rawhide with all the force he possessed, until his young wife ran out in tears and begged him to stop. The man was so infuriated that he threatened to punish her next, if she did not leave him, then continued to apply the lash until his strength was exhausted. Then he ordered the bleeding back washed in salt water and the shirt on, and the poor slave to be about his work. Moses went away singing in a groaning voice:

"My suffering time will soon be o'er,
When I shall sigh and weep no more."

He worked faithfully all that day, though in much pain, as the blood oozed from his back where the lash had made long, deep furrows. Meantime God was working on the master. He saw his wickedness and

cruelty to that poor soul, whose only fault had been his fidelity, and conviction seized upon him; by night he was in great distress of mind. He went to bed but could not sleep. Such was his agony at midnight that he woke his wife and told her that he was dying.

"Shall I call in a doctor?" she said.

"No, no; I don't want a doctor—is there any one on the plantation that can pray for me? I am afraid that I am going to Hell."

"I don't know of any one," said his wife, "except the slave you punished this morning."

"Do you think he would pray for me?" he anxiously inquired.

"Yes, I think he would," she replied.

"Well, send for him quickly."

On going after Moses they found him on his knees in prayer, and when called he supposed it was to be punished again. On being taken to the master's room he found him writhing in agony. The master groaning, said, "Moses, can you pray for me?"

"Yes, bress de Lord, Massa, I'se been prayin' for you all night," and at this dropped on his knees and, like Jacob of old, wrestled in prayer; and before the breaking of the day witnessed the conversion of both master and mistress. Master and slave embraced, race differences and past cruelty were swept away by the love of God and tears of joy were mingled. Moses was immediately set free. He never worked another day on the plantation. The master took Moses and went out to preach the Gospel; they travelled all over the South, witnessing to the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. This is what the love of God will do for a person.

THE BABY'S SHOES.

Scream after scream rang through the jail. It was a woman's shrill voice, and one of the deputies said with a laugh, "Mag has the jim-jams again."

Over in Cell 87 Mag twisted and writhed in a vain attempt to break the straps which fastened her to her cot, cursed and called on the white-headed matron to "chase that little red beast out of the corner; pull that wire out of my mouth." Begged for water, whisky, a knife to cut her throat, and raved incessantly.

"George," said the police matron, "I want you to take Maggie to my room. I believe she would do better there. Prison surroundings affect women unpleasantly."

"Mrs. Barnes, you don't want a bloat like Mag in your room; she is a bad egg; nothing will make her better. Prison is too good for her."

The matron was undaunted. "Are you going to do what I tell you? I have charge of the women prisoners."

Abashed, they carried the wild creature over to a plain little room. The matron gave her medicine, strong coffee, stroked her soft, yellow hair and sang softly, "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber." On and on she sang; the screaming and cursing stopped.

Mag choked and sobbed and said eagerly, "Don't sing like that; please don't sing like that!"

"Don't you like me to sing, Maggie?" she queried.

"Yes, oh, yes; but not that. I used to sing that to my baby before she died. I was a good woman then. Oh, my God, what am I now?" and the poor woman sobbed bitterly.

The matron's kind eyes were misty. "I had a baby once; he died," she said simply. "I have his little shoes here on the mantle. He never wore but one pair. I'll show them to you."

A step to the mantlepice and back, and the little worn shoes were clasped tightly in the criminal hands.

Mag cried softly now; only the matron's voice broke the silence as she read that story of ineffable love—the story of the Prodigal Son. She read the twenty-first verse. Then the broken voice checked her.

"That's me. I am no more worthy. I could only begin over."

The next half-hour witnessed a scene in that little room which caused the angels to rejoice.

That was the beginning. When Mag left the jail the matron pressed a little paper-wrapped parcel in her hands. "Keep it, my dear; it is for him. I know he would like you to have it." Five dollars out of Mrs. Barnes' scanty salary were tucked in the baby's shoes.

The end! There is no end. Margaret Adams has an open door and helping hand for sinful women, and the hundredfold increase is more than realized. But time keeps no record of deeds of love. Angels rejoice throughout all eternity, and, instead of "finished," God writes "continued."—*Sel.*

SORE JAWS.

Let all things be done decently and in order, because order, we are told, is Heaven's first law. To give a present of money to a rich man would be inconsistent, as also would be the issuing of a license to go hungry

to a pinched and starving beggar. To preach holiness to unrepenting rebels, and plainness of garb to severe examples of funereal and ill-fitting attire, would be a useless expenditure of energy and breath. The following, which we clip from the *Advance*, indicates that it is not only inconsistent, but hazardous to allow one's zeal to mistake a suffering mortal, just escaped from a dental chair, for a victim of drunkenness. It points an excellent moral:

A reporter is said to have once asked John Jacob Astor if it were true that he had twenty-seven automobiles, five chauffeurs, thirty-three horses and forty-eight carriages. Mr. Astor interrupted: "Statistics are always dry, stupid and even irritating. Let me tell you a story of a temperance exhorter who, while in the suburbs, found a man lying full length on the path with flushed face and tousled hair. He touched him with his foot to rouse him and said in a voice full of gentle reproach: 'My friend, did you ever pause to consider that if you had placed the price of one glass of whiskey out at compound interest at the time of the visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon you would now have \$7,816,472?' The red-faced man lifted his head, brushed the place where the other's foot had touched him and replied: 'No, I haven't worked that out, but I'm something of a statistician myself, and if you don't go back 119 feet in seven seconds I'll hit you forty-three times and make you see 17,598 stars, for I've just had six teeth pulled for \$8—that's \$1.33 a tooth—and I tell you, you old meddler, I'm in no mood for fooling.'"

ANYTHING BUT THE BIBLE.

It is related of Napoleon, that when Marshal Duroc, an avowed infidel, was once telling a very improbable story, giving his opinion that it was true, the Emperor remarked: "There are some men capable of believing everything but the Bible."

This remark finds abundant illustrations in every age. There are men all about us, at the present day, who tell us they cannot believe the Bible; but their capabilities for believing everything which opposes the Word of God are enormous. The most fanciful speculations that bear against the Bible, pass with them for demonstrated facts. The greediness with which they devour the most far-fetched stories—the flimsiest arguments, if they only appear to militate against the Word of God, is astonishing.

A CHURCH, OR A SOCIAL CLUB?

"If you can't close the theatres you can keep out of them. While you have the Thaw case before you that is enough evidence that the atmosphere of the theater is enough to ruin a woman and murder a man. I don't think that my Jesus would spend His evenings at the theater giggling at girls dressed in tights. * * * If you don't see a difference in your churches, I do. The churches are becoming more and more worldly. The church parlors are being desecrated by dances and card-parties, and prayer-meetings are going out of date. There is far more worldliness there there was ten years ago. Then the weekly prayer-meeting was a great thing and was attended by half the membership. Where

are the members now? They are playing whist—gambling, or dancing, or at the theater. I read a notice not long ago which read, 'A progressive whist party will take place as usual on Friday night, admission 50 cents.' I protest that that 'church' is not a Lord's house, but has become an ecclesiastical refrigerator.

* * * I read in one of your papers that some of your ladies have been visiting certain districts and that they were told by a keeper of one of these brilliantly-lighted places that the girls who go there are trained in dance halls and theaters. And yet you are having dances in your so-called Christian home and church parlors. When your churches are given up to that purpose you may write on the doors that glory has departed. To do your part toward preventing the downfall of girls, you men should refuse to ask another man's sister to go to a dance. If you don't stand for that you are not worthy of the name you bear."

THAT SOBERED ME.

A gentleman, high in commercial circles in a Western city, was relating some of his experiences to a group of friends.

"I think," said he, "the most singular thing that ever happened to me was in Hawaii.

"My father was a missionary in those islands, and I was born there. I came away at an early age, however, and most of my life has been spent in this country; but when I was a young man—and rather a tough young man, too, I may say—I went back there on a visit.

"The first thing I did was to drink more than I

should have done. While I was in this condition an old man, a native, persuaded me to go home with him. He took me into his house, bathed my head, gave me some coffee, and talked soothingly and kindly to me.

"'Old man,' I said, 'what are you doing all this to me for?'

"'Well,' he answered, 'I'll tell you. The best friend I ever had was a white man, an American. I was a poor drunkard. He made a man of me, and I hope, a Christian. All I am I owe to him. Whenever I see an American in your condition I feel like doing all I can for him, on account of what that man did for me.'

"This is a little better English than he used, but it is the substance of it.

"'What was the name of the man?' I asked him.

"'Mr. Blank, a missionary.'

"'God help me,' I said. 'He was my father.'

"Gentlemen, that sobered me—and, I believe made a man of me. It is certain that whatever I am to-day I owe to that poor old Sandwich Islander."

THE NEIGHBORHOOD TRAGEDY.

They looked like children, he and she, when they moved into the forlorn little house on the roadside in our village, writes a woman contributor to the *New York Tribune*. "Just married, of course," said the gossips. "Shall we call? Better wait, perhaps, till we know who they are and what his business is." So no one disturbed them.

The young husband went to town early every morning, and the little wife sat alone on the porch and await-

ed his return. They planted morning-glories and nasturtiums, and hung a bird-cage among the vines, so the place blossomed into new life, and looked as it never had done before.

The young people seldom left home; only on Sundays, they walked to the church and sat in a far back pew, hand in hand, through the service.

One day I saw the doctor's carriage in front of the little porch. "Dear me," I thought, "I wonder what is the matter there? I must surely look in to-morrow." I did. But alas! a grim visitor, who will not be denied, had been before me. As no one responded to my knock, I opened the front door and found my way to the sitting-room. In an instant I knew what had happened. There sat the poor boy alone, his face buried in his hands, his whole frame shaking with dry tearless sobs.

I put my hand on his shoulder. He was younger than my own son. I whispered: "Oh, let me help you, if I can."

"Oh," he groaned, "if you had only come before. She was so lonely! She longed so for a woman's hand and a woman's voice!"

"Yes," he added, "you can help me. Tear down the flowers when I am gone; they were hers. And give away her bird. I shall never see this place again after to-day."

The sorrowful departure took place that very afternoon, and I did as he requested. I never pass the bare porch of that house without remembering that I had practically denied the kindness and the sympathy so sorely needed and craved by one of my sisters.—*Sel.*

BRUDDER JONES' OLE PIPE.

"I say, Brudder Jones. I thought you belonged to de chu'ch."

"So I does.

"Den why are you suckin' dat ole pipe?"

"Kaint a feller smoke an' b'long to de chu'ch?"

"Well, y-a-a-s, he kin b'long to de chu'ch buildin', but never to de chu'ch triumphant."

"How you make dat out?"

"Well, Brudder Jones, look at it dis way: How would you look walkin' de golden streets ob de New Jerusalem wid de pipe in yo' mouf?"

"I'd snatch it out berry quick."

"Yes, but what would you do wid it? You want to fro it out ob sight; no place to hide it; dar yo' is! You hab been gibben a nice white garment, an' dar ain't any pocket in it to put de old pipe in, so you'll hab to hide it in yo' hand."

"I say, Brudder Perkins, isn't yo' gitting a little pussenal in yo' remahks?"

"But dat ain't all; bymby you'll want to smoke, an' you'll walk de golden streets tryin' to find a place to hide, so you' kin smoke, 'cause you's 'fraid to have decent saints an' angels ketch you practisin' sech a dirty habit. De streets ob dat city is about fifteen hundred miles long, and if you go to de end ob de street you would fotch up agin de wall dat is made ob jasper, an' so high yo' kaint climb ober, an' no hole in de wall to stick yo' haid for a smoke, an' you will want a smoke so bad you'll be tempted to pizen de air ob de golden city. Den you'll want a match to light up, an' it will

come ober you all ob a sudden dat dar ain't no matches in you new cloes, an' no brimstone in Hebben. Den you'd wish you was back in dis ole world again wid de ole close, an' matches, an' pipe so you could take some comfut."

"Brudder Perkins, I kaint afford to lose dem golden streets for de old pipe, so here goes pipe, terbacker, matches and all."

"Dat is right. If you was going to a weddin' whar would you fix up?"

"At home, ob course."

"Just so. Now if you spec to git to Heaben yo must get ready down heah, for de chu'ch triumphant is de folks dat triumph ober all dare sins by de help ob de Lord, ober all nasty habits, and lib just as clean as possible, for de Word says, 'Let him that is filthy be filthy still, and let him that is holy be holy still.' So if you lub to use de debil's cologne, you will hab to go whar de brimstone kinder kills de smell!"

BOB'S RELIGION.

Bob began to work at a salary of \$35.00 per month, and when he drew his first month's salary he counted out his money, and laid aside \$3.50.

"Now," said he, "that is my church money for this month."

"You don't mean to give that much out of your own month's salary, do you?" said some one.

"No," replied Bob; "I am not giving that. I am only paying my debt; that tenth belongs to the Lord. After that comes the giving."

After that Bob got a raise to \$50 per month.

Some of the boys said, "Well, Bob, I suppose you will give \$5 out of your month's wages?"

"I'll pay my debts," said Bob.

Again he was raised to \$60 per month, and it was the same thing.

But Bob was to be tested in another way. One Saturday afternoon the assistant superintendent said, "Well, boys, I don't have you work on Sunday as a rule, but we are behind now, and you will all have to come down to-morrow and work to get things in shape for the end of the month."

Bob spoke quietly: "I can't work on Sunday."

"Now, Bob, this is the first time I have had you boys do so, and we must work to-morrow to catch up."

"I'm sorry, sir, but it's against my religion, and I can't do so," said Bob firmly.

"Well, Bob, if you can't do the work I want you to do, at the time I want you to, I'll have to get a man that will."

Sunday morning every one but Bob went down to work. He went to Sabbath-school and preaching. On Monday morning he was discharged.

That night, when Bob brought in his part of a month's wages, some of the boys said: "Well, Bob, I guess you won't give any of that money to the church, but keep it to live on until you get another job." But Bob paid his dues.

Bob started out at once to hunt another job.

Days passed and still he was out of work, until the boys thought things pretty blue for him. But there was a brighter day ahead for him.

One day the president of the company came in. He knew Bob, and missed him right away. "Where is Bob T——?" said he.

"I had to let him go."

"What was the matter?"

"I had some work to do on Sunday, we were so badly behind. Bob refused to work, so I had to let him out."

The colonel made no further remark then, but afterward he asked about Bob, where he was and what he was doing. He forthwith sent for him to come to his office. Bob went over next morning.

"Well, you are the chap that preferred losing a job to working on the Sabbath?" said the colonel.

"Yes, sir."

"You are the boy I have been looking for—one that will stand by his principles. You can go to work at once in my office. What salary have you been getting?"

"Sixty dollars per month was my last salary."

"I'll start you at \$75," said the colonel.

And little Bobbie went on climbing up, until he climbed up to New York, and the last I heard of him he was getting \$150 per month, and he may be still climbing, for I have lost sight of him for some years.—*Christian Observer.*

A DYING MOTHER'S LOVE.

The plague broke out in a little Italian village. In one house the children were taken first: the parents watched over them, but only caught the disease which they themselves could not cure. The whole family died. On the opposite side of the way lived the family of a

laborer, who was absent the whole week, only coming home of Saturday nights to bring his scanty earnings. His wife felt herself attacked by the fever in the night; in the morning she was worse, and before night the plague spot showed itself. She thought of the terrible fate of her neighbors. She knew she must die, but as she looked upon her dear little boys she resolved not to communicate death to them. She had before locked the little children in the room, and snatched her bed clothes, lest they should keep the contagion behind her, and left the house. She even denied herself the sad pleasure of a last embrace. Oh, think of the heroism that enabled her to conquer her feelings, and all she loved, to die! Her eldest child saw her from the window. "Good-bye, mother," said he, with his tenderest tone, for he wondered why his mother had left him so strangely. "Good-bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching his little hands out of the window. The mother paused, her heart was drawn toward her children, and she was on the point of turning back; she struggled hard, while tears rolled down her cheeks at the sight of her helpless babes—at length, smiling through her tears and praying God to "keep her darlings safe from all danger," she turned from them. The children continued to cry, "Good-bye, mother." The sound sent a thrill of anguish to her heart; but she pressed on to the house of those who were to bury her. In two days she died, commending her husband and children to God with her last breath.

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

DOES GOD CARE?

In a large, lone house, situated in the south of England, far from any other human habitation, there once lived a lady and her two maid-servants. It was the lady's custom to go around the house with the maids every evening, to see that the windows and doors were properly secured. One night she had accompanied them as usual, and ascertained that all was safe. They then left her in the passage, close to her room and went to their own, which was at the other side of the house. As the lady opened the door, she distinctly saw a man under her bed. What could she do? Her servants were far away and could not hear if she screamed for help; and even if they had come to her assistance, they were no match for a desperate, armed house-breaker. In an instant her plan was formed, and quickly entering she closed the door, and locked it on the inside, as she was in the habit of doing. She then leisurely brushed her hair, and, putting on a dressing-gown, took her Bible, sat down and read aloud a chapter which had peculiar reference to God's watchfulness over us and constant care night and day. When it was finished, she knelt and prayed at great length, still uttering her words aloud, especially commending herself and servants to God's protection, and dwelling on their utter helplessness and dependence upon Him to preserve her from all dangers. At last she arose from her knees, and put out her candle and lay down, but not to sleep. After a few minutes had elapsed, she was conscious that a man was standing by her bed-side. He addressed her and begged her not to be alarmed. "I came here,"

said he, "to rob you, but after the words you have read, and the prayer you have uttered, no power on earth could induce me to hurt you, or touch a thing in your house. But you must remain perfectly quiet and not attempt to interfere with me. I shall now give a signal to my companions, which they will understand and go away, and you may sleep in peace, for I give you my solemn word that no one shall harm you, nor the smallest thing belonging to you shall be disturbed." He then went to the window, opened it, and softly whistled. Returning to the bedside, he said: "Now I go. Your prayer has been heard, and no disaster shall befall you." He left the room, and soon all was quiet, and the lady fell asleep, still upheld by that calm and child-like faith and trust. When she awoke in the morning, she poured out her thanksgivings to Him who had "defended" her under "His wings," and "kept" her "safe under His feathers," so that she was not afraid of any terror by night. The man proved true to his word, and not a thing in the house had been taken.

ALL THE BIBLE OF GOD.

A preacher entered a home one day and saw half a Bible on the centre table. He was led to inquire what that meant, and was told by the owner that it was half of his mother's Bible. "When mother died I wanted her Bible, and brother Bill, he wanted it, so we compromised; he took one-half, and I took the other. His half was blessed to the salvation of his soul, and my half was used of God to my salvation. Say, preacher, that half Bible on that stand is a wonderful book."

INTOLERANCE REBUKED.

There lived in Berlin a shoemaker who had a habit of speaking harshly of all of his neighbors who did not think as he did about religion. The old pastor thought it was time to teach him a lesson. Calling one morning he said, "John, take my measure for a pair of boots." "With pleasure. Take off your boot." The clergyman did so, when the shoemaker measured his foot from heel to toe, and over the instep, noting all down in his book.

As he was putting up his book, the pastor said, "John, my son also requires a pair of boots." "I will make them with pleasure, your reverence. Can I take his measure this morning?" "Oh, that is unnecessary," said the pastor, "the lad is fourteen, but you can make his boots from my last." "Your reverence, that will never do," said the surprised shoemaker. "I tell you, John, to make my boots and those for my son from the same last." "No, your reverence, I cannot do it." "It must be done; on the same last remember." "But, your reverence, it is not possible, if the boots are to fit." "Ah, then, master shoemaker, every pair of boots must be made on their own last, if they are to fit, and yet you think that God is to form all Christians exactly according to your last of the same measure and growth in religion as yourself. That will not do, either."

The shoemaker, much abashed, took the lesson, and said, "I thank you, pastor. Hereafter I will try to remember it, and judge my neighbors less harshly in the future." Amen.

"GOD HAS FORSAKEN ME!"

Rev. Alfred Cookman, of precious memory, was preaching in a Methodist Church in New York, conducting an evangelistic service. His brother George lived in the city, but was unsaved. The last night of the meeting was at hand and Alfred was very much exercised for his brother who, thus far, had not put in an appearance at any meeting. Calling a few of the saints around him, he requested them to pray, saying that he was going to call on George and ask him to come to the service. Leaving them, he went to his brother's place of business, and after being cordially greeted, he invited him to come to the meeting, as this was the last night, and he had not been there once during the series. Consent was secured, and Alfred returned to his room.

That night he preached with such an unction that his friends, who had often heard him, said he surpassed himself. During the sermon, a woman under awful conviction cried at the top of her voice, in agony of soul, "O God! O God!" Mr. Cookman stopped in his sermon and said, "I would give the world, were it mine to give, to hear my brother George cry out like that."

In the meanwhile George was up in the gallery. The Spirit, always faithful, was dealing with him. For a time he was undecided and started for home, but under the voice of the Spirit, he at last yielded and returned to the church, went to the altar and was saved.

A few years afterward Alfred was called to see a dying woman. Entering the home he failed to recognize her, and she said, "You do not know me, Mr.

Cookman?" "No, ma'am." "Do you remember preaching in the Methodist Church one night and a woman cried out in agony of soul, and you remarked, 'I would give the world to hear my brother George cry out like that'?" "O yes, I remember now." "Well, sir, I am that woman. I was under such conviction that night I could not restrain myself, and I cried in my very soul agony; but I would not yield, *and that night the Spirit left me forever.*"

Prayer did not avail, promises were powerless, and thus she died. God left her forever that night when she said "no" to God.

CARRIER BELTS.

A terrible accident in a sawmill occurred on the Saginaw Bay, in Michigan. At the noon hour when the machinery was stopped, the five-year-old boy of the proprietor came in and climbed up on the large belt which carried the sawdust and shavings to the furnace. Delighted with the springing of the belt, he played among the shavings, laughing with childish glee, until the whistle blew. The machinery was set in motion, moving the belt slowly but surely toward the roaring furnace. The child laughed for joy, unconscious of his approaching fate. The father came in and, looking up, saw his darling boy going to certain death. He screamed in agony, but it was too late! A moment more and this prattling child was dropped into the fire and entirely consumed.

My friend, there are many carrier belts loaded with the pleasures of this vain world—mere sawdust; yet

you laugh and sport and realize not that the wheels of time are surely taking you toward that place of torment "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." There are carrier-belts running through the ball-room, the saloon, the theater, the "innocent" amusement, the church raffle, to the mouth of Hell. Dear friend, if you are on one of these, sporting amid the shavings of empty pleasure, beware! The fire of eternal torment is just ahead! Your fate is certain unless you turn to Christ, who is able to break the power of sin and make you a "new creature."

"NOW, SUSAN, SHOUT."

An old presiding elder, accustomed to preach with great unction, often took his daughter Susan with him to his appointments. She often got blessed and would shout aloud the praises of God—much to the annoyance of some of the staid brethren. On the way home one day after preaching, the old presiding elder cautiously approached the subject of shouting, and said to his daughter: "Susan, some of the friends object to your shouting; it annoys them, and perhaps it would be better if you would hold in a little."

Susan listened very respectfully, and thereafter "held in" as much as she could. Time passed on and the preacher became very sick; it was soon evident that the end was near at hand. Somehow or other the way was not clear; clouds threw their shadows on his path. At last he asked all to pass out of the room, excepting Susan. Then he said: "Susan, my daughter, the time is near at hand when I must go. The way seems

hedged up, and I have not the assurance that I expected at this hour. I want you to join with me in prayer. Let us pray until the light breaks in."

Soon that room echoed, and re-echoed with the earnest petitions from two souls that were determined to test the promises of God until victory came. The promise was on record, "At even time it shall be light." "Call upon Me and I will deliver thee." Surely God heard, the light broke in and a gust of praise filled the room as the old presiding elder cried out, "*Now, Susan, shout! shout!* till I pass over and join the throng that never cease their praises." Praise was on his lips until he joined the hosts on the other side, who render eternal praises unto Him who washed them and redeemed them "in His own most precious blood."

"REDEEMED MEN MUST SHOUT."

In Baltimore, Md., an old-time Methodist lay on his death-bed. The outlook was so good that he would praise the Lord again and again. Some of his friends and the physician by his side said: "Don't shout; you are wasting your strength, you are hastening the end." But it was no use; he *would* shout.

Then one said: "*If you must praise, don't shout; whisper.*" But the old saint nearing the glory world cried out: "*Let angels whisper; redeemed men must shout,*" and he kept it up until the gates of the city of God opened to take him into the eternal welcome that awaits the ransomed of the Lord.

WHAT IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT?

A Confederate soldier, with feverish energy, said to his chaplain: "The man that lay on that cot was taken out this morning; and I have got the same sickness. I don't know how soon my turn may come. I want you to tell me what I ought to do."

I explained to him the way of salvation, as I supposed, with great simplicity. He looked me in the face with an earnestness which I can never forget, and said: "Stranger, couldn't you make it very plain to a poor feller that never got no schoolin'?"

His words, jerked out in the energy of his fever, had a strangely intense force in them. I tried again, and endeavored to simplify and illustrate my instruction, succeeding, I hope, in bringing the atoning death of Christ before his mind. I concluded by saying; "You must pray to God to forgive you your sins for Christ's sake."

"Preacher," said he, "I can't pray. Nobody never taught me nothing."

Said I, "Have you *never* prayed?"

His manner grew almost fierce as he ejaculated: "I tell you I never got no schoolin'," and then, as if re-collecting himself, he raised his head and added, "Stranger, couldn't you teach me a prayer? and if I said it, maybe the Lord would hear me."

I replied, "I will teach you a prayer and the Lord will hear you, if you say it sincerely."

I began to recite the 51st Psalm: "Have mercy upon me, O God,—according to Thy loving-kindness: According unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies—

blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,—and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions:—and my sin is ever before me.”

“Yes,” said he, raising his finger, “that’s it, that’s it, exactly. But, stranger,” rubbing his hand across his fevered brow, and looking at me more piteously than ever out of the pain-encircled eyes, “my head’s full of fever, and I can’t mind it. If it were writ down now, and I was to read it, don’t you think the Lord would hear me. I could spell it out, preacher,—if you think He’d hear me.”

“It is written down, my poor brother, and I’ll get it for you, if there’s a Bible in this hospital, and God will hear you.”

I set out to find a Bible, and in that camp, containing hundreds of sick and dying men and some thousands of rebel prisoners, there was not an accessible copy of the Word of God! I returned from my unsuccessful search, and said to him: “There is not a Bible I can lay my hands on in camp, but I will bring you one to-morrow, if God spares me.”

“Yes; but stranger,” said he, wistfully, “what’s to be come of a poor feller if I should die to-night?”

It was a most serious question.

A DYING SOLDIER.

Company F, of the 95th Pennsylvania Volunteers, was lying during the darkness of the night, by the railroad in the rear of the works at Petersburg, in April, 1865, when they were bringing the wounded to the

cars, to be taken to City Point, then to be transferred by boat to the North.

The ambulances were backed up to the track awaiting the coming of the cars. It was twelve o'clock at night, but not a boy in that company could sleep. They were weary enough; they wanted sleep; but sleep fled from them. Why? There was a dying soldier in one of the ambulances, and his heart-rending cry pierced every ear. The years have rolled by, but still I can hear that awful agonizing cry, "O God, have mercy on my soul! O God, have mercy on me!" He faced batteries and bullets, and not a murmur, no flinching; but now he was facing eternity, and that cry of an unsaved soul, "O God, have mercy on me!" kept us all awake, and it lingers with us in memory yet.

"GOOD-BYE, OLD ARM."

A wounded hero was lying on the amputating table, under the influence of chloroform. They cut off his strong right arm and cast it all bleeding upon the pile of human limbs. They then laid him gently upon his couch. He awoke from his stupor and missed his arm. With his left hand he lifted the cloth, and there was nothing but the gory stump!

"Where's my arm?" he cried, "get my arm; I want to see it once more."

They brought it to him. He took hold of the cold, clammy fingers, and looking steadfastly at the poor, dead member, thus addressed it, with tearful earnestness: "Good-bye, old arm! We have been a long time together. We must part now. Good-bye, old arm!

You'll never fire another carbine nor swing another sabre for the Government," and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

Looking round on those standing by, he said: "Understand, I don't regret its loss. It has been torn from my body, that not one State should be torn from this glorious Union."

Was not the poet speaking for him when he sung?—

"Some things are worthless, some others so good
That nations that buy them pay only in blood;
For Freedom and Union each owes his part,
And here I pay my share, all warm from my heart."

UNRESERVED TRUST.

A clergyman tells that when he visited the great pyramid in Egypt, he found both the ascent and the descent of the interior passages very difficult. At length, in descending, he came to a place where he stood upon a narrow, slippery shelf of rock over a deep chasm, and the next step would take him to a still narrower one, and right there the candle of the Arab guide went out. The guide then required him to cast himself upon his shoulders, saying, "You'll be quite safe, resting on Arah. But you must trust all; if you try to help yourself, you're lost." At length he concluded, though with much fear and trembling, to do as the guide required, and was soon brought to a place of light and safety. Even thus did Abram "believe on God,"—commit himself wholly to Him, rest upon Him as a babe in a mother's arms. And Abram rested upon an arm that has never yet lost one committed to Him.—*Sel.*

"THANK HIM FIRST."

After service, one of the nurses asked me to go down to Ward E. A sick man wanted a chaplain. Dutton and I went. We found him—an East Tennessean—prostrate with fever, a tall, athletic man of middle age, evidently wholly unused to sickness. I approached him cautiously, saying to myself, this is one of those cases of religion sought, not so much because the man wishes for it, as because he feels that he must have it. He would not have God when he was well, and wants me to make it up for him in this last sickness. So I began a long way off: "I am sorry to see you in this trouble."

He interrupted me. "I'm sick, parson; but I'm not troubled. Did the nurse tell you I was in trouble?"

His cheerful tone and sweet smile showed me my mistake; that was a Christian's voice; and I became as much interested to test his faith as I had been before distrustful of his sincerity.

"You are very sick?"

"Yes, and a heap of men are dying in this hospital; but I am not troubled; it's all right, parson."

"You have a wife?"

"Yes."

"Children?"

"Six."

"Do they know at home how you are?"

"No, sir," said he, for the first time showing emotion, "and I don't know how they are; but I ain't troubled about 'em. You see, parson, when the rebels run me off, my wife fed me in the bushes. One night she came to tell me the rebels were getting hot after me, and I

must go directly. We knelt down by a gum tree and prayed together. She gave me to God, and I gave her and the children to God; and then made for the Union lines and enlisted. I haven't heard from them since eight months ago. But I am not troubled about them. It's all right, parson; it's all right."

"Why did you send for me?" I asked.

"I wanted somebody to pray for me."

"What shall I pray for? You don't seem to want anything."

"Why, parson, can't a man pray without he's in trouble? My mind is weak and scattered like, and I wanted somebody to *come and help me thank God*. You can pray for anything else you reckon, *but thank Him first.*"

We knelt on the ground by the cot, and with tears and difficult utterance prayed with thanksgiving, the prostrate soldier occasionally breaking in, "*Yes, Lord; yes, thank God.*"

"QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT."

(3)

During the ministry of the Rev. John Wesley Childs, the following awful incident, as related in the *Earnest Christian*, took place:

Mr. Childs had preached on Sabbath morning with unusual power and effectiveness. The whole congregation was deeply impressed, and in every direction sinners, cut to the heart by the power of God, were weeping and praying for mercy. Seriousness was depicted on every countenance.

Mr. Childs walked out into the congregation and conversed with such as attracted his attention, upon the subject of religion. Passing about from one to another, he came to a gentleman, well known in the country, who appeared rather indifferent, and he spoke to him kindly about his soul. The man was an avowed infidel, and was engaged in a traffic well adapted to blunt and destroy all the finer sensibilities of the human heart. He was wealthy and proud; he disdained religion. When Mr. Childs spoke to him on the subject, he treated the matter with the utmost levity and contempt.

He was tenderly besought to think more seriously and to speak less rashly about a matter in which he really had so deep an interest. But he grew angry, and cast every indignity that he could upon the gentle and holy man that sought to lead him to Christ. Mr. Childs proposed prayer, and as the man of God pleaded for him the man began to curse him; and with all conceivable oaths and blasphemies, he continued to vent his feelings of malignity and contempt until Mr. Childs closed his prayer. He then turned away in a rage, and in a short time left the camp-ground and returned to his home, which he reached about the going down of the sun. He sat for a long time on the long piazza in front of the house and conversed sparingly with his family. As the twilight deepened and night let drop her curtain, he commenced walking up and down his piazza. Presently his tea was announced, but he refused to join his family at the table, saying he felt a little indisposed and did not feel like eating anything. He continued to pace his piazza until it was time for the family to retire for the night.

His wife requested him to go to his chamber. "No," said he, "not now. Leave me alone for the present." She urged him to go in from the night air; that he was further endangering himself by his exposure. "Let me alone," said he, as she insisted upon him leaving the piazza. "When I go in at that door," said he solemnly, "I shall come out no more, until I am carried out to my grave." At first his wife was startled, but she recovered herself and remonstrated with him for using such language and indulging such gloomy feelings. Said he, "I cursed the preacher to-day. I did wrong. He is a good man, I doubt not, and I should not have treated him the way I did; and now I am going to die, and I shall go to Hell. I ought not to have cursed that man." She continued to expostulate with him; told him that he was despressed and low-spirited, and did what she could to relieve his mind, but all to no avail. At a late hour he went to his bed; but alas! to rise no more. In the morning he was found quite ill. Medical aid was called in and everything was done for him that could be to give him relief. But he told them that it was all in vain, that he should die and go to Hell, that his case was hopeless for this world and the world to come. He grew worse; and it admits of a doubt whether the dying chamber of any man ever presented a more terrible and heart-appalling scene than did the chamber of this miserable man. He sent for the pious tenants of his farm to come and sit by him and keep the devils out of his room. He said that the multiplied sins of his wicked life were like so many demons tearing at his bleeding heart. Some attempted to direct

his mind to the Savior of sinners. "Oh," said he, "I have rejected the last offer! I have cursed the minister who made the tender of salvation to me in the name of Jesus." The scene was too awful to behold. His neighbors fled from his presence, and his words of despair and remorse and unavailing regret haunted them wherever they went.

The scene grew still more frightful. Despair—utter despair—was depicted in his face. His eye seemed to be kindled as with a spark from the pit of Hell. His voice was unearthly. He called his friends to his bedside for the last time. Said he, "I am dying. When I am gone you will all say that I died frantic and out of my senses. This report will spread through all the country. Now," said he, "I am perfectly in my senses. I never was more rational. I know what I am now saying, and all that I have said; and I now make this statement that what I have said may not be lost upon you." He then, with his remaining strength, cried out in the most startling accents, "The devils are around my bed; they wait for me; they mock my dying struggles, and as soon as I am dead they will drag me to the hottest place in Hell." These were his last words.

HOW LOVE LIGHTENS LOADS.

The story is told of Dr. McGregor, that he one day met a little Scotch girl carrying in her arms a baby so large that she fairly staggered under its weight. "Baby is heavy, isn't he, dear?" he said. "No sir," said the little girl. "He isn't heavy; he's my brother!"—*Sel.*

X TO DIE LOOKING UP."

A surgeon going over the field to bandage bleeding wounds, came upon a soldier lying in his blood with his face to the ground. Seeing the horrible wound in his side and the death pallor on his face, he was passing on to attend to others, when the dying man called him with a moan to come just for a moment. He wanted to be turned over. The doctor lifted the mangled body as best he could, and laid the poor fellow on his back. A few moments after, while dressing wounds near by, he heard him say: "This is glory; this is glory!"

Supposing it was the regret of a dying soldier, correcting, in this scene of carnage, his former estimate of the "pomp and circumstances of war," the surgeon put his lips to his ear and asked: "What is glory, my dear fellow?"

"O doctor, it's glory to die with my face upward!" and moving his hand feebly, his forefinger set, as if he would point the heavenly way, he made his last earthly sign.

A GOD-GIVEN DUTY.

No duties that are God-given ever lead a mother to neglect her child. Above all others, to the little ones, home should be the place of love and prayer and blessing. A wealthy New York lady said, "One day my little daughter, Constance, came to my room as I was hurriedly dressing to drive to a director's meeting. The child held a new game in her hand. 'Oh, mamma,' she cried eagerly, 'this is the loveliest game; do try it

with me.' Her request, in my haste and absorption, seemed in the highest degree trivial. 'Nonsense, Connie, you know I cannot,' I replied, rather sharply; 'this is board day at the hospital, and I am late now.' Standing in front of the mirror, I saw in the glass how her face fell and the light died out of it. 'I wish,' she said wistfully, 'you would sometimes have a day with me, mamma.' The child's speech went through me like a knife. I had never received so stinging a rebuke. Was it possible that in the pursuit of other duties I was neglecting the one that should be chief? My drive to the hospital that morning was full of serious introspection, and Connie has had her Saturday ever since."—*Ex.*

IN THE INDIAN'S HEART.

Red Owl was the great orator of the lower Sioux during Bishop Whipple's early missionary work among the Indians. Red Owl never attended church, because he was afraid he would lose his influence among the people. But one day he came into the school-room and stopped before a picture of Christ, and asked, "What is that? Why are His hands bound? Why are those thorns on His head?" With patient gentleness the school-teacher told again the old story of Him who was rich, yet for our sakes became poor; of Him who wore the crown of thorns, was nailed to the cross, and who rose again, that we, too, might live. Red Owl was so touched by the story of the love of the "Son of the Great Spirit" that he came again and again to ask about Jesus. One day as the bishop rode over the prairie,

he saw a new-made grave, and over it was a plain wooden cross. He learned that Red Owl was dead. He had been taken ill suddenly, and when dying, he said to his young men, "That story which the white man has brought into our country is true; I have it in my heart. When I am dead, I wish you to put a cross over my grave, that the Indians may see what is in Red Owl's heart."—*Sunday-School Times*.

THE BLOOD WAS GONE.

I once met a Christian man, who told me that years before he had taken a man's life, but when tried had been acquitted on the plea of self-defense. He told me that although he had escaped the penalty of the law, he could never get away from the impression that there was blood on his hands whenever he found himself alone in the dark. He would wash his hands, again and again, with the strongest soap, and think he had them clean at last, but as soon as darkness came on again he would feel the blood on his hands.

This went on year after year, making him untold suffering and the most bitter remorse, but from the moment when he was converted, and realized what it means to be washed in the blood of Christ, his hands had been clean, and never troubled him again.

How fully this confirms the promise: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—*Selected*.

PERSEVERANCE.

Thirty years ago a bare-footed, ragged urchin presented himself before the desk of the principal partner of a manufacturing firm in Glasgow and asked for work as an errand boy. "There's a deal o' running to be dune," said Mr. Bland. "Your qualification wud be a pair o'shoon." The boy, with a grave nod, disappeared. He lived by doing odd jobs in the market, and slept under one of the stalls. Two months passed before he had saved enough money to buy the shoes. Then he presented himself before Mr. Blank one morning, and held out a package. "I have the shoon, sir," he said quietly.

"Oh!" Mr. Blank with difficulty recalled the circumstances. "You want a place? Not in those rags, my lad. You would disgrace this house." The boy hesitated a moment, and then went out without a word. Six months passed before he returned, decently clothed in coarse but new garments. Mr. Blank's interest was aroused. For the first time he looked at the boy attentively. His thin, bloodless face showed that he had stinted himself of food for months in order to buy those clothes.

The manufacturer now questioned the boy carefully, and found, to his regret, that he could neither read nor write. "It is necessary that you should do both before we could employ you in carrying home packages," he said. "We have no place for you." The lad's face grew paler, but without a word of complaint he disappeared. He found work in a stable near to a night school. At the end of the year he again presented him-

self before Mr. Blank. "I can read and write," he said briefly.

"I gave him the place," the employer said afterwards, "with the conviction that, in process of time, he would take mine, if he made up his mind to do it. Men rise slowly in Scotch business houses, but he is our chief foreman."—*Sel.*

WHILE WE MAY.

BY NEAL DOW.

The hands are such dear hands;
They are so full; they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out
With trifles scarcely thought about,
So many times, they do
So many things for me, for you,
If their fond wills mistake
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray, if love strips
Them of discretion many times
Or if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes
We may pass by, for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not so slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear,
Because the lips that spoke are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet, that go
Along the path with ours, feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace, if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some seed,
Or crush poor hope until it bleed,
We may be mute, not turning quickly to impute

Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go, can be
Together such a little while along the way,
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find,
We see them; for not blind
Is love. We see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some bye and bye
They will not be
Faults then, grave faults to you and me,
But just odd ways, mistakes, or even less—
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things, yes, hours;
We see so differently in sun and showers;
Mistaken words to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light,
We will be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to go.

MORNING PRAYER.

Let me to-day do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.
Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
Or sin by silence when I should defend.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THE END.

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